JOHN BULL, NOVEMBER 11, 1933

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LIV.
1430.

POLICE DISMISSALS SENSATION SEE PAGES 14 AND 15

JOHN BULL

Why some people catch colds

In most cases it is because they don't take care of themselves. They risk wet feet, they are chilly and under-nourished, and they put off taking their Bovril, just as some people wait to insure until the house is on fire.

Why some people DON'T

There are other people who are wise in time. They know that the best way to fight infection is to keep strong and well-nourished. Profiting by the experience of generations of mankind, they build up the resisting forces of the body with Bovril.

It is better to look ahead and take Bovril than to look back and wish you had

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SPARE TIME to read the Bargain offers in "John Bull's" "Shop Window"—pages 6 and 7.

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"WHY NOT BE A SALESMAN?"—This was advice given to a man dissatisfied with his earnings and future prospects. The friend introduced him to Mr. Wallace Attwood, and to-day he is drawing £600 a year. Suitable men can be trained by Mr. Attwood by post in their spare time. Send to-day for 24-page book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," post free on request.—The Wallace Attwood College, 26T, Bedford Row, W.C.1. (Chancery 7326.)

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"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free.—Becks British Carnival Novelties, Cross Street, London, N.1.

WELLINGTONS FREE! A straightforward gift offer is made by an advertiser in our "Shop Window," page 6.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances. Hats, Balloons, Mickey Mouse Novs. Mus. Inst. etc.—List J.B. 1670 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Road, N.7.

MEN'S COTTON SHIRTS.—Unbeatable value at 3/9, 5/6, 7/6. Stocked in Sizes 14½-17. All newest designs in FAST COLOURS. No old stock. Best workmanship and finish. Send for Patterns. Commonwealth Sales Co., 10, Hall Ings, Bradford.

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THAT GARDEN SHED you want can be yours for a small amount down. See offer foot of p. 7.

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WRITE to Aladdin Industries, Ltd., 37, Aladdin Bdgs., Greenford, Middlesex, for Cat. of Super-Aladdin Lamps, as offered on p. 41.

FREE.—Write for interesting booklet describing "Hard-as-Iron" Trousers. See p. 46.

IF YOU SEE IT in "John Bull's" "Shop Window"—it's a Bargain! See the fine display on pages 6 and 7.

WIRELESS & MUSICAL.

GRAMOS, Motors, Arms, Speakers, Horns, Parts, Springs, Repairs. Radio discounts allowed. List free.—[illegible], 120, Old St., Ldn., E.C.1.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS, BANJOS, GUITARS, etc. Wonderful New 1934 catalogue, 44 pages, free. Terms.—OLLY OAKLEY & RAYMOND, J.B. 8, LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL, E.C.4.

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A FREE copy of 1s. Chart illustrating the "Skyscraper" Kit Set. See p. 41.

FREE.—The 72-p. Cossor Wireless Book B.V.33 and full-size constructional chart will be sent to all readers filling in the coupon on p. 20. Get this illuminating literature about radio's latest offer to John Bull readers.

OTHER WIRELESS and Musical offers appear in "John Bull's" "Shop Window" on pages 6 and 7.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEAS.—We are actual Blenders of Empire Teas of superb flavour and gntd. quality. Large or small quantities. Packed or loose. Samps. free. —Victoria Tea Co., Ltd., Arcade Chbs., Reading.

TEAS direct from the Blenders at Wholesale Prices, large or small quantities, loose or packeted. Agents wanted for packet teas. Samps. free.—Poulters, Dane Place, Bow, London, E.3.

SHOPPING by post does pay if you buy through "John Bull's" "Shop Window." Turn to pages 6 and 7.

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WORMS CURED. — "Artico" Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive Cure, by removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous Supply, or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

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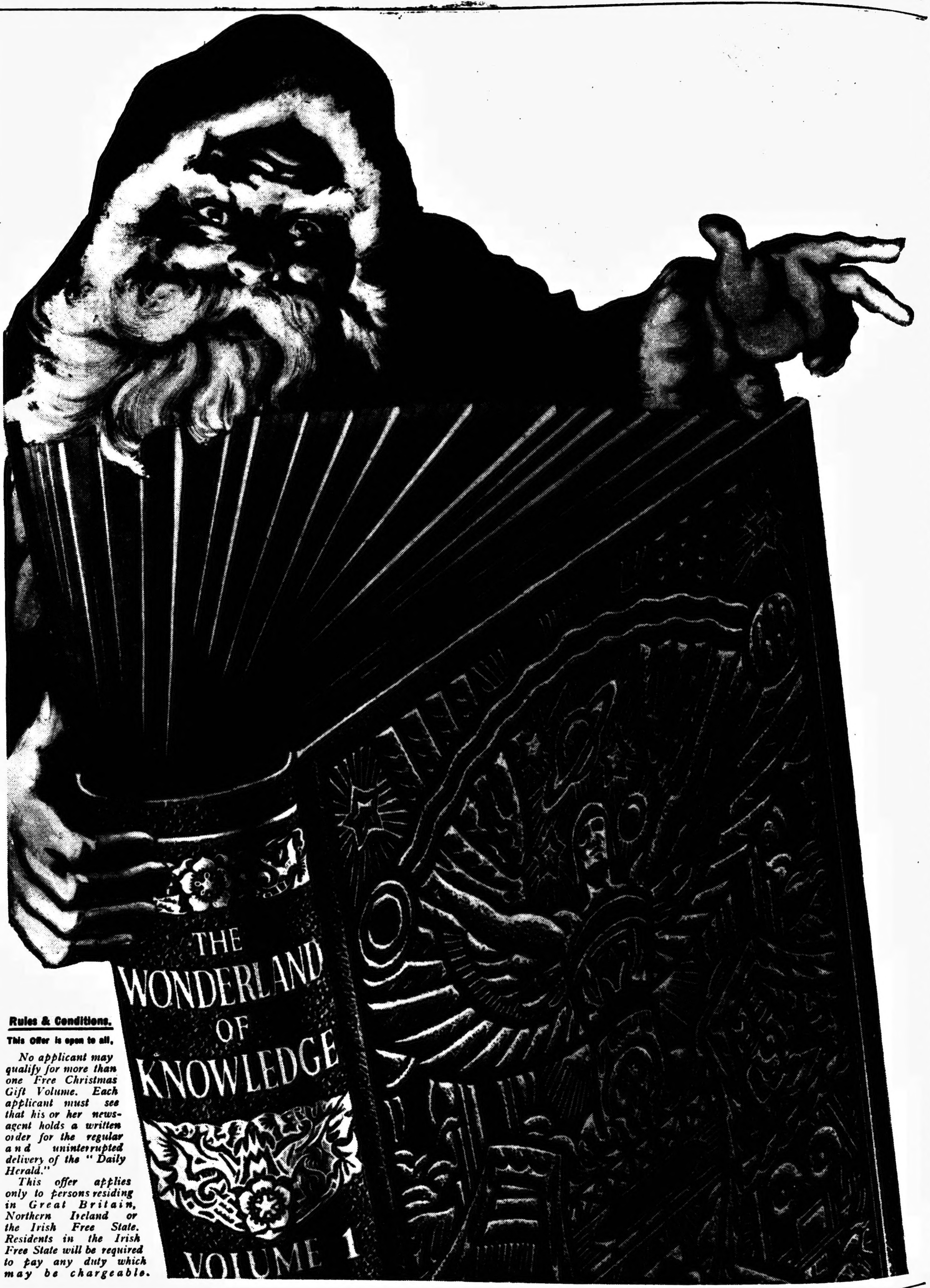

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This work is so unusual—so far in advance of anything of its kind—that, describe it how we will, we cannot do it justice. It is for this reason that we have decided to send the **first volume** absolutely FREE as a Christmas Present to all those who send in the Christmas Presentation Form below by not later than first post Thursday, November 16. Make no mistake—this volume is not a catalogue; **it is actually Volume 1 of the work itself.**

What finer Christmas Present could you give your child than to start for him or for her this priceless Library—the first volume of which is FREE? It is not a toy that will soon be forgotten; it is a gift that will enrich the mind with the accumulated treasure of the ages—that will **create** the desire for learning because it makes knowledge so wonderful—it is a gift that will give its young owner the best possible chance in life.

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IMPORTANT.—Complete label as directed and send it in together with this Form. You may send this Form together with label in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp.

"John Bull," 11/11/1933.

A Halfpenny
Stamp must
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YOU.

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THINK!

Before you turn over this page—a child's whole future may depend upon what you do to-day. How often have you said, "I will do it later on" and then you have forgotten it altogether? Fill in the forms on the left now while you think of it and post at once.

3 Valve RADIO £3.10s

No matter where you live, I can fix you up with any kind of Wireless Set, including Radio-Grams, and guarantee first-class results. All Sets sent On Approval. Carriage Paid. All ready to switch on.
Cash or Easy Terms

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Chas. T. Robey, Ltd.
WIRELESS WAREHOUSE, Dept. 8 COVENTRY.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

ALL ROUND VALUE

A SQUARE GUARANTEE

FOR A STRAIGHT DEAL

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 37

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

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HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a 15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE

FROM £3-11s CASH or TERMS

Chas. T. Robey, Ltd.
CYCLE WAREHOUSE, Dept. 24. COVENTRY

WOOL SALE

BLACK RUG 7½D. LB.

Coloured Turkish 1/3½ lb.,
Rich Silky 1/9½, Cable 1/4½, 1/6½ lb.,
Thrums 6½d., Rug Chenille 5½d. lb.,
Sports 1d., Crochet 1½d., Silky 2½d. oz.,
Fine Indian Rug Wool 1/11½.
Persian 2/3 lb. Rabbit Wool 1d. Ball.

1d. POST CARD brings 800 Bargain Samples 100 Coloured Rug Designs from 2½d. Illustrated Rug Guide Free.

SCOTIA WOOLS, 158, New Bridge Street, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Roll Collar SWEATER

For Men, Women & Children.

British Woollen garments well made with roll collar and long sleeves. Cosy and hard wearing. Usually 3/6. In Royal and Navy Blue, Grey, Red, Green and Fawn. Amazing value. Each 2/9 Postage 4d. or C.O.D.

3 FOR 8/3 POST FREE

Super quality all wool Roll Collar Sweaters. Sold elsewhere 6/- Our amazing price each 3/6 Postage 4d. or C.O.D.

2 FOR 6/9 POST FREE

In Blue, Grey, Red, Maroon, Green, Fawn, Brown and seven other shades. Satisfaction guaranteed. All sizes.

Write for Catalogue of other bargains.

THE FLANNEL KING (Dept. J.B.9),
130-134, HEATH ROAD, TWICKENHAM.

UKULELE BANJO TUTOR

SEND NO MONEY

Sent on Free Approval on receipt of a postcard

The "SOUTHERN ISLES" UKULELE BANJO

You can play this delightful instrument with very little practice with the aid of our Free Lightning Tutor. Brass Fretted Finger Board, sweet mellow tone, solidly built, highly polished finish. 30/- VALUE for 11/9. We will send you one of these "Southern Isles" real Ukulele Banjos upon receipt of your name and address. If entirely to your satisfaction you send 1/6 on receipt & 1/- fortnightly until 11/9 is paid. Full cash with order or balance within 7 days, 10/6 only.

30/- value for 11/9

J. A. DAVIS & CO.,
(Dept. J.B. 40), 94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

STARTLING RADIO OFFER

GIVEN FREE—10/- CHEQUES

3 VALVE SCREENED GRID RADIO

2/9 Weekly or 6 gns. cash.

British built on all-metal chassis. Ganged Condensers. Screened Coils. Absolutely complete—Valves, Batteries, Accumulator and superb Loud Speaker. Amazing results. Foreign Stations.

SEND P.O. FOR BIG FREE BOOK

ECLIPSE RADIOPHONES
(Dept. 32), 97, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON. W.C.1.

FUR GAUNTLETS

Natural Coney 10/- per pair, post paid, for ladies and gents. These magnificent fur gauntlets will keep your hands beautifully warm in the coldest weather. Made from extra strong first quality pliable cape or suede skins. Fur lined inside cuff of gauntlet. Two or three seasons' wear, best value obtainable. Money refunded without question if they fail to give satisfaction. In following colours: Beaver Coney, Mole, Black, Grey and Fawn Coney.

10/- per pair

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£5 AND UPWARDS

£5 COMMISSION ON A 20-WEEK CLUB.

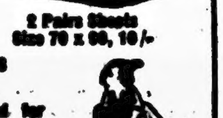
NO RISK — NO WORRY — NO OUTLAY.

This Sum Easily Earned By Becoming An Agent For The "B.B.B." Club.

We require Agents in every district to form our popular 20 week Clubs, and for only a few minutes per week of your spare time you receive the highest paid Club commission.

No experience required.
You just can't help making big money if you are an Agent for the "B.B.B." Club—The Super Club that Pays Super Commission and supplies Super Bargains.

FREE Send a P.C. to-day for particulars of our amazing free gift offer, and also for copy of magnificent volume printed in superb colours containing over 1,200 household bargains.



2 Pairs Sheets Size 70 x 90, 10/-

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Agents of other Clubs should not fail to send for particulars and see for themselves that our commission terms are the highest paid and our goods superior value.

L. & C. MOSS
The THREE BEES CLUB

Reclining Armchair 10/-

54-Piece Tea-set 20/-

Lady's Lightweight Mackintosh 7/6

L. & C. MOSS, (Dept. C.), CANNEL ST., MANCHESTER 4.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY!

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/6, carriage 1/- ex., we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Brusselette REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. *Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.*

9/6

F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.) Woodsley Rd., Leeds.

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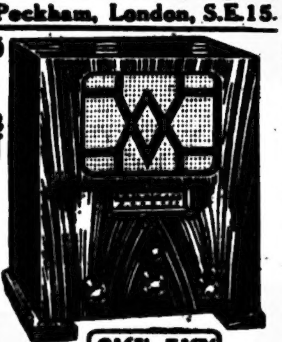
3 Gns. only £3.10s

A Superb 3 Valve RADIO SET



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CASH or EASY TERMS

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Stout WELLINGTONS Free

MEN'S STOUT RUBBER WELLINGTONS. Full size legs to knee. Every pair guaranteed waterproof, extra stout and pliable rubber soles and heels, legs, ankles and insteps specially reinforced. All sizes 6-11. Usually 15/-, Postage 1/-. British made. 7/9

SOLID LEATHER FIELD BOOTS. Strong leather uppers, heavy double leather soles, 7/9. Post 1/- or send 2/6 and 3 fortnightly payments.

British made. Send 2/6 only

FREE OFFER.
Daily first 5 cash customers ordering Boots or Wellingtons receive 2 pairs of Boots or Wellingtons for price of 1.

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WETPROOF BOOTS

Ideal for Farming, Gardening, Policemen, Roundsmen, Garage and Stable Work.

Soft black rubber throughout with solid thick soles and heels moulded to uppers. Triple-fold tongue and metal eyelets. Warm canvas-duck lining. Keep feet dry and warm in severest weather. BRITISH MAKE.

All Sizes 4 to 12. Pair 10/-

Ladies' sizes 3 to 7, per pair, 9/-

Post 9d. extra.

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WELLINGTONS. Stout Rubber throughout.
Per pair 8/9. Equal to 16/9 line. Sizes 3-12. Post 1/- extra

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5/- Secures Delivery of STRAND GREENHOUSE

Balance by 12 Monthly Payments.

In 6 Complete Sections and Staging. Substantially constructed of well seasoned timber, lower part covered with good, sound ⅝ in. Planed, Rebated and Moulded Weatherboards. Fitted strong door, necessary ventilators, with ironwork. Stages for each side, best horticultural glass and sufficient paint for one coat after erection.

Lgth.	Width.	Ht. to Eaves.		Cash Price Carr. Paid	or Deposit with order.	and 12 Monthly pay'ts. of
7 ft.	5 ft.	7 ft.	4 ft.	£2 15 0	5/-	4/6
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Delivered within 25 miles or Carriage Paid England and Wales
For Heating Apparatus, etc., see CATALOGUE, POST FREE.

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Every Skin Sufferer should send INSTANTLY for a FREE SAMPLE of Holloway Brand Ointment; supreme for 96 years. Has relieved and permanently cured millions. Unsurpassed in the rapid healing of SORES, ULCERS, ECZEMA, BOILS, BAD LEG, ITCHING PIMPLES, CUTS, BLOTCHES, BURNS, RHEUMATISM, etc., etc. Send a postcard at once for a free sample of the World's Greatest Skin Healer.

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Reduce YOUR High BLOOD PRESSURE

Rejuvenate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR Heart.
COME OFF the Danger List.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. Get it NOW

(Prescription No. 1166/T). Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6
Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
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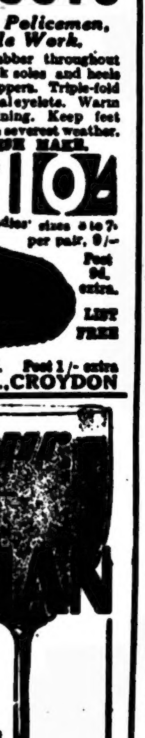
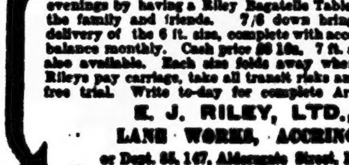


Pleases your palate AUSTRALIAN WINE Suits your pocket—

7/6 DOWN BRINGS YOU THIS RILEY BAGATELLE TABLE

Secure lasting pleasure during the winter evenings by having a Riley Bagatelle Table to entertain the family and friends. 7/6 down brings immediate delivery of the 6 ft. size, complete with accessories. Pay balance monthly. Cash price £3 10s. 7 ft. and 8 ft. sizes also available. Each size folds away when not in use. Rileys pay carriage, take all transit risks and give 7 days free trial. Write to-day for complete Art List.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Dept. B.:
LANE WORKS, ACCRINGTON,
or Dept. 85, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.



32 Free Billiard Tables.

Write for details.

TRUSSES ABOLISHED

Great British RUPTURE Treatment supported by MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Send for Free Booklet. Wonderful relief from Rupture. Not a truss. Neat, washable. Pad inflated and adjusted in a second to pressure required. Cannot slip... light... comfortable. You will not know you have it on. Holds Hernia firmly. In most cases broken tissues re-unite. Rupture conquered for ever! Doctors Recommend it! The "Lancet" has endorsed it! and it is supplied through Approved Societies. Write now to:—

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Dept. 208J, 26, Charing Cross Rd., LONDON.
The London, Manchester (270, Deansgate), and Bradford (34, Manchester Road) Establishments are open until 8 p.m. on Saturdays.

GRAVES' QUALITY BALE

Unrivalled for Reliability and Value. It contains: Two finest quality pure White All Wool Blankets of exquisite softness. Neatly bordered, whipped ends. 60x80in; 7½lb pair; Two lovely All White Fleecy Blankets, whipped ends, 60x80in: 4lb pr; Two pure White Pillow Cases, 30 x 20in; One Bolster Case to match, 20 x 60in; Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets, 70 x 90in, 4lb per pair; One Alhambra Quilt, 78in x 94in.

Complete Bale, 42/- Carriage Paid. 3/6 NOW, 3/6 MONTHLY. Catalogues Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

3/6 NOW

50 FREE RUG DESIGNS IN FULL COLOURS

TWILIGHT READICUT RUG WOOL

And FREE Samples of the famous 'Readicut' Wools, cut into lengths or in hanks.

Send a Postcard (1d. Stamp) to—
READICUT WOOL CO., Ltd.,
Dept. J. B.,
OSSETT, Yorks.

USEFUL 20 INCH TELESCOPE ABSOLUTELY FREE!

As an introduction to our 100 per cent. Sheffield "Double Life" 3-hole type double edge razor blades, we are giving absolutely free with every order for 15 **BLADES FOR 1/-**, postage and packing 6d., this useful telescope, measuring 10 in. shut and opening to a full 20 in. We say definitely under money-back guarantee that these blades are as good as any blade on the market. Send 1/6 now for 15 **BLADES** and Free Telescope.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS (Dept. T.J.1.),
87, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.
Opposite Central Entrance Glaves.

NEW LIST SENT FREE

BRAND NEW KHAKI JERKINS

LINED WARM THICK FLANNEL. Ideal for Motor-cyclists, Drivers, Labourers and all outdoor work. As used in U.S.A. Army. Keeps you cosily warm in the bitterest weather. Wind and rain cannot penetrate. Cost 3 times our price to produce. Sizes 34 to 40. 180 only to clear.

4/11 EACH Post, 9d. ex.

ALSO HEAVIER QUALITY

Cosy soft Chrome Leather with thick Flannel lining: sizes up to 40, 7/11: **SUPER QUALITY**, sizes 34 to 50, 10/11. Postage 9d. extra.

Send order now, stating chest measurement over waistcoat.

SMITH (Dept. K). 17, Lansdowne Rd., CROYDON

A NEW IDEA IN FURNISHING

THE RILEY "COMBINE" Billiard and Dining Table practically adds another room to your house. You can dine on it—then spend the rest of the evening playing billiards.

There's a size for every house, for cash or easy terms. First payment brings delivery, carr. paid. 7 days free trial Balance monthly Write for Art List. **E. J. RILEY, LTD., ARSON WORKS, ACCRINGTON.** Or Dept. 28, 147, Aldersgate St., London, E.C.1.

Rileys are the largest makers of full size Billiard Tables in Great Britain.

32 Free Billiard Tables. Send for details

SOUTH WESTERN HUTS & GARAGES

6 SECTIONAL BUILDINGS

UNEQUALLED SERVICE AND A SQUARE POLICY.

GARAGES.				
10' x 7'	..	£5	6	0
14' x 8'	..	£7	10	0
HUTS.				
6' x 4'	...	£2	1	0
8' x 5'	...	£2	18	0
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Planed, Rebated Weatherboard.

DEFERRED TERMS ARRANGED.

Write now for Illustrated Catalogue.

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. (1929), Ltd., Dept. J., High Street, Fulham, S.W.6. Putney 2771, 2811/2

ORCHESTRAL PIANO ACCORDIONS ON THE EASIEST OF EASY TERMS

10 GN. MODEL FOR £4.12.6

Magnificent White Enamel Body.
16-Fold Metal Bound Bellows.
Finest Steel Reeds. Complete with Shoulder Strap. 21 Piano Keys, 8 Basses. Send only 5/- Deposit. Balance payable 7/6 Monthly, until 98/6 is paid. Write for Fully Illustrated Catalogue of models with 25 Keys 12 Bass, 25 Keys 24 Bass, 34 Keys, 48 Bass, 41 Keys 120 Bass. Etc., etc. All on equally attractive terms.

J. A. DAVIS & Co. (Dept. J.B. 78),
94 to 104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5

YOURS for 6/6 DEPOSIT

6/6 MONTHLY

JADTONE 3-VALVE WIRELESS SET.

Figured Oak Slow Motion Dial. Entirely self-contained Earth and Aerial only required. Jadtone Speaker, British Valves, Components and Batteries. Ready for use after accumulator is charged. 12 Months' Guarantee. British and Foreign Stations powerfully received. Cash **68/6** or 6/6 monthly

Write for Wireless List.

DAVIS & CO Dept. J.B. 105
94-104 DENMARK HILL LONDON S.E.5

BIGGEST VALUE IN FLOOR COVERING

BEST IN THE WORLD.
90 SQ. FT. FOR 15/-
THICKER THAN LINOLEUM

Waterproof, Rotproof and Sanitary. For either Brick, Stone, Concrete, or Wood Floors. Being Stainless, a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. In rolls containing 90 sq. ft. for 15/-. Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls are two yards wide. Many pretty patterns.

Send for Free Samples.
J. B. ANDREWS & SONS,
Sutherland Square Wa'wo'th Road
London, S.E.17.

PAROLEUM

FREE SOLID SILVER EFFECT POCKET CHAIN VALUE

GENT'S 8-DAY PATTERN WATCH

This magnificently made genuine jewelled Swiss 8-day pattern 24-hr. Lever action watch is the latest 1933 style flat dress model. The pure chromium finish will last a lifetime. Timed to a minute a month. Guaranteed 10 years. Written insurance certificate given. Outer glass 100% UNBREAKABLE to ensure safety to visible Ruby Jewelled balance staff, always in motion. Cannot be overwound. Non-magnetic. Extra inside dust-proof case. Liquidation offer. 7/6, post 6d. Special offer of Gent's Aircraft Wrist-watch on Milanese bracelet, 9/6, post 6d., also Lady's Model.

7/6 POST

WARRANTED 10 YEARS.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS (Dept. J.P.8), 87, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1
(Directly opposite Henry Glaves).

YOURS FOR 1/6 Deposit

BUY BRITISH
£4'4'- value for 35/-

An absolutely unheard-of price. Guaranteed perfect in quality. Heavy-Weight Imperial Blankets, bordered, and whipped edges. Will wear a lifetime.

ONLY 35/- for EIGHT Full-Size BLANKETS

Send for this Blanket Bale on approval. See the rich quality There is no doubt that this is One of the World's Biggest Bargains. If entirely to your satisfaction, balance is payable 2/6 fortnightly until 37/6 is paid. Full cash within 7 days, 35/- only. The Whole Bale of 8 Blankets sent on receipt of the first Deposit of 1/6 An unequalled Offer.

FREE 30 PIECES OF TABLE PLATE VALUE 35/-

Every purchaser receives our free gift of Stainless Plate as follows:
6 Table Spoons.
6 Table Forks.
6 Dessert Spoons.
6 Dessert Forks.
6 Tea Spoons.

Dept. J.B. 800 **J. A. DAVIS & CO**
94-104 DENMARK HILL LONDON S.E.5

YOURS for 6D

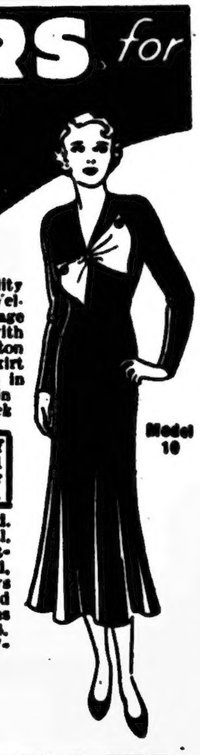
PARISIAN DESIGN VELVETEEN FROCKS

42/- VALUE FOR 16/6. Fashionable Autumn Model, Produced in Fine Quality Chiffon Finished Twill back Velveteen. Modish Cut High Corsage waist. Raised Seam finish with Self Tie Belt. Stylish Button Trimmed Bow Front. The Skirt has full flare from Knee line in the latest Fashion. Supplied in Navy, Green, Lido, Nigger, Black

Note Our Free Offer.
Every purchaser has Free of Charge, 1 pair of our 12/11 Lady's Black Patent Leather Shoes all sizes, 2 to 8 as illus.

Send only 6d. deposit and 6d. for postage for free approval. Balance payable 1/6 fortnightly until 18/11 is paid, or Full Cash within 7 days 16/6 only. All sizes and lengths X. O. S. sizes 3/- extra.

THESE SHOES FREE



Model 10

J. A. DAVIS & Co. Dept. J.B. 727
94-104 DENMARK HILL, LONDON S.E.5

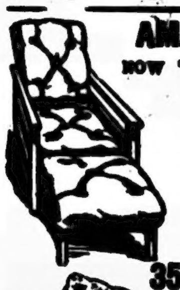
REAL LEATHER GAUNTLETS

Strongly made from Soft and Supple Skins. Large gauntlet cuff. Lined Warm Fleece Throughout. Length 14 ins. Fawn shade. All Sizes, Ladies or Gents. Usually 7/6. Sale price **2/11** Post 4d.

Real Sheepskin Mitt Gloves, Lined Real Thick Sheep's Wool. All sizes ladies' or gent.'s. Usually 8/6. Sale Price **3/6** (Post 4d. On 2 pairs 6d.)

Send P.O. now or sent C.O.D. Money back if not delighted. Bargain catalogue free.

WINNERS (Est. 1897), Dept. J.11, 18/19, Goldhawk Road, London, W.12.



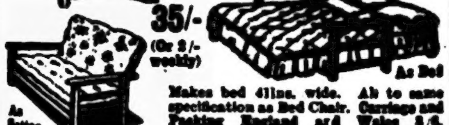
AMAZING BARGAINS

NOW **16/6** (or 1/- weekly)

FULL-LENGTH BED-CHAIRS, adjustable 3 positions, solid Oak frames, polished dark. 3 well-filled velvet cord cushions, any colour. Fitted with our comfortable **SPRING SEATS**, Patent No. 356995/30, guaranteed not to sag with wear. Carriage and Packing England and Wales 2/6. Call and inspect or send for new Coloured List J.

CONVERTIBLE BED SETTEE.

35/- (Or 2/- weekly)



As Settee As Bed

Makes bed 41ins. wide. Ab to same specification as Bed Chair. Carriage and Packing England and Wales 3/6. Reg. Letter or Cross P.O.'s (no stamps).

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., LTD., 52, Shaftesbury Av., Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.

AMAZING RADIO BARGAIN

POWERFUL 3-VALVE RADIO

NO DEPOSIT SEND 2/- ONLY as 1st Week's Instalment.

Balance 2/- Weekly. British Made. Complete Loudspeaker, Valves, Accumulator and Batteries, in fine Walnut Cabinet. All ready to switch on. Reduced Price for Cash, 75/-. Other Superb Models from 2/6 weekly. Cash Vouchers given Free. Write for details.

SEND P.C. for BIG FREE BOOK.
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STORE SHEDS

Design Z.H. from **3/9** MONTHLY

SUTCLIFFE'S

SMALL STORE SHEDS from 24/-

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash			or 12 payments.
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£2	1	0	3/9
7ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	£2	18	0	5/4
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£4	4	0	7/9

Send for Free Catalogue, Sheds, Summer Houses, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Aviaries, &c.

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles. Built in 6 strong, perfect fitting sections; easily the best value! Carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra.

F. & H. Sutcliffe, Ltd., 82, Wood Top, Hebden Bridge, Yorks.
London Showrooms—40-42, Oxford Street, W.1.

IF YOU ARE EXPECTING A BABY

I CAN SAVE YOU TIME, TROUBLE AND MONEY. A COMPLETE HOME-MADE LAYETTE.

30/-

Modern Short Lengths or usual Long clothes

75 delightful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby), Silk and Wool Shawl, Em. Robes, Lawn or Winsey Day Gowns, L'cloth, Flan. or Winsey Nighties, Wool Wrapper Vests, Back Flannels, Hand-Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Trunk Sets, Binders, Turk Napkins, etc., etc.

ANOTHER RECENT PURCHASER WRITES:—"I was amazed upon opening your parcel to see such lovely clothes. How you can make at this price is astounding. Many thanks." Mrs. J. B. Howard, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

Expectant Mothers! SEND **2/-** FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL. Bal. Cash or Terms.

BUY THE BEST IT'S GUARANTEED

2 White Woolly Blankets	80x70
2 Good Strong Sheets	90x70
2 White Pillow Slips	30x18
1 White Bolster Case	56x20
1 Art Printed Bedspread	
2 Coloured Turkish Towels	
1 Art. Silk and Corded Cushion Cover	
3 Dainty Handkerchiefs	
2 Chamois Polishers	

CARR. FREE. **20/-** CASH or C.O.D.

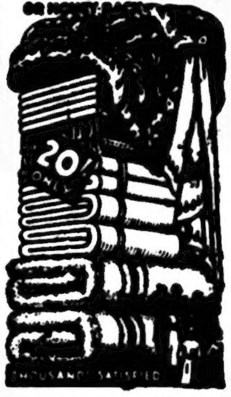
or single bed size 17/6.

A LOVELY WADDED DOWN **QUILT FREE**

also, if cash with order, Free Damask Table Cloth

PATON HILL Co., Dept. S.B., 73-75, Cannon Street, MANCHESTER, 4.

SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK



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£2-9-10 PROFIT ON 7/-

PUNCHBOARDS!

The best money-making proposition ever offered the public.

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Imitated but never equalled

Genuine Officers' Gloves as issued to the American Army, and to-day would cost three times our price to produce. Strongly made of soft tan horsehide, processed to resist hard wear and to remain soft after wetting. The palms are cosily lined with a fleecy lining and a knitted lined gauntlet, making a thoroughly waterproof and cosy glove, suitable for the coldest or wettest weather. Adjustable strap and buckle at wrist.

4/6 Post 6d. C.O.D. if preferred

Send for a pair now; only obtainable at

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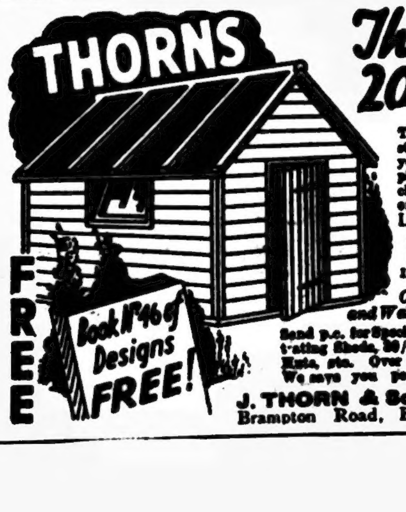
1, GOODMAYES, ILFORD



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That Shed took only 20 minutes to erect!

There were only six sections to screw together—that's all! Thorn's sturdily made Garden Sheds are cheaper and better than building yourself. Constructed ⅝ in. planed moulded weatherboards; planed framing; roofing felt; ideal for storage, cycles, workshops, children's playhouse, etc. We pay carriage and despatch on first payment. All sizes on easy terms.

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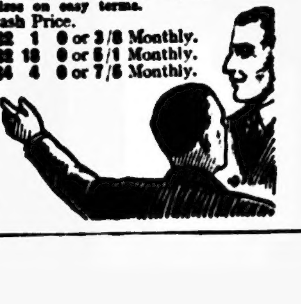

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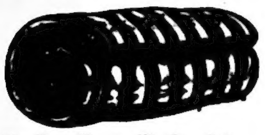
500 Magnificent Bedroom Suites of Perfect Finish!

BUY AT BOLSOMS, THE ACTUAL MANUFACTURERS — PAY CASH — SAVE HALF WHAT YOU INTENDED TO SPEND— AND GET BETTER VALUES!

4ft. or 4ft. 6in. MATTRESS

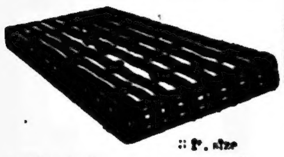


3ft. 6in., 4ft. or 4ft. 6in. sizes.
FILLED LINSEY FLOCK.
No. 806. Covered best quality ticking. Filled special hygienically treated high-grade Linsey Flock. Will give lasting and satisfying service.
Usually 20/-.
Part Carriage and Packing 1/9 extra. **10/-**

BED SET for 3 ft. BED

WASHED LINSEY FLOCK.
No. 795 CD. Single bed size. Complete with full-size Bolster and Pillow. **10/-**
Superior quality Tick and hygienic Linsey Flock Filling. Usually 19/6.
Part Carr. and Packing 1/9 extra.

Superior ALL-HAIR MATTRESS



3 ft. size
STERILISED FILLING.
No. SP 167. **30/-**
Very superior Mattress with good quality Sterilised ALL-HAIR Filling with piped edges. Strongly made and covered in finest quality striped ticking. 4ft. or 4ft. 6in. size, 40/-; 3ft. size, 30/-.
AN AMAZING BEDDING BARGAIN!
Part Carriage 2/- extra.

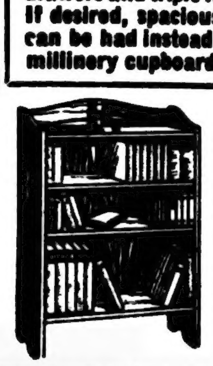
MAGNIFICENT WALNUT SUITE

Pt. Car.& Pkg. 10/- ex.

No. SP 148. Impesing modern Suite of beautifully figured Walnut, finished a rich Biscuit tone. 4ft. Wardrobe, fitted shelf, hanger rail, hooks and large mirror inside door. Dressing Table has two spacious drawers and triple frameless mirrors. If desired, spacious 3-drawer Chest can be had instead of the attractive millinery cupboard illustrated.

Bedstead to match, £3 3s. 0d.

BOOKCASE

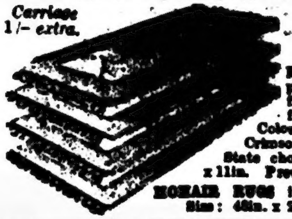


With Adjustable Shelves.
No. 728 X. Soundly constructed of Oak and fitted with shelves which can be adjusted to any required spacing by a new patent method. Finely finished a rich medium Brown.
Height 40in.
Width 24in.
Depth 7in. **10/-**
Usually 25/-.
Pt. Car. & Pkg. 1/9 ex.

4 MOHAIR MATS

With Non-Slip Backs, Safe and Secure.

Carriage 1/- extra.



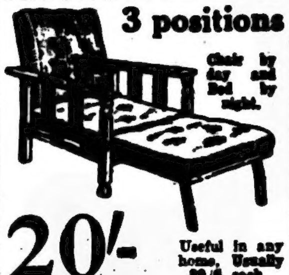
10/-

No. 709 X. Four pleasing Mats, with fringes. Warranted for extra long wear. Colours: Black, Gold, Crimson, Green or Blue. State choice. Size: 23in. x 11in. Previously 20/-.
MOHAIR RUGS in same colours. Size: 48in. x 24in. 10/- each.

FREE DELIVERY

IN GREATER LONDON AREA

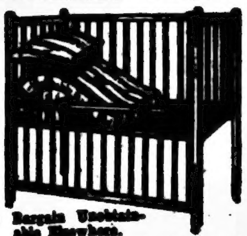
BED - CHAIR ADJUSTABLE to 3 positions



Chair by day and Bed by night.

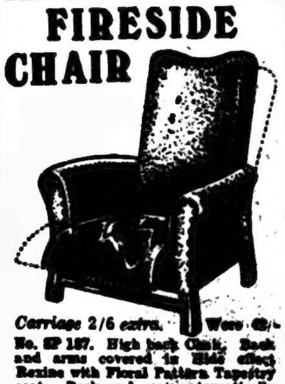
20/- Useful in any home. Usually 30/6 each.
No. 160 C. Width 24in. Depth of seat 22in. Extends to 5ft. 8in. Strongly built. Cushions covered good quality Brown Corduroy. A really useful piece of furniture.
Part Carr. and Packing 2/6 extra.

COT, MATTRESS, OVERLAY & PILLOW



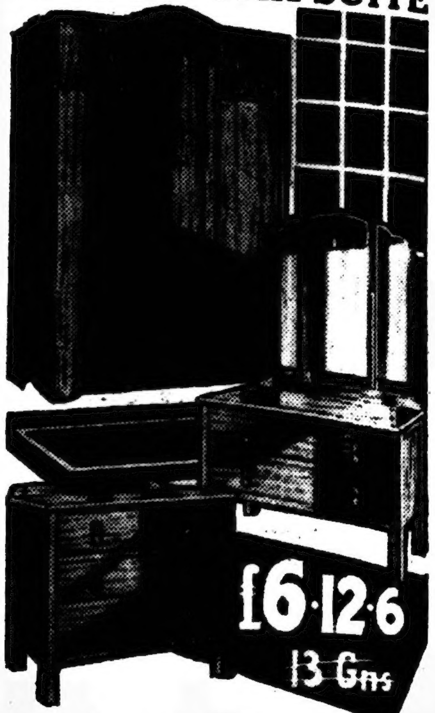
A Bargain Unobtainable Elsewhere.
No. 218 BX. Sturdy Cot superbly stained, polished and fitted with a strong wire mattress, well-filled overlay and pillow in strongly sewn covers. One side can be dropped when necessary, and the whole cot is easily fitted up or taken down. Mounted on castors. Size 4ft. long x 2ft. wide. Height about 2ft. 10in. **20/-** COMPLETE.
Part Carr. and Packing 2/6 extra

ADJUSTABLE FIRESIDE CHAIR



Carriage 2/6 extra. Were 42/-
No. SP 187. High back Chair. Back and arms covered in Hide effect Rexine with Floral Pattern Tapestry seat. Back and seat automatically adjustable to the position desired, as illustrated. Height 38in. Width 23in. Depth of seat 19in. Height of back from seat 28in. **20/-**

FINE 4ft. OAK SUITE

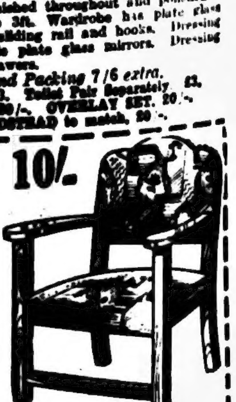


No. SP 176. A beautifully made 4ft. Suite in figured Oak, polished a rich medium Brown. The Handsome 4ft. Wardrobe has plate mirror on inside of door and is fitted hanger rail, shelf and hooks. The Dressing Table has triple frameless mirrors and two large drawers. 3-drawer Dressing Chest. 4ft. 6in. Bedstead to match, 20/-. 4ft. 6in. Overlay Mattress Set, 20/-. 4ft. 6in. Spring Mattress, 20/-. *Part Carr. and Packing 7/6 extra.*

3ft. SUITE IN OAK

No. SP 81. This soundly constructed 3ft. Bedroom Suite of finest figured Oak is a wonderful example of our supreme values. Extremely well-finished throughout and polished a rich medium Brown. The 3ft. Wardrobe has plate glass mirror and is fitted with sliding rail and hooks. Dressing Table 3ft. wide, has triple plate glass mirrors. Dressing Chest has three spacious drawers.
Part Carriage and Packing 7/6 extra.
Wardrobe Separately, £3. Toilet Pair Separately, £3.
SPRING MATTRESS, 20/-. OVERLAY SET, 20/-.
4ft. 6in. OAK BEDSTEAD to match, 20/-.

AMAZING VALUE IN FIRESIDE CHAIRS. 10/-

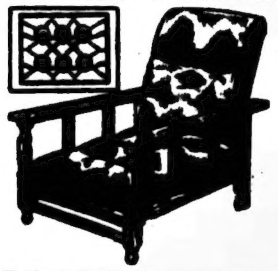


WITH SPRUNG SEATS.
No. SP 181. Really marvellous value—a sturdy well-finished Fireside Chair, with strong frame and curved arms brilliantly finished a rich Brown. Seat is fully upholstered with COIL SPRINGS, and together with the padded back is covered in durable Damask. Exceptionally well made. Height 29in. Depth of seat 18in. Width 20in.
Pt. Car. & Pkg. 1/9 ex.

REAL HIDE 3-PIECE

No. SP 132. Finely grained Real Hide of a rich Brown shade has been used throughout this suite, and is fitted with four amply filled loose cushions covered Brown velveteen. Easy chairs measure 28in. wide. Settee 50in. wide. SETTEE separately, £3, CHAIRS separately, 37/6 each. PATENT SPRINGING.
Part Carriage and Packing 7/6 extra.

MAGNIFICENT RECLINER CHAIR WITH SPRING SEAT



No. SP 50. Coil-spring frame makes this Chair most comfortable. Fitted cushions covered Brown velveteen, and is adjustable to 3 positions. Width 24in. Depth of seat 23in. Fitted with Coil-Spring Seat. Usually sold at 45/-. **20/-**
Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

CLUB AGENTS WANTED.
Largest Cash Commission Paid. Full particulars on application.

3-PIECE SUITE in REXINE

No. H 16 X. Well upholstered in grained dark Rex with hard-wearing Floral Tapestry covering over the well-sprung seats. Antique studding and ball feet are other details that make this wonderful value for money. Settee measures 50in. wide, depth of seat 23in., Easy chair 28in. wide, depth of seat 22in. Settee separately, £2, Easy Chairs, £1 each
Pt Carr.& Pkg. 5/- ex

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HIGH ROAD,
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Open daily 9 a.m. to 8 p.m.
Open ALL DAY Saturday to 9 p.m.

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SALE OF £27,500 OF MANUFACTURERS STOCKS

Buy Now! While this Opportunity lasts!

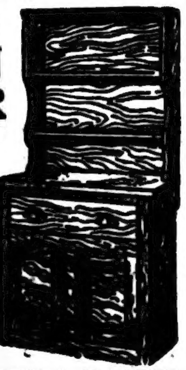
2ft. 6in. FIGURED OAK SUITE

TOILET PAIR Separately £2-10
WARDROBE Separately £2

No. SP 200. A solidly built 2ft. 6in. **SUITE** in nicely grained Oak, polished a rich medium Brown and well finished in every way. The **WARDROBE** has mirror on door-front, and is fitted with shelf, nickel-plated hanger rail and boot rail, and stands 6ft. high. The **MIRROR** on the dressing table is of plate glass. **DRESSING CHEST** has two drawers and useful cupboard below. The greatest value for money it is possible to obtain anywhere.

Part Carriage and Packing 5/- extra.

Whitewood KITCHEN DRESSER



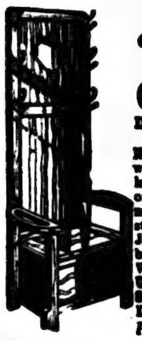
WITH LARGE CUPBOARD.
No. 2872. Built of carefully selected timber, every joint mortised and tenoned. Has a laminated birch top which will not warp or shrink. Height 6ft. Width 3ft. Depth 16in. Usually 30/6.

20/-

Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

CLUB AGENTS WANTED.
Full particulars on application.

6 ft. HALLSTAND



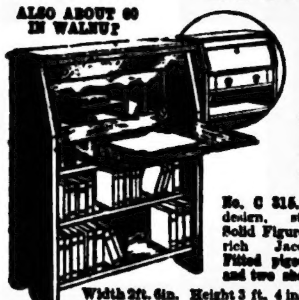
IN GRAINED OAK. FITTED MIRROR & HOOKS.
No. SP 24. Well and strongly made of well-seasoned Oak. Beautifully panelled latest Modern Design. Fitted with oxidised hat and coat hooks, with commodious locker below, which also constitutes a convenient seat. Finished rich Jacobean. One of the biggest furnishing bargains ever offered. Height 72in. Width 24in. Depth 12in. Usually 40/6. Sides fitted with Umbrella Drip Pans.

20/-

Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

BUREAU BOOKCASE in OAK

ALSO ABOUT 60 IN WALNUT



20/-

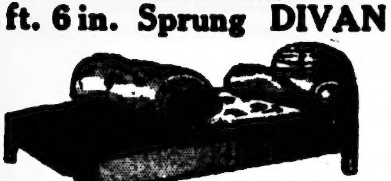
Usually 50/-.

No. C 315. Handsome design, strongly made. Solid Figured Oak, finished rich Jacobean shade. Fitted pigeonholes, drawer and two shelves.

Width 2ft. 6in. Height 3 ft. 4 ins. Depth 9 ins.

Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

2 ft. 6 in. Sprung DIVAN



20/-

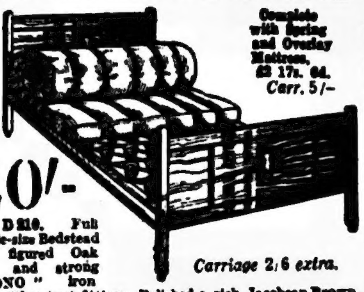
Part Carriage 2/- extra.

Divan with Head-rest only, 27/6. 6ft. x 3ft. size 35/

Complete with Overlay, Bolster and Head-rest, 50/-.

No. SP 140. Extremely comfortable Divan, generously sprung throughout with resilient coil springs and covered with hard wearing material in Blue, Rose, Gold, Green or Mauve. Sturdily built with a well-seasoned frame and stuffed with layer of Linsey Flock and Fibre. Length 6ft. Width 2ft. 6in. Usually 45/-. Well-filled comfortable **OVERLAY** and Bolster covered hard-wearing Repp and Head-rest, 30/- extra.

4ft. or 4ft. 6in. BEDSTEAD



Complete with Spring and Overlay Mattress, £2 17s. 6d.
Carr. 5/-

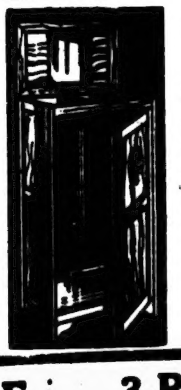
20/-

No. D 210. Full double-size Bedstead with figured Oak ends and strong "VONO" iron sides with patent fittings. Polished a rich Jacobean Brown. Size 6ft. 6in. x 4ft. or 4ft. 6in. **42-Coil Spring Mattress** of the finest and most reliable manufacture 20/- extra. **OVERLAY Mattress Set**, 4ft. or 4ft. 6in., 20/- extra.

Carriage 2/6 extra.

Carriage 2/6 extra

GENT'S DRESSING 'ROBE

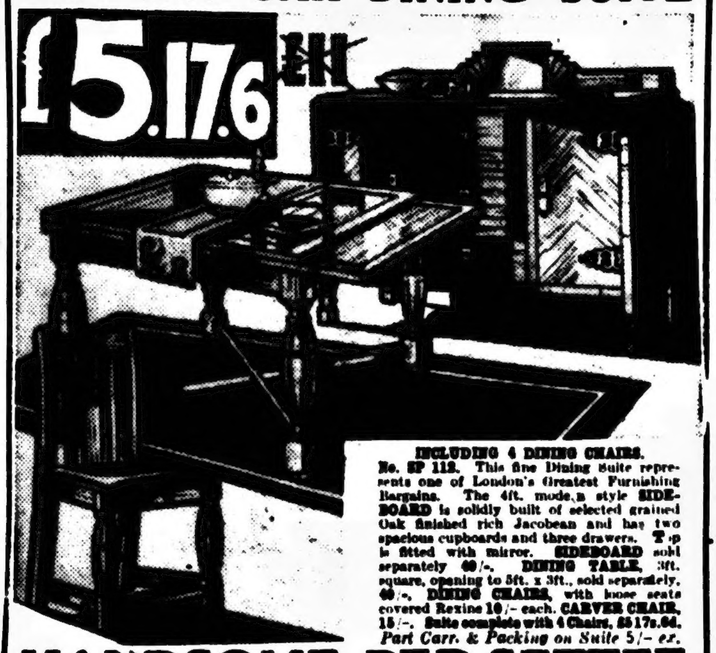


X WHITEWOOD.
No. SP 147. Whitewood sanded smooth for staining or painting. Inside lid is fitted with plate mirror. Top has 3 separate compartments. Spacious interior has sliding hanger rail and boot rail. Door is fitted with lock. Height 4ft. 6in. Depth 17in. Width 24in.

Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

20/-

MODERN OAK DINING SUITE

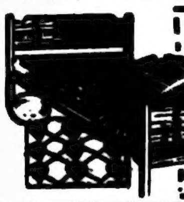


INCLUDING 4 DINING CHAIRS.
No. SP 112. This fine Dining Suite represents one of London's Greatest Furnishing Bargains. The 4ft. modern style **SIDEBOARD** is solidly built of selected grained Oak finished rich Jacobean and has two spacious cupboards and three drawers. Top is fitted with mirror. **SIDEBOARD** sold separately 60/-. **DINING TABLE**, 3ft. square, opening to 5ft. x 3ft., sold separately, 40/-. **DINING CHAIRS**, with loose seats covered Rexine 10/- each. **CARVER CHAIR**, 15/-. **Suite complete with 4 Chairs, £5 17s. 6d.**
Part Carr. & Packing on Suite 5/- ex.

HANDSOME BED-SETTEE

EASY CHAIR TO MATCH, 42/-.
No. SP 182. Extremely well-built Bed Settee Suite upholstered in finely grained Rexine and a modern Velour seating in Brown, Fawn, or Blue. **ALSO IN ALL DAMASK.** Antique studding and amply padded backs and arms are additional refinements. The Settee is easily converted by a simple operation into a bed measuring 72in. x 54in. **Settee £4 4s. 0d. EASY CHAIRS**, measuring 30in. wide, Seat depth 22in. £2 2s. 0d. each.
Part Carriage and Packing 7/6 extra. **3-PIECE SUITE COMPLETE, £8·8·0**

3-ft. COMBINATION BEDSTEAD IN OAK.



COMPLETE WITH SPIRAL SPRING

20/-

Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

No. SP 133. Strongly built with 1in. grained Oak Panels, fitted with Spiral Spring Mattress 20/-. Flock filled **Mattress, Bolster** and **Pillow**, in best English Ticking, 10/- extra.

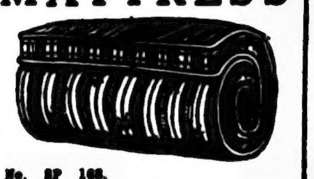
Usually 40/-.

An Amazing Bargain.

With Bedding 30/-.

50% OFF

ROLL - EDGED MATTRESS



No. SP 168. Extremely comfortable. Roll-edge Mattress scientifically constructed and generously filled with hygienic Red rugging. Covered in fine quality Striped ticking.

3 ft. Size, 12/6

4ft. 6in., 20/-, 4ft., 17/6, 3ft. 6in., 15/-.
Part Carriage 2/- extra.

Luxurious Coil-spring MATTRESS

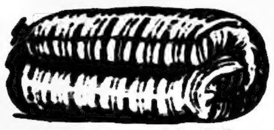
STERILISED FILLINGS.
No. SP 40. Packed with super-resilient coil springs and generously upholstered with fibre and sterilised Linsey Flock. Covered in superior quality Blue or Red Striped Ticking. **Roll** edged.

3ft. Size. 30/-

3ft. 6in., 35/-. 4ft., 37/6. 4ft. 6in., 40/-.

Part Carriage 2/6 extra.

FEATHER BED



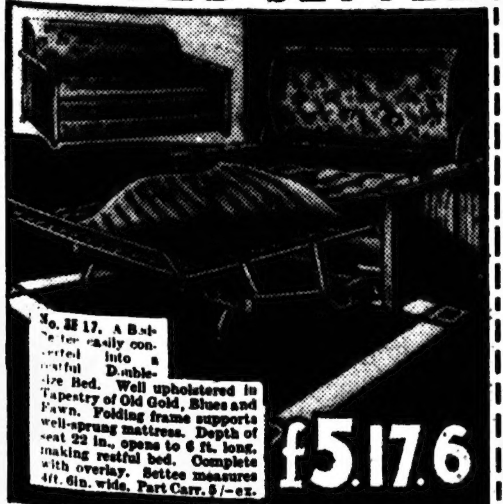
No. SP 160. For warmth and the maximum of restful Comfort a Feather Bed is unsurpassed. 3ft. size amply filled with superior quality purified downy feathers. Covered in **FEATHER-PROOF** striped ticking of superior manufacture. 3ft. size, 17/6. 4ft. size, 25/-. 4ft. 6in. size, 27/6.

3 ft. SIZE. 17/6

Part Carriage and Packing 2/- extra.

FEATHER PILLOWS. Each 2/6. **FEATHER BOLSTERS**: 3ft. size, 6/-; 4ft. 6in., 7/6.

FINE BED-SETTEE

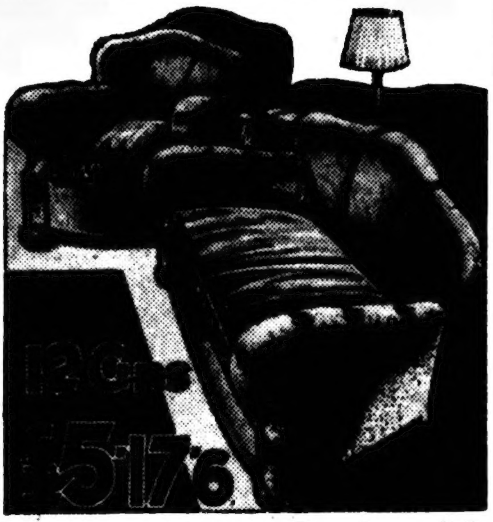


No. SP 17. A Bed-Settee easily converted into a restful Double-size Bed. Well upholstered in Tapestry of Old Gold, Blues and Fawn. Folding frame supports well-sprung mattress. Depth of seat 22 in., opens to 6 ft. long, making restful bed. Complete with overlay. Settee measures 4ft. 6in. wide. Part Carr. 5/-ex.

3-PIECE SUITE in REXINE

No. SP 101. The Suite is heavily padded all over with deeply sprung seats, upholstered in Rexine and fitted with well-filled loose cushions. **SETTEE.** 44in. wide between arms, depth of seat 24in. **EASY CHAIRS,** 22in. wide between arms, depth of seat 24in. **ALSO IN REAL HIDE AT £10 10s. 0d.**

Part Carriage and Packing 7/6 extra.



3-PIECE "ARLINGTON" SUITE

IN HEAVY QUALITY TAPESTRY

No. SP 151. A magnificent **LOUNGE SUITE** of beautifully proportioned design, and providing the maximum of restful comfort. The illustration shows the heavily padded arms and backs, which, in combination with the fully sprung seating, distinguishes this Suite as a specimen of high-class craftsmanship. With four well-filled loose cushions covered to match, in attractive floral design Heavy Tapestry in Blue, Fawn, or Green. Settee 44in. between arms, depth of seat 25in. Easy Chairs 22in. between arms, depth of seat 24in. **EASY CHAIRS** Sold Separately, 42/- each. **SETTEE** Sold Separately, 72/-.
Carriage 7/6 extra.

FITTED WITH LOOSE CUSHIONS

40-44, STRAND, W.C.2

Open daily 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. *Open ALL DAY Saturday to 9 p.m.*

Post Your Order Now! Or Call!!

To Dept. No. J.B.7, 40-44, Strand, London, W.C.2.
Do not forget to add Carriage and Packing charges when sending remittances. Cheques, Money Orders and P.O.s should be crossed. Treasury Notes should be registered. Goods are sent carriage forward only in Scotland, Ireland and addresses off the mainland. We make Free Delivery in Greater London Area.

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Black Cat

smokers can now obtain CASH OR GIFTS

◆

ONE PENNY for every 5 coupons

This means that 20 Black Cat *Red Band* cigarettes will cost you only 11d. if you choose to exchange your Black Cat coupons for cash instead of gifts.

If you prefer to obtain gifts for your coupons the *full range* of luxury gifts as shown in the Black Cat Gift Book is still available.

"Five Free Coupon" Vouchers and "Recommendation" Vouchers cannot be exchanged for Cash.

NOTICE

Packets of Black Cat cigarettes leaving our factory after December 31st, 1933, will not contain coupons, and will be sold as follows:—

Black Cat (Red Band) 20 for 11d.

Same size—Same weight—Same quality.

Black Cat (Green Band) EXTRA LARGE 20 for 1/-

Length increased—More tobacco—Improved quality.

OTHER PACKINGS WILL BE AVAILABLE FOR BOTH ABOVE AT PROPORTIONATE PRICES.

Black Cat as always, will be full value for your money.

During November and December, 1933, packets of Black Cat cigarettes will contain coupons as hitherto, but after December 31st, 1933, packets containing coupons (*sold at 20 for 1/-*) will only be generally obtainable until tobacconists' stocks become exhausted.

You are requested to send in your coupons not later than 28th February, 1934.

Send your coupons for cash or gifts to Black Cat Gifts Dept.: Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road, N.W.1.

Without Fear or Favour

"John Bull," 11/11/33.

JOHN BULL

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Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

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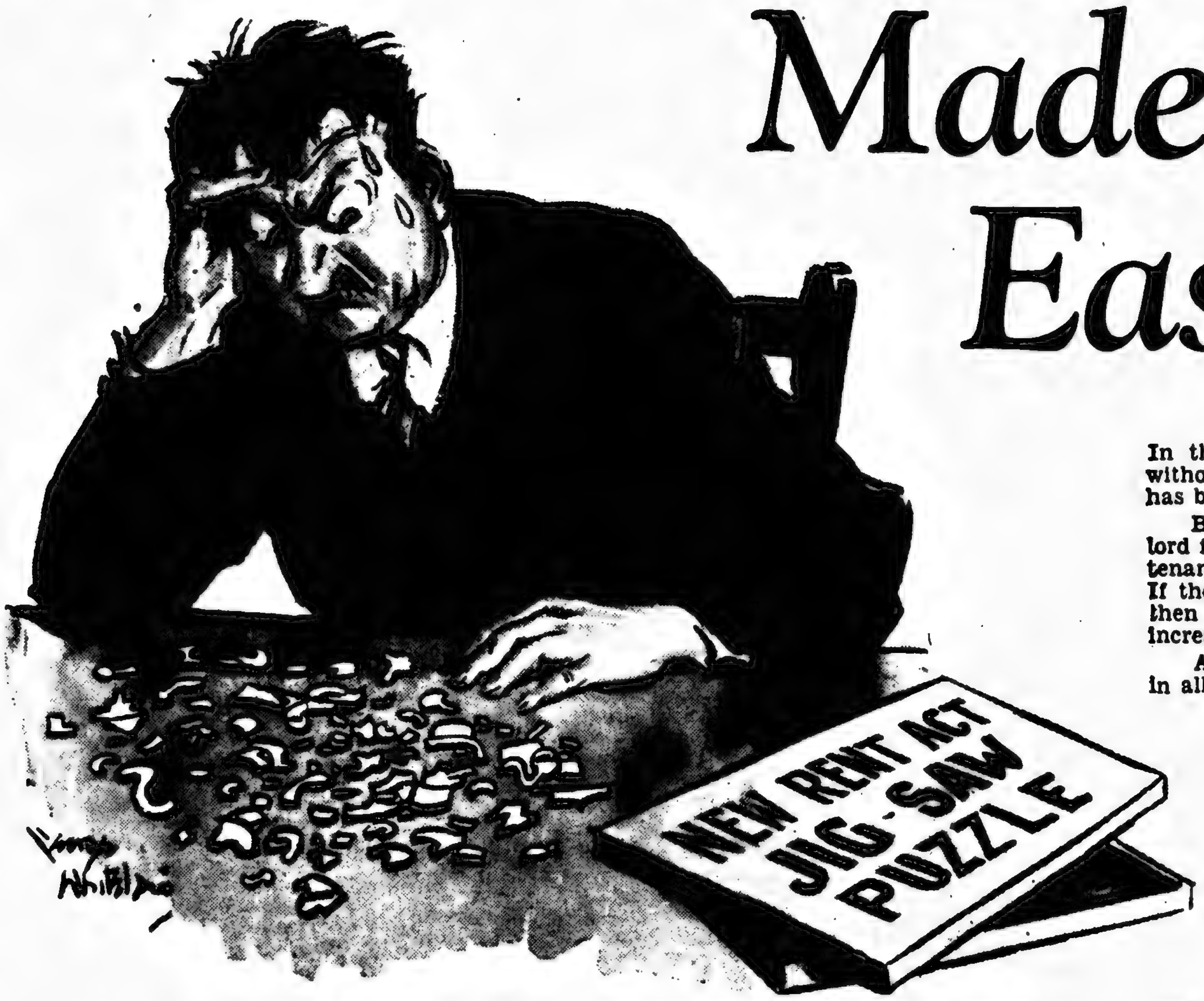
Telegrams: Heroically, London

Rent Plunder Made Easy



NEW RENT ACT JIG-SAW PUZZLE
George Whitelaw

He can't solve it. Half-a-million of his fellow-tenants can't solve it. Can you?

IT does not follow that what nobody understands is nobody's business. For example, nobody understands the new Rent Act, though this is a business which concerns some thousands of landlords and at least half a million tenants.

From a study of the Act one clear fact emerges: it will keep the lawyers busy for the next eighteen months.

The first Rent Act, rushed through Parliament in 1915 chiefly to protect men at the Front from profiteers at home, had to be modified four times in ten years before it became reasonably understandable.

It and its successors gave rise to more than 300 leading cases. It put fortunes into the lawyers' pockets.

The new Act is even more obscure than previous ones. It is a scandalous example of bad drafting and clumsy wording.

It deals with at least twelve different varieties of dwelling-houses, decontrolling many of them and actually bringing others into control unless the owners take steps to prevent it.

Broadly speaking, however, it will enable landlords to raise the rent of tens of thousands of houses such as are lived in by people of small to moderate incomes.

THE Act should not be condemned solely on this account. It is true, for instance, that many property owners have been rather hard hit by rent restrictions.

They have been compelled in some cases to let their own controlled houses for less than is asked by the landlords of similar property more recently built, and therefore uncontrolled.

And they have occasionally been exasperated to discover that their own tenants have been making a handsome profit by sub-letting.

The new Act puts a very wholesome curb on these minor profiteers. Now, if they charge more than a fair proportion of the total rent to their sub-tenants, the owner can have them ejected. That is a just and necessary provision, particularly as sub-tenants are protected and cannot be turned out for the profiteer's sins.

But nothing can excuse the disgracefully bad drafting of the Act itself. Nothing can disguise the fact that in its present form it is a menace to the public.

We have already drawn attention to the Ministry of Health's astonishing circular to local councils forbidding them to give any advice about this Act.

WE can imagine only one explanation of Sir Hilton Young's veto. He must be afraid to let the local authorities attempt to decide what the new Act or any of its clauses may mean because he doesn't know himself.

Landlords are just as much in the dark as the tenants. Within the space of a few days they addressed 1,200 questions to the Property Owners' Protection Association.

But it is a fact that as a body landlords are better able to look after themselves than tenants. They are better able to afford legal advice. And a bad tenant is less dangerous to the community than a bad landlord.

We do not claim to be wiser than the experts. We do not know any better than they do how to interpret the Rent and Mortgage Interest Restrictions (Amendment) Act of 1933.

But we do know that a new rent ramp has started. We know, too, that while some landlords are genuinely puzzled, there are others trying to extort the utmost from their hapless tenants either legally or by sheer bluff.

And we accuse the Ministry of Health of playing into the hands of the profiteers.

Extortion is still extortion, even when the law sanctions it. This Act makes extortion easy.

In thousands of cases it is impossible to say, without a court decision whether a given house has become decontrolled or not.

But there is nothing to stop the greedy landlord from "trying it on." He has only to give his tenant notice to quit or to pay an increased rent. If the worried householder simply does nothing, then the new Act holds that he has accepted the increase.

Again, a basis for calculation in this Act, as in all the former Rent Acts, is the standard rent which was paid in 1914 A forty per cent. increase has been allowed in that rent provided the landlord effects proper repairs.

We would here remind the tenants of all controlled houses that if their homes have *not* been kept in reasonable repair they need not pay this forty per cent. increase.

TO return to the new Act, however it happens that in many cases, particularly where houses have changed ownership, nobody knows what the standard pre-war rent was.

And Sir Hilton Young, making things as easy for the landlord as possible, is allowing him to insert in his rent book whatever figure he *believes* to have been the standard rent.

It is obvious what a chance this gives to dishonest owners. They have only to guess and grab—to think of a number and double it! And they will get away with it every time unless the tenant is wise enough and plucky enough to challenge their figures.

Still another "concession" to landlords—the word was used at a meeting of the Property Owners' Protection Association—relates to houses which have been divided up into flats or tenements, but which are rated only as a single unit.

It is now left to the landlord to give to each "dwelling" what share he thinks fit of the total rateable value. And the question of decontrol may depend upon his assessment.

A well-intentioned clause in the Act provides that the landlord's name and address must be written in the rent book. Now, at the request of the property owners, the Ministry has cautiously expressed the opinion that a postal address will be sufficient!

IT isn't positive even about this, admitting that the courts may decide differently!

While that view holds, the real profiteer will be able, as he has always been in the past, to get somebody else to do his dirty work for him.

There are many other dangerous loopholes in this monumental muddle of an Act. But without going into details we have a word of advice for all tenants who may be affected by it.

When in doubt we advise the sitting tenant to sit tight. If he questions the figure of a pre-war rent or if he is doubtful whether his house has been decontrolled or not let him apply to the County Court for a ruling.

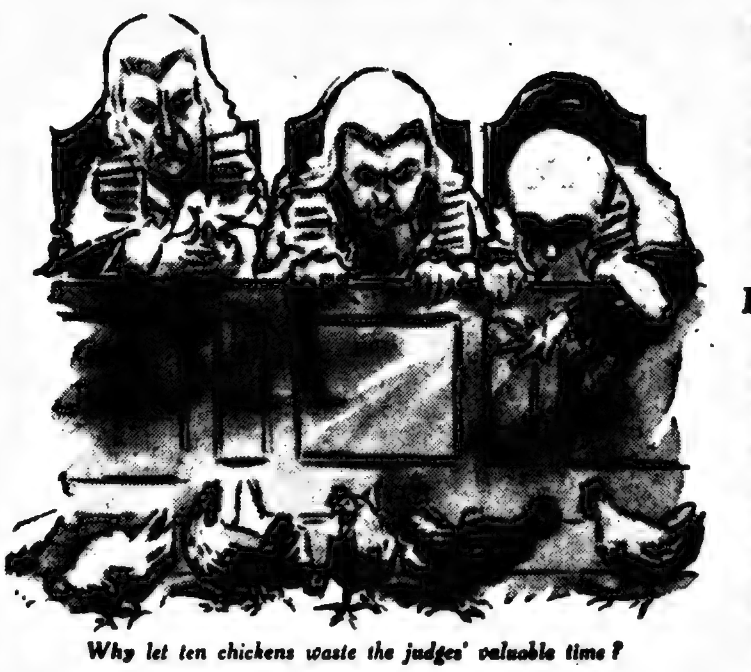
And in no circumstances should he allow his silence to give consent to an exorbitant increase of rent.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

What Do They Think a Labour Exchange is For?

Wasting Our Judges' Time

Government's Bad Debts



Why let ten chickens waste the judges' valuable time?

WHAT are Employment Exchanges for—is it their job to help a man to get work, or to hinder him?

You'd think that an unnecessary question to ask. But we don't think so

Not after investigating the astounding experience of Mr James Eyles, of Claybrook Road, Fulham.

After three years

Mr. Eyles—a pipe-fitter by trade—had been out of work for three years and had been struck off from benefit under the Unemployment Insurance scheme.

A few days ago Mrs. Eyles borrowed a shilling from a neighbour to buy food. Having a penny left, she bought a newspaper.

In its pages was an advertisement for a pipe-fitter who was wanted by a firm at Bournemouth.

Here indeed was an opportunity for her husband, who was skilled in this class of work!

No official help

Mr. Eyles raised money to telegraph to the firm asking for the job, and received a reply asking him to telephone to Bournemouth at once.

But he had no money to do so.

So he went out to the local Employment Exchange and asked an official there for permission to put a call through to Bournemouth. He explained that this call meant a job for him.

To his amazement the official refused his request, pointing out that as Mr. Eyles had not applied for the job through the Exchange, nothing could be done officially to help him!

The friend in need

Eventually, he found a friend almost as hard up as himself who advanced him half a crown. With this Mr. Eyles at last put through his call to Bournemouth—and got the job.

But even then his troubles were not over From Fulham to Bournemouth is a long way. Too far to walk in the time at his disposal, and he had not the money for his fare.

It seemed that fate had again loaded the dice against this unemployed pipe-fitter who had at long last got a job, but now lacked the means to get to it.

In desperation

As a last desperate resort he went to a moneylender and borrowed a pound for his fare to Bournemouth. He was compelled to pay very high interest, but he got the money.

Now he is happy in his new-found job and is paying off his debts.

We need only say that the case of Mr. Eyles—and there must be many more like his—is a striking commentary on the methods of red-tape officialdom which could not help this man when a job was within his reach.

Jail 'em all!

And here's another instance of how red-tape officialdom goes blundering on.

Camberwell Council has sent half the tenants of its Oliver Goldsmith estate to prison, some of them seven and nine times, for not paying rates.

If the council made a simple enquiry it would find that in most cases it is asking for money the tenants haven't got. If it worked out a simple sum, it would find that it gets less and not more as a result of its "jail-'em-all" policy. But it either can't or won't see reason.

A man who knows

Let Camberwell Council listen to the Chief Constable of Reading. He is continually being pressed into sending his men to serve rate summonses and execute distress warrants.

"Particularly unpleasant work," he says, "which I gather has a definite tendency to bring the force into discredit and even disrepute with the public."

He knows that the arrival of a policeman at a home in a poor street is a punishment in itself—a punishment no man deserves if his only offence is poverty.

Poverty on parade

There are some councillors at Middlesbrough, too, who should be taught a lesson.

They wanted to see how grants for the clothing of necessitous children were being spent, and actually took the youngsters to the shops themselves, trailing them in line like cattle.

"Humiliating," said the Mayor, who actually heard the poor mites referred to as brats. Humiliating, indeed. We could think of a harsher word.

M.P.s, take notice!

We could think of some harsh words, too, to describe a certain type of moneylender.

That's why M.P.s should sit up and take notice when Mr. Rhys Davies brings the moneylending scandal before Parliament in a few days' time.

There are wholesale evasions of the 1927 Moneylenders Act, as JOHN BULL has frequently pointed out. Although it is supposed to limit interest to 48 per cent., many people are ground down by interests of 70, 80 and even 90 per cent.

And women Shylocks, sucking the blood of their poorer sisters, are the worst.

Blackmail sleuths

M.P.s can also turn their attention with advantage to the activities of bogus detectives who wheedle secrets out of their clients and then, showing themselves as blackmailers, pursue them even to the suicide's grave.

Women are the chief victims of these blackmailers. Called on as "clients" to reveal secrets of their own past, they find themselves called to meet the blackmailer's constant demands for money or face the disclosure of their secrets.

A Bill requiring the registration of all private enquiry agents is to be brought forward in the new session.

It is a measure Parliament shouldn't think twice about.

Tax debtors

We should like to know why the Government ever allowed itself to be owed millions of pounds in Excess Profits Duty.

The Inland Revenue Commissioners are now demanding that, as the arrears must be wiped off, the best bargains possible should be made with defaulting firms.

We hope they will be good bargains—for the Revenue authorities.

It is scandalous that the State should have given these defaulters more time to pay than it gives the long-suffering individual taxpayer.

How to spend

There's so much we could do with the money these defaulting firms owe.

For one thing, our Coastguard service has been cut to bare bones in the interests of Economy. Ask Skipper Crockett, of the Aberdeen trawler *Fair Isle* about that. He had to send up flares and rockets, sound his siren and burn oily waste for five hours before he could attract the attention of an Aberdeenshire Coastguard station.

These stations are too few and are hopelessly understaffed, and we shouldn't sing another song about our sailors until we have put our Coastguard service in order.

Marriage at a discount

There is another way in which a sailor can "get on the rocks."

Young naval officers who are trying to persuade the Admiralty to grant them marriage allowances have been told that the authorities will not hear of such an innovation.

If they marry, it is at the peril of becoming financial wrecks.

What with Civil Service women asked to retire on marriage and policemen told they mustn't find life partners until they have been four years in the Force, it looks as if there is a Government conspiracy against marriage.

Ha'penny wise . . .

We wonder if the Government is proud of its new Bill to reduce the Miners' Welfare Levy—which has done more than anything to make dull mining villages endurable—from a penny to a halfpenny a ton.

We are not.

A halfpenny a ton makes no difference to anybody except the miners it supplies with pithead baths, recreation grounds, clubs, gymnasia and scholarship facilities in respect of their children.

Still "a hass"

Now and then the law shows itself as much of "a hass" as ever it was.

After eight months of litigation, three King's Bench judges have just had to spend valuable time over the important question whether a man stole five, seven or ten fowls.

"It is difficult," said Mr. Justice Avory, "to treat the case seriously." So we think, too.

What judges think

We also think that the private thoughts of some of our judges on the asinine capers of the law would be very interesting.

What, for instance, do they really think of the practice of jailing husbands who are in arrears on matrimonial orders? At Bromley, the other day, it was stated that two men, one a civil servant, had lost their jobs through being sent to prison at the instigation of their wives. How clever to try to make a man pay by depriving him of the means to pay. Yes, the law is still "a hass."

Should she judge?

We should also like to hear what our judges think of the problem of Mrs. Hodgson, Mayor of Richmond (Yorkshire) who, while doing her duty as Chairman of the local Bench, was asked to withdraw by the police because her son was the solicitor defending a case.

Mrs. Hodgson's fairness of judgment is no doubt above suspicion. But so must justice be.

Even magistrates are human, and we should not like to say that our feelings in such a situation as confronted Mrs. Hodgson would not be unconsciously swayed, either for or against a defendant, by a son's pleading.

Justice with a difference

At Edinburgh and Hebburn the magistrates have been listening to cases so utterly contemptible that there isn't a pin to chose between them.

At Edinburgh a clerk stole and pawned the trousseau of his fiancée. At Hebburn three married couples sold the milk provided by the local authority for their ailing children.

For the man who robbed his sweetheart, sixty days' imprisonment. For the parents who robbed their sick children, a fine of 20s. each.

Weren't those parents lucky!

We say it first

If you see it in JOHN BULL—it's *news*.

A fortnight ago we advocated street safety lines for pedestrians, providing them with their own channels through the traffic. Now comes the news that the Ministry of Transport is considering introducing such an innovation.

Five weeks ago we revealed the plans of different governments for trans-Atlantic air services that are coming. To-day those plans are emerging as official communications.

Boy and the bandits

In the general chorus of praise for Arthur Coates, the 20-year-old vanboy who struggled with bandits when they snatched a hundredweight of gold from his van, everybody seems to have forgotten an obvious question.

That is, why a mere lad should be left in charge of £10,000 worth of gold in a London side-street.

"Safer for the insurance companies," say the gold refining trade. But most emphatically not for vanboys.

Youth and the parson

The Church would be better off for a few more vicars like Prebendary M. L. C. Headlam, of Horsham, who, at sixty-five, intends to resign so that a younger man may step into his shoes.

We know a lot of aged clergy, much older than the Prebendary, who might well follow his example.

The Church needs to be galvanised by youth into recovering its lost ground. It also, for that reason, needs more old servants who think and act like Prebendary Headlam.

A hospital case

What do you think of the Halesowen Bench, which said it intended to deal leniently with Horace Dingley, summoned for wife maintenance arrears, and then "sent him to prison for a month, so that he would receive the necessary attention for his rheumatism"?

Either Horace Dingley deserved imprisonment or he didn't. His aches and pains are matters for a hospital.

Another offence

Thomas William Sessions, of the Home Farm, Hungry Bentley, near Ashbourne, cut the leg off a sheep with a penknife after it had broken the limb.

The police found it still hobbling in pain on the stump four months later.

In our opinion the Hatton magistrates committed another offence when they let Sessions off with a fine.

The BAD TIME—

—and the GOOD IN IT

by SIR HUGO HIRST

the great industrialist

TO-DAY we have passed through more than four years of the great trade depression—a period almost equal to that of the Great War.

What has been the effect of these hard times on Great Britain?

Everyone knows the darker side of the Slump—the idle ships and factories, the queues of unemployed, the cut wages and dividends. But is there not a brighter side to the picture as well?

I think there is, though, weary of the long struggle against industrial depression, I am afraid that many of us have lost our sense of values and are unable to see it.

For one thing, I believe there is now a greater sense of confidence in this country than at any time since the war.

Two years ago it was openly stated among foreign nations that our sun was about to set. But to-day our prestige stands higher than that of any country in the world, and because of this we feel an increased faith in ourselves.

We no longer give way to our national habit of running ourselves down. Instead there is a quiet, steady feeling of determination to see the country through.

The economic pinch has fallen upon all. Many who were once rich have been reduced to poverty. Others who formerly held high executive posts have had to accept subordinate ones—lucky sometimes to get even those.

What is the result?

For one thing, a new spirit of unity is apparent, for most of us have been forced by the changed circumstances to realise that we have been taking part in a struggle which in many ways has been as grave as that of 1914-18.

Made us think

IT is only when people are shaken out of their grooves by altered conditions that they begin to search for realities.

Both in the lives of individuals and the histories of nations it is in times of hardship that the greatest changes take place.

Just now things are by no means so easy for the rising generation as they were in the days of prosperity. Young people who are now reaching maturity realise that life is a serious business, and that they will have to solve many difficult problems if civilisation as we know it is to survive. The Slump has made us *think*.

The other day I went down to a public school and talked to three hundred of the boys about the Ottawa Conference. I spoke for about three-quarters of an hour, yet their attention never flagged.

They seemed so much interested that I spoke for a further half hour and invited questions. Many of them took advantage of this, and asked me most intelligent questions which had a practical bearing on conditions to-day. It is evident that the young men of to-day are both thoughtful and seriously minded.

Change, unnoticed

YET it is just such facts as these which are commonly overlooked.

During the war people were so engrossed in the military situation and the tragedy of the casualty lists that few noticed the remarkable changes which were taking place underneath the surface—changes of thought, habit and method which only became apparent after hostilities had ceased.

How many people realise to-day that circumstances are forcing men and women of all ages to think? There has seldom before been so much deep thinking about the various problems of life.

Policies, systems and creeds, hitherto accepted without question, are now coming in for the severest criticism.

They're not infallible

IN normal times the great majority of people are content to leave all technical matters to those who are supposed to specialise in them and understand them. It is only when things go very wrong indeed that the man in the street begins to question their infallibility.

That is why to-day many experts whom we blindly followed in the past are coming in for their share of criticism. This is especially true of the economic experts who cannot, the public feels, escape blame for what has happened.

The Slump seems to have produced a spirit of tolerance and good will, for common adversity draws men together.

From the earliest days of unemployment, men who were genuinely anxious to get work, but unable to find it, were classed with those who preferred an idle existence. Unemployment, in fact, carried a stigma.

But now it is recognised that there are millions of men whom the machine and the depressed conditions of trade have rendered superfluous to the labour market, and the unemployed are regarded very differently from what they were.

A kindlier spirit is growing, together with a clearer feeling of unity in the face of misfortune that is common to all.

The Slump has certainly had a marked effect on the technical development of industry. Much of our industrial plant, many of our financial and business methods are now beginning to appear obsolete. Times of deep depression tend to purge the industrial machine of all that is out of date and inefficient.

Then, too, because of the depression and the need to find fresh outlets for capital, promising new industries such as canning and bottling of fruit, grape and orange growing, and raising special foodstuffs under glass, have already been developed profitably.

I believe that this country was never more full of quiet inner strength than it is to-day, and that in the next few years we shall astonish the world still more than we have done since the crisis of 1931.

Blessing in disguise

THE hard times through which we are passing have set a quicker pace in industrial competition, and have forced engineers and scientists to work harder than ever before in their quest for economy and efficiency.

During the lean years great strides have been made in industrial research.

There are inventions and new industrial processes lying dormant for lack of capital which will immediately help to give us a lead in the industrial race as soon as the long stagnation of world trade comes to an end

In the electrical world, which is my own special province, we shall soon, I hope, be able to transmit wireless messages over long distances with an apparatus only a little bigger than a motor headlight.

Television, too, is upon us, and the photo-electric cell is already being used for the precise and automatic control of many different factory operations and systems of illumination.

Thirty-six years ago we discovered the electron, and the result was a revolution in mechanical apparatus.

Now scientists have discovered the neutron, the positive electron and the heavy hydrogen atom. Who can tell what new revolutions will result from these?

Britain, it is said, only shows her true greatness in times of adversity. It may well be that the present hard times will eventually prove a blessing in disguise.

Hard times have forced the man and the woman in the street to *think*... Perhaps, suggests the writer, the depression will prove a blessing in disguise

"John Bull" Reveals the Inner Story

DISMISSED

SOME days ago there appeared in the newspapers a bald announcement that the Disciplinary Board of the Metropolitan Police had recommended to Lord Trenchard the dismissal from the force of two detective officers, and that Lord Trenchard had accepted the recommendations.

The names of the two officers were not revealed, nor were the charges indicated.

Behind this brief semi-official statement lies a sensational drama of the police force which "John Bull" is able to reveal exclusively. It will be read with amazement by the public.

The story shows, simply but vividly, the nature of the problem that confronts Lord Trenchard in his endeavours to "clean-up" the police. And it also indicates the resolution and skill with which he is tackling the situation.

The writer of the following narrative played a leading part in the dismissal of the two officers referred to above.

Unfortunately for him, for reasons which appear in the story, his performance of a public duty has led to his ruin.

MY name is William Watson. I am thirty-eight years of age and by occupation a watchmaker and jeweller.

In my early 'twenties I embarked on a career of crime, taking part in a number of the earliest "smash and grab" raids and committing frauds.

On four occasions I was convicted and served sentences of six months, twelve months, two years and three years.

My last sentence was completed about eight years ago.

On that occasion my arrest and conviction were brought about by King's evidence having been given against me by an accomplice.

It then became clear to me that the game of crime was not worth its reward when one could be so betrayed. I resolved in the future to be honest.

To get away from my old associates and possible temptations I considered it best practically to cut myself off from society for a period.

I become honest

FOR this purpose I went whaling in the Antarctic for some years.

With the money thus earned and saved I returned to London to settle, and expended my capital upon a small tobacco and confectionery business It prospered, and I saw clearly that profits could be made as steadily and as freely by honesty in trade as by criminal pursuits.

My apprenticeship had been served in the watch-making and jewellery business and I used the money made at my confectionery shop to re-enter my trade.

Eighteen months ago I commenced business on my own account at Camberwell It flourished in proportion to my modest means and abilities. Soon, I had nearly two hundred small agents representing me in South London, who were paid commission on orders for watches and articles of jewellery which they brought to me for repair or renovation. The business extended until it was necessary to open branch premises at Brixton and Norwood.

To cope with the development, more capital was necessary, and I obtained it by appointing qualified workpeople and managers who were prepared to deposit £50 each either as security or as investment. Eight such men with whom I made contracts of the kind have now left me for other situations. I paid them their wages regularly and fully and also repaid all the moneys they had deposited with me.

Until this week there have been four other such men in my employment.

Since I abandoned crime I have not and could not have been accused of any dishonesty in my transactions with my fellow men.

About eight weeks ago I was in my office at Camberwell when there entered First-Class Detective Sergeant Stenning, who was then in charge of the Streatham sub-area of the Criminal Investigation Department of the Metropolitan Police.

Twelve years ago I was detained by Detective Sergeant Stenning as a suspected person, but no charge was made and I was released, after enquiries.

Accompanying Stenning was another man who was introduced to me as Detective Sergeant Graham.

When I was in crime, I was known as "German Vic."

Stenning, when he entered my office, said "How are things, Vic?"

Sir Francis C. Griffith, the former Indian Police chief, who was appointed recently by Lord Trenchard to his staff, played the directing rôle in this affair.

The hint

HE was told how I had been faring, and, after some ordinary conversation, he said to me, "Vic, what about doing a bit of business on our manor?" (London detectives call the districts they patrol their "manors.")

I asked Stenning what he meant. He replied "A bit of long firm or something like that. We will mind you." (Long firm fraud is the crime by which goods are obtained on credit, never paid for, but are sold by the buyer.)

Stenning remarked, meaningly, "Of course, Vic, there is no taste in nothing." I realised he was demanding money.

Stenning next recalled my criminal record and said that it would not be a nice thing for me in my line of business if it became known to my customers, creditors, and the men I was employing who had invested money with me.

"But," he added, "we'll look after you all right."

By this time I fully realised the drift of the conversation and saw the reason for the visit of the two detectives.

I gave each of them £5.

Stenning, before leaving me, said he knew an excellent shop at Streatham to which I should move and carry out a long firm fraud. He also emphasised that when the fraud was revealed he would be in charge of the police investigations, and I could be made safe.

Every week after that Stenning and Graham called at my office.

I paid them money on each occasion.

On Tuesday night three weeks ago they again returned.

Stenning said, "Now, Vic, what about it? We must have some money. We are hard up."

Again I gave them £5 each, or, rather, £10 to Stenning, as I usually did, he saying that he would divide the money equally with Graham.

In six weeks I had then paid them £53 in all.

When the two detective sergeants left me after this final payment, I went straight to the home of my fiancée.

Before I became engaged to be married to her I had told her fully about my history, but she is a splendid woman and she accepted my word that, since my last conviction, I had determined and would continue to go straight.

My meetings with Stenning and Graham had been causing me terrible agony of mind and I could see that I might be bled to the extent of all my resources.

I tell

SO I confided the whole story of my transactions with the detectives to my fiancée.

We had arranged to be married next week.

My fiancée did not hesitate in her advice when she heard my story.

She told me to get in touch without further delay with New Scotland Yard, the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police. I told her that it would be most inadvisable for me to go to Scotland Yard, because I would almost certainly meet a number of detective officers who would quickly recognise me.

I thought also that if I went to Scotland Yard I would not be likely to see any of the higher officials there, but would have to make my statement to a junior officer.

These fears I described to my fiancée.

She suggested that I should telephone in the first instance to Lord Trenchard, the Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis, at his private residence.

I did so.

My telephone message was received at Lord Trenchard's home by his lady secretary who, after hearing it, told me to put it in writing and to address it personally to Lord Trenchard.

"At Scotland Yard?" I asked.

"No," replied the secretary, "To this address — Lord Trenchard's private house."

I composed my written statement there and then and posted it that night as I had been directed.

Next morning, about 11 o'clock, I was called on the telephone at my office. The gentleman who spoke said he was Sir Francis C. Griffith, and he instructed me to attend at his private house in Emperor's Gate, South Kensington, at 9 o'clock that night. (Sir Francis Charles Griffith was formerly Inspector General of Police in the Bombay Presidency and three months ago he was appointed by Lord Trenchard to assist him in the scheme for the reorganisation of the Metropolitan Police.)

I duly attended at Sir Francis Griffith's home at the appointed hour

# of an Amazing Police Drama

the FORCE..

and was received by him in his study. I saw that my letter to Lord Trenchard was upon his desk.

Sir Francis counselled me to tell him everything about my past and all the incidents of my career since I left prison. I did so. He also heard in detail my description of my relations and transactions with the detective sergeants.

The rendezvous

I WAS instructed by Sir Francis that if I was approached by or had any communication from the detective sergeants in the future I was immediately to telephone him either at his home or at an extension telephone number at Scotland Yard, where he would be found during certain hours. Both telephone numbers were supplied to me.

When I was making my livelihood by crime I had to interview many police officers. Never have I been treated with such courtesy, kindness and understanding as I was by Sir Francis Griffith.

Three days later, on Saturday three weeks ago, I received a telephone call at my office. I recognised the voice as that of Graham.

"Streatham speaking, Vic," he said. "S. (Stenning) and I want to see you, but we don't want to come down to your shop. We think it's a bit too hot there. Meet us in the saloon bar of the 'Crown and Sceptre' at Streatham Hill tonight at seven o'clock."

I agreed to do so.

When the conversation had ended, I immediately picked up the receiver, telephoned to Sir Francis Griffith and told him what had been said.

Sir Francis instructed me to wait in my office until I received a message.

About an hour later Sir Francis Griffith came on the telephone to me. He told me to be at St. James's Underground Station at 2.30 p.m., where I would find a black saloon motor-car with registration number UL1857 waiting. Inside the car I would find Superintendent Horwell, the Chief of the Central Office of New Scotland Yard.

Laying the trap

I WENT to St. James's Station, saw the motor-car, and inside were Superintendent Horwell and a gentleman who was introduced to me as Detective Inspector Lewington. I entered the car, which was driven into Hyde Park, and when it arrived at a secluded part the chauffeur was told to go for a walk.

Superintendent Horwell gave me instructions to keep my appointment with Stenning and Graham at the "Crown and Sceptre." In the saloon bar, he informed me, would be Detective Inspector Nunn, of New Scotland Yard.

I said that I did not know Inspector Nunn, but, later in the afternoon, I was driven in a motor-car to the Victoria Embankment near Westminster. There, while we waited, a messenger went to Scotland Yard, and he returned accompanied by a gentleman who was made known to me as Detective Inspector Nunn.

It was arranged by Superintendent Horwell that as soon as any money was passed by me at the public-house either to Stenning or Graham I would put a pipe in my mouth and light it. I am not a pipe-smoker, so Superintendent Horwell gave me one of his pipes.

The Superintendent also handed over to me ten £1 Treasury Notes, each of which he marked distinctively with a dot beneath the letter "B" of the signature "B. G. Catterns," the chief cashier of the Bank of England, which is at the bottom right-hand corner of every £1 note. I gave a receipt for the notes.

At 7 p.m. I entered the saloon bar of the "Crown and Sceptre" and there found Stenning and Graham at the counter. At all our previous meetings we had gone to licensed premises and invariably it was left to me to pay for drinks. They waited on this occasion until I gave an order.

The three of us took our drinks to a small table in a corner and, as we went there, I saw Detective Inspector Nunn standing at the bar. He was somewhat shabbily dressed for the occasion and neither Stenning nor Graham recognised him

During our conversation over drinks, Stenning said to me, "Now, Vic, we must get to business quick. Christmas is coming and we want some 'dough.' What about doing that villainy on our manor?"

"The game's up"

STENNING kept hinting to me that he and Graham were very hard up. I said that things were becoming rather bad with myself, but I happened to have had a little "touch" (extra profit) that week and I could let them have the usual "tenner" between them.

I did not know if any police witnesses had been placed in position to overhear our conversation, but I said to Graham, who usually took very little part in the talks—"Do you get your 'corner' out of this?"

Graham replied, "Oh, yes. I would soon cut it out if he (indicating Stenning) did not play square."

Finishing our drinks, we moved outside towards the lavatory. Always on previous occasions when I parted with money to these two men on licensed premises the notes had been passed to them in the lavatories.

On this occasion we found the lavatory door locked, so we crossed the narrow street to the other side.

"It's right as rain now, Vic," said Stenning

While crossing over I had observed Detective Inspector Lewington outside the public-house, but he was somewhat disguised by wearing a very large pair of horn-rimmed spectacles.

After Stenning had made his "right as rain" remark, Graham pointed to Inspector Lewington and said, "Who's that old —— over there?"

Stenning said, "Oh, he's nobody. Come on, Vic."

At the angle at which I was standing in relation to the two detective sergeants, Inspector Lewington could not have failed to see what happened.

I handed over to Stenning the ten £1 notes with which Superintendent Horwell had provided me. Stenning put them in his right-hand trousers pocket. I then took out Superintendent Horwell's pipe and pretended to light it.

Inspector Lewington came across to me.

He said to me, "What are you doing with these two men?"

I replied, "I am being blackmailed by two police officers."

At that moment, Detective Inspector Nunn emerged from the saloon bar and came up to us. I saw Stenning edging away and his hand moving towards the pocket in which he had put the marked money. I said, "Don't move!" Inspector Lewington then addressed Stenning with the words, "Don't be a fool. The game's up. Hand it over."

Detective Sergeant Stenning then produced a roll of notes and gave them to Inspector Lewington.

Examination

A TAXI-CAB was called and the five of us—Inspectors Nunn and Lewington, the two detective sergeants and myself were driven to Streatham Police Station.

There we entered the C.I.D. Office, the door of which was locked behind us. I made a full statement in the presence of the two detective sergeants, and it was written down word by word by Inspector Nunn, with Inspector Lewington standing by.

Stenning and Graham were allowed to cross-examine me, and their questions and my answers were also written down. I signed the documents.

We had entered the C.I.D. rooms at 8 p.m., and it was 2.45 a.m. when the taking of the statements was completed.

As we went out into the charge room I saw there a company of very well dressed men, none of whom I knew, but who, I learned, were all high officers of New Scotland Yard. Outside the station was a line of their private motor-cars.

I heard Stenning and Graham told to hand over their whistles and other police equipment, that they were under suspension from duty, and that they would "come up" on a day in the following week.

Inspector Lewington then drove me to my home in a motor-car.

Four days later, extraordinary events began to happen in my business. Trade fell off with great suddenness and my customers called for the return of valuable goods which they had entrusted to me for repair.

It was clear that the report had been spread that I was an ex-convict.

The four men who were in my service with investments amounting to £200 came and gave a week's notice and demanded the return of their money.

Ruined . . .

WHEREVER I went in the streets in the districts where I conducted business I could recognise that I had become known as a one-time criminal.

I do not blame my customers for having sought the return of their watches and jewellery. Some of these articles were of platinum and diamonds. However honest I had been for the past eight years my customers were entitled to demand the return of their valuables now that, somehow, it had been made known that I was an "old lag."

When I interviewed Sir Francis Griffith at his home it was clearly understood between us that in no circumstances would my past be revealed, and that even if reason were found for criminal proceedings to be taken against Stenning and Graham, my name and history would not be made public.

I am entirely satisfied that Sir Francis took every possible action to protect me in this respect. I am also convinced that none of the police officers who acted under the instructions of Sir Francis or Lord Trenchard or any other officers who learned the facts in the course of duty were responsible for the black parts of my early career being made known.

This police drama reveals in every phase the new, determined spirit which Lord Trenchard has brought to his task of cleansing the Service.

I can only suspect who caused the damage.

My business is entirely ruined.

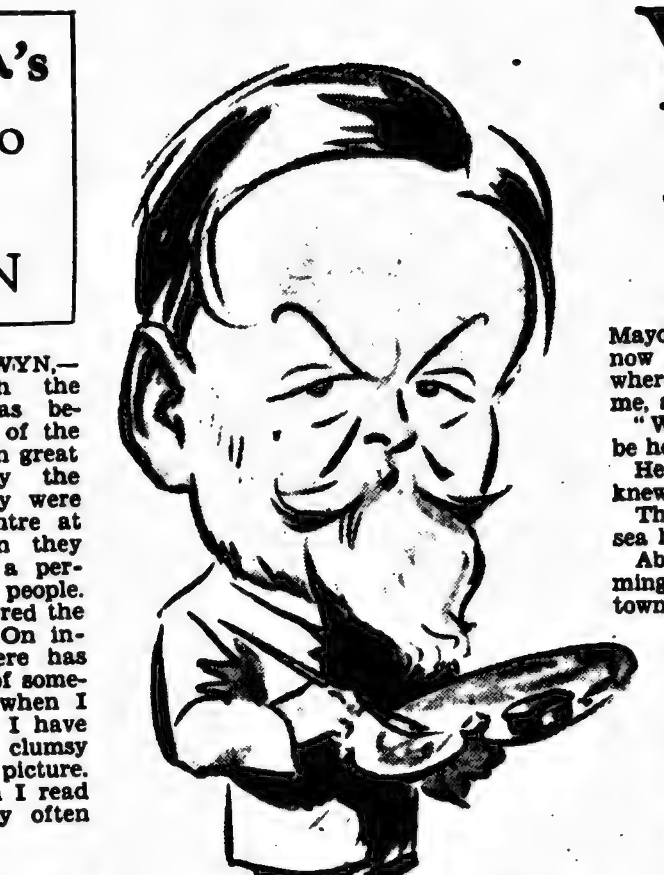
A few days ago I saw in the newspapers an announcement that two detective sergeants of the Metropolitan Police had been dismissed the Force. Their names were not stated, but I know that they were Stenning and Graham.

I make this true declaration solely in the public interest. I cannot possibly be worse injured than I have been in performing my duty as a citizen No worse disaster could now overtake me.

William Watson.

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to FRANK BRANGWYN

Your Paint will Beat the PEERS



DEAR FRANK BRANGWYN,—"The stone which the builders refused has become the headstone of the corner." Your sixteen great panels, rejected by the House of Lords, for which they were painted, will, in the Civic Centre at Swansea, to whose Corporation they have now been given, become a perpetual inspiration to the Welsh people.

Often, in my life, I have deplored the fact that I am not an artist. On innumerable occasions, when there has flashed into my eyes a glimpse of something exquisitely beautiful, or when I have conceived some new idea, I have bemoaned the fact that my clumsy fingers could not make of it a picture.

Yet, on other occasions, when I read of the insults which Authority often hurls at artists merely because they are original and far-seeing, I console myself with the fact that I belong to a profession in which, if somebody objects overmuch to a new idea, I can at least alter a word or change the end of a sentence.

• • •

But men like you are helpless.

The late Lord Leverhulme, not liking Augustus John's portrait of him, cut out the head. Paris, displeased with Epstein's monument on Oscar Wilde's grave, emasculated it. Orpen got in wrong with the Royal Academy more than once. The last works of Charles Sims, his psychic paintings, would not have been shown at Burlington House but for the fact that, as an Academician, he could put them there.

You, well, you have been in trouble twice in the last few months. You, the greatest decorative artist for at least two centuries; you, whose glory of colour and majesty of design give you rank with the greatest painters of the Renaissance, agreed to paint for the House of Lords sixteen panels for the Royal Gallery. The Iveagh Trustees agreed to present them, although they were to cost £20,000.

But the Peers rejected them and they are to go to Swansea.

The man who was that Welsh town's Mayor until a few weeks ago—he has now gone back to work on the docks where he is a labourer—pointed out to me, as we drove by, the Civic Centre.

"We all hope Brangwyn's panels will be housed there," he said.

He was only a working man. But he knew they were beautiful.

The next day, I was glad to see Swansea had got them.

Aberystwyth wanted them, and Birmingham, and Cardiff. Half the great towns of the country hoped, in vain, that they would hang upon their walls.

Personally, I think such things should go on tour. There are too many priceless pictures in London which, because of its size, pays little attention to them. The smaller towns have art galleries, but they cannot compete with London when it comes to buying something that is worth many thousands.

So the almost incomparable beauties of the pictures in the National Gallery attract just a few. If they could be sent on tour, they would do much to stimulate Art and the love of it.

Some time ago you condescended to paint a panel illustrating the Sermon on the Mount for the Radio City Building in New York. There they show Hollywood films. But, while the products of Los Angeles were good enough for them, your picture was too good.

"Paint out Christ!" they said.

"I find myself like an engineer who, on nearing the completion of a bridge," you replied, "discovers that the absence of a vital girder imperils the entire structure."

"The sooner a picture of the Saviour is shown in a commercial building in America," added C. R. W. Nevinson, "the sooner America is likely to get out of its present slough of despond."

Fancy a Sermon on the Mount without a Saviour!

Well, fortunately, Brangwyn, you can laugh. When all these Radio Cities are destroyed, either by the anger of God or the laughter of Enlightenment, your work will remain. When the House of Lords has been swept out of existence, your name will be glorified.

You started, as a boy artist, by earning sixpence for painting the name on a fishing boat.

The time came when I stood in a dining-room on the *Empress of Britain*, a liner of nearly 45,000 tons. All around me was a dining-room which you had decorated. You had designed the woodwork, and the floor covering, and the lamps, and you had painted on the walls.

You had started your earliest apprenticeship with William Morris, who believed in using Art as a means of beautifying the home. He, great though he was, got no chance like that. It was a sign that even a shipping company could think in terms of beauty.

But Britain was almost the last to acclaim you. The Continent knew your name before most of us did. In America you began to be considered of the stature of Rubens. Then your art invaded the schoolroom. Beautifully reproduced, your pictures of historical subjects were put on the walls of schools. The children love them, if the Peers do not.

No artist in the country has such a sense of colour as you possess. You think bravely in ripe scarlets and abysmal blues.

You are a genius the nation is proud of, and your pictures will long outlast the Peers who rejected them.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Mr. GEORGE LANSBURY,
House of Commons

DEAR GEORGE,—You really are a marvel! Here, at the age of seventy-four, you head the list of House of Commons speakers for the past seven months with 252 columns in the official report of the debates to your credit.

Only a man with unshaken faith in humanity could at your age have achieved such a feat. Your warm, generous heart speaks through your lips—and that is why everybody, including your political opponents, listens with respect and affection.

There is no figure in public life to-day more beloved by

JOHN BULL.

LORD LONDONDERRY,
Minister of Air

MY LORD,—People had to scatter for safety when an R.A.F. fighting 'plane was forced to land on Streatham Common. The pilot had to turn the machine turtle to avoid killing a baby.

I want to know why the formation to which this machine belonged passed over London at all; in any case, why it should be so low that it could not reach the country in a glide?

Must we have some dreadful disaster in crowded London before your fast fighters are ordered to keep their distance?

JOHN BULL.

Brig.-General LUSHINGTON,
Chairman, Aldershot Magistrates

DEAR GENERAL,—In the past I have sometimes had occasion to criticise adversely your magisterial pronouncements. But I heartily congratulate you on your refusal to send an unemployed man to prison because he owed 7s. rates.

"Righto," you said to him, "pay 1s. a week for a month and we will call it 'all square.'"

Same here, General. "All square" now between you and me.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILLIAM SPEAKMAN,
Manager, Capitol Cinema, Edgehill

DEAR SIR,—In order to prevent a friend from committing suicide you took away his revolver and hid it in your desk. Now you have been fined £1 for being in possession of it without a firearms certificate.

I expect, when you were a boy, you were often told that "Virtue is its own reward." You must be thinking now that sometimes it can be its own penalty, too.

JOHN BULL.

Judge Sir ALFRED TOBIN,
Westminster County Court

DEAR JUDGE,—"It was a corrupt bribe to the wife to sign the paper," you said in denouncing a canvasser for himself paying the first instalment to induce a woman to buy a vacuum cleaner against her husband's wishes.

You taught that canvasser a lesson by dismissing a claim for the balance of the purchase money. What is more, you let wives and husbands, threatened with similar prosecutions, know just where they stand with the law.

I have done so for hundreds in the same predicament. To others like them, I say: Write about it to

JOHN BULL.

HENRY FORD,
Detroit

DEAR HENRY,—Even an Olympian like you sometimes makes a mistake. I warned you recently you were "on the wrong side" for once in rejecting Roosevelt's National Recovery Administrative Code.

Now you have repented. You agree to provide machinery for your workmen to voice their grievances.

It takes a bonny fighter to flout popular opinion as you have done. It takes an equally game one to admit, on second thoughts, that he was wrong.

You are really stronger, not weaker, for your surrender. JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. P. WATSON,
Borough Engineer, Scarborough

DEAR SIR,—Until recently you were Borough Engineer of South Shields. And in your last words of advice to that town you described the unemployed as "a favoured section of the community."

You favoured high charges for tent space to keep them away because they "can bring little or no further revenue to your cafés and other entertainments on the foreshore."

Your move to Scarborough represents promotion, I suppose. I wonder why?

JOHN BULL.

RICHARD SMITH BOWER,
H.M. Prison, Lincoln

CHEAP JACK,—I can imagine only one trick meaner than exacting sums ranging from £2 to £3 from poor village people for spectacles that never arrive, for which you are serving six weeks in prison.

That is stealing the eyesight as well as the money of credulous people by providing them with the type of glasses usually handled by men of your kidney.

And, as I have regretted on more than one occasion, there is no imprisonment for that.

JOHN BULL.

ALFRED DEARSLEY,
School House, Cawthorne

YOUNG FIREBRAND,—Losing your job as an office-boy under the West Riding County Council, you set fire to the office on the grounds that you had been unfairly dismissed.

Now a lenient Bench has discharged you on payment of costs in order not to prejudice your chances of joining the Navy.

Well, let that indulgence be a lesson to you. Because if you join the Navy you may find they have sterner ways of exacting discipline from boys who, to say the least, can't keep their temper.

JOHN BULL.

Major R. W. COOPER,
President, Tackley (Oxon) British Legion

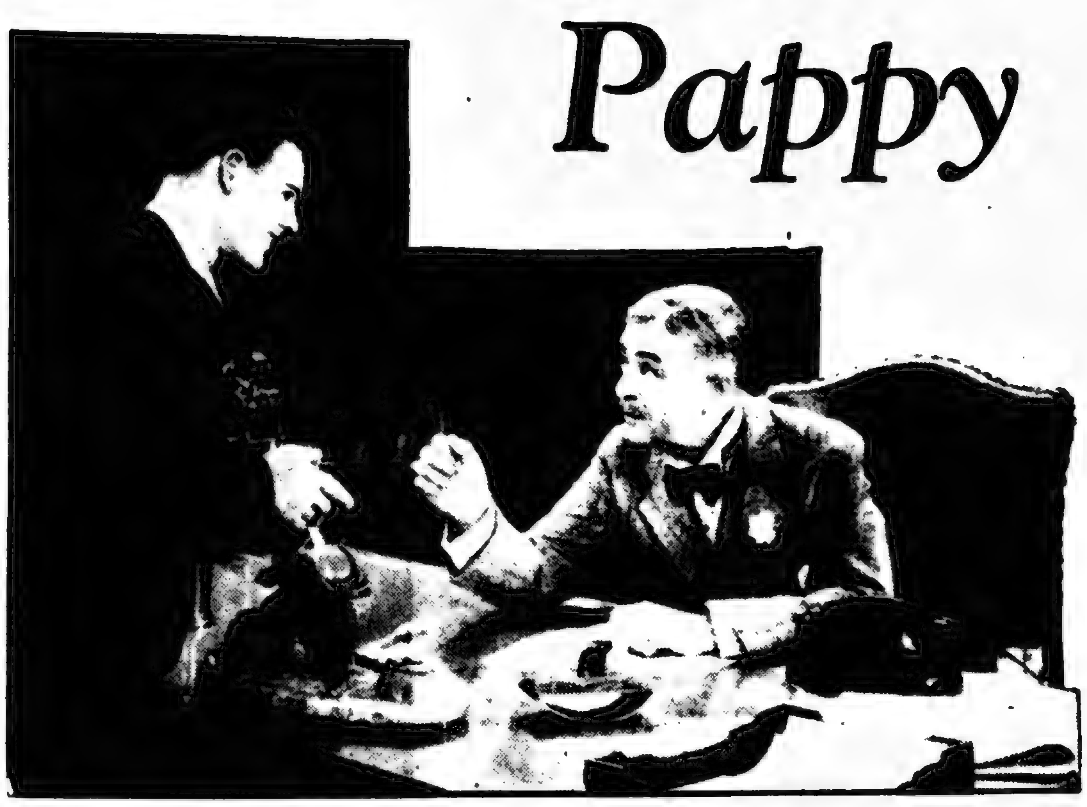
DEAR MAJOR,—Because you don't think it proper "to practise soldiers outside the church and then listen to a peace sermon," your Legion branch is to have no military parade this Armistice Sunday.

That would be sound sense, whoever said it. It is all the more convincing when it comes from an Army man.

Your rank as major is military rank. But, for having the courage of your convictions and acting on them, you rank much higher in the estimation of

JOHN BULL.

YOUTH Gone Pappy



The old man looks at the young man; "Can he stand up to responsibilities?" he wonders

A Grave Indictment

by A. G. GARDINER

THE rebuke which the new Lord Mayor of London has addressed to the youth of to-day is badly needed. If I do not entirely agree with it, it is because he attacks them on the wrong ground.

Sir Charles Collett's complaint is that the young men of to-day have lost the spirit of adventure, and the evidence of this he finds in the fact that they do not emigrate. "There are millions of acres," he says, "in our great Empire where they can find pleasant homes and renewed health, where they will make enough to live on, and where every child that is born will be welcome and will find work and health." And the fault he finds with them is that they don't go.

But surely Sir Charles must know why they don't go. They don't go because they are not wanted, and because those who do go get such a cold reception that they are glad to get back by hook or by crook.

The unhappy experience of the emigrants to Victoria, who are engaged in trying to recover what they have lost, is a case in point.

Tide has turned

It illustrates the whole story of emigration since the war. Before that, the annual exodus from this country to the Dominions was about 200,000. In recent years more people have come back in despair than have gone out in hope.

That is one of the chief causes of our unemployment problem. Wherever the blame lies, it does not rest on those who do not go where they would be worse off. I have no doubt that the tide will turn, and that emigration will again become a possible outlet for our surplus population.

But while the Lord Mayor has attacked the youth of to-day on the wrong ground, I think his grouse is not without foundation.

No one can read the newspapers in these days without being disturbed by the symptoms of a hectic, morbid and unhealthy condition of mind in the youth of this generation. Hardly a day passes without some sprig of the nobility casting himself before a Tube train, or some disillusioned actress putting her head in a gas oven. It is not poverty that drives them to it, but a childish revolt against life, or a nameless dread of the future.

No ambition?

Nor is it these incidents alone that indicate a lack of stamina and a febrile strain in the present generation. There is a widespread complaint in the business world that the spirit of ambition and adventure is absent from the youth of to-day.

Not long ago Lord Ashfield, the head of the London Transport system, complained that while there was abundance of material for the manual and clerical tasks of business, there was a famine in the ranks of leadership. The ten-thousand-pound-a-year man, he said, was becoming more and more rare. One of the reasons he gave for the fact I will refer to later.

The same story was told to me by the managing director of one of London's greatest stores. He was showing me round his emporium, and talking with extraordinary interest on the problems that confront these establishments.

"Our difficulty," he said, "is not money. We can get all the money for all the development we want. Nor is it competition. It is the insufficiency of brains and of courage to face responsibility—especially of courage to face responsibility."

I looked down the great department in which we were standing. Scores of assistants were attending to customers or moving about their various tasks—well-dressed, intelligent men and women, mostly young. I expressed incredulity.

"Yes, I know," he said. "Excellent people for the work they are doing. But nothing more. They are content with their job. They are content to do as they are told. But they lack ambition and fear responsibility. They are not deficient in capacity, but they are deficient in will.

"I have started textile and other classes so that they may be encouraged to become experts in their work and qualify for more important jobs. But they don't want them. They like their routine and their evenings at tennis and the kinema. And they won't face responsibility."

If this indictment of the younger generation is true, what is the meaning of the palsy that has fallen upon it?

One explanation, no doubt, is the war. That terrific rupture of civilisation has unnerved the generation that was born in it and has emerged from it. It finds itself adrift in a world that has lost its mooring—its faith, its discipline, its traditions.

"The world is out of joint," it says with Hamlet. "O cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right." And, despairing of setting it right, and cursing the older generation that it supposes brought the house down about its ears, it lives in the moment and snatches its pleasures on the wing. Why worry about to-morrow when it may bring another earthquake to complete the work of the last? "On with the dance," and if it leads to the gas oven at least we shall have had our fun.

Things that thrill

And the conditions of the post-war world have encouraged this feverish temper. The great god Speed has revolutionised our worship, and the film has saturated our minds with its banalities.

Our twin idols are the man who has hurtled a motor-car or an aeroplane faster than it has ever been hurtled before, and the latest female "star" of Hollywood whose pretty simper has earned her £50,000 a year and a sequence of "husbands" of whom we can't keep count.

These are the things that thrill the younger generation, in its intervals of gibing at that stupid old Victorian world which, to its hectic imagination, seems to have been so frowsy and moth-eaten.

I am not scoffing at the pleasures of speed and of the pictures. I enjoy them both. But I am trying to explain that mentality of the younger generation which Sir Chas. Collett has criticised, and which is largely the product of these things. There are others.

One of them is that to which Lord Ashfield referred when he spoke of the lack of the £10,000-a-year type of man. He attributed that deficiency in part to the modern newspaper, which, in its pursuit of "stunts," had become a source of national degeneration.

Formerly, newspapers had a silly season in August when they put on the cap-and-bells and discussed the largest gooseberry, the reappearance of the sea-serpent and why millers wore white hats. Now they have a silly season all the year round, and lead the younger generation in the giddy dance that is sapping the stamina and weakening the fibre of our stock.

Up to Youth

If the Lord Mayor during his year of office can indoctrinate modern youth with just a dash of those humdrum Victorian virtues to which he attributes his own success he will do the country a real service.

Life, as President Wilson once remarked, does not always consist of running to a fire. There is a stern fight ahead for this country, and it is the younger generation of to-day which will win it, or lose it.

Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

FACING THE WORST

WHEN the bad news from Germany and Geneva came over the wireless recently it was interesting to observe the different ways in which people reacted to it. Some were sure it would mean war at once; others said it would not matter.

The anxiety of one set of commentators was lest we should be embroiled in a European conflict; others hoped we should in order to make an end of the uncertainties and international squabblings of the past fifteen years.

How clearly individual character reveals itself at a crisis! One man will meet the challenge with undaunted front and unselfish spirit; another will try his utmost to take all the pluck out of us by prophesying disaster which he has not the smallest intention of sharing if he can avoid it.

• • •

There are some natures that take delight in looking for the worst in what befalls their neighbours, but are panic-stricken if anything unpleasant threatens themselves.

Do we not all know to our cost the sort of person who pretends to sympathise with our afflictions, but is really enjoying them and makes them out to be worse than they really are?

I had a good laugh the other day over a letter received from a JOHN BULL reader, who wrote: "I have a detestable acquaintance who visits me now and then; I dread the sight of her; she always has a depressing influence.

• • •

"She will begin by shaking her head and saying with a sigh, 'Oh, you do look bad; you are not long for this world, I can see; you should take more care of yourself, but I fear it is too late.'

"I am rather fond of my garden, and, of course, she must seek to spoil my pleasure in it. 'Your fruit will do no good this year,' she will exclaim. 'The dry summer will ruin it; the grubs will get in, and it will all drop off.'

"If I have anything new in the house or on my back she will discover that it is poor stuff, does not suit me, and will not wear well. I often say how she'll enjoy going to my funeral."

Yes, we know this social assassin only too well; and I am not sure that men are not worse offenders than women in this respect, for, on the whole, women have more patience and more power of endurance in trying times.

On the other hand, there is nothing finer or more inspiring than an example of high courage and quiet firmness in facing and making the best of trouble. We are all helped by being brought in contact with such a spirit.

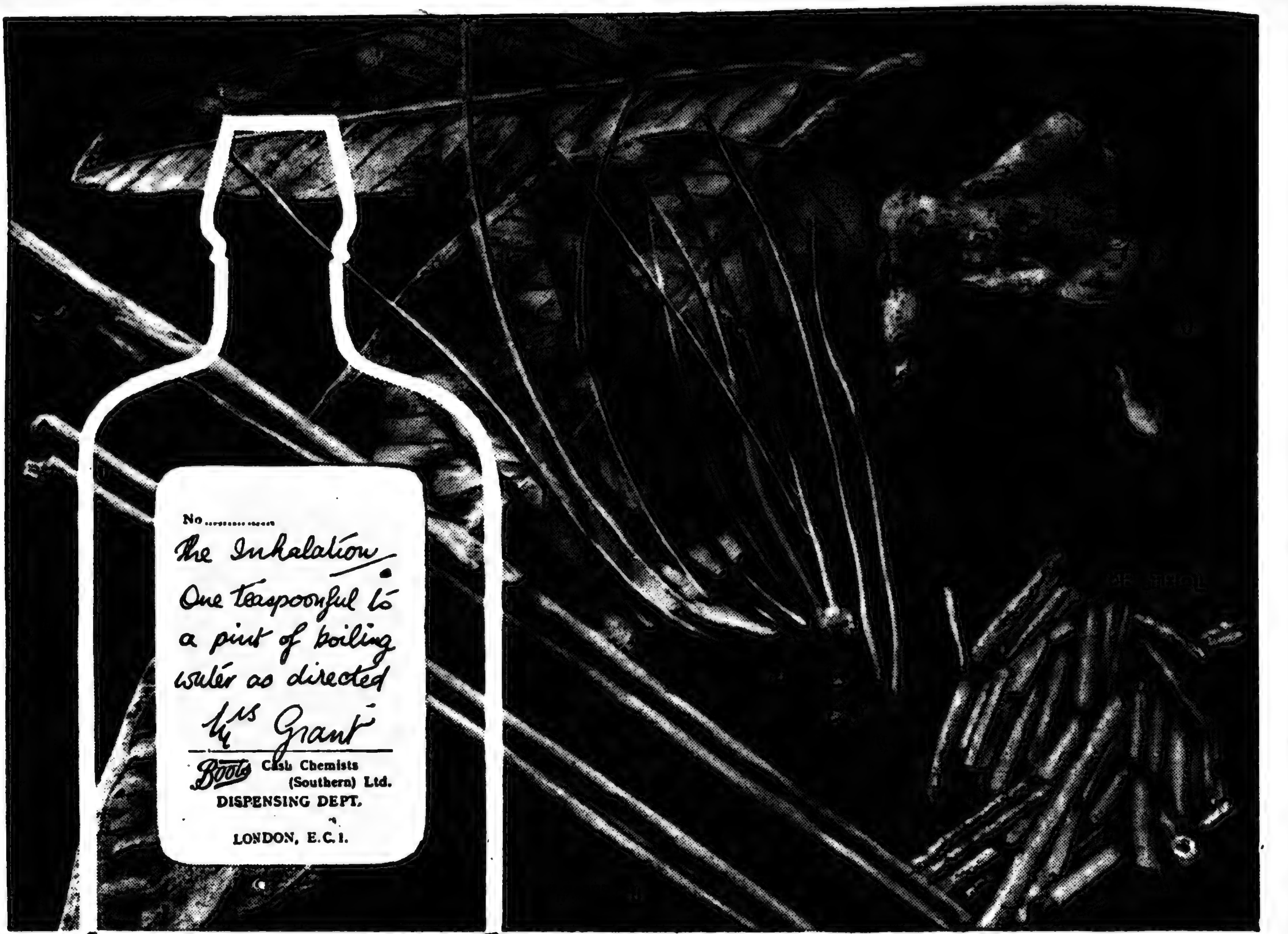
In my own immediate circle just now there is a case in point which has won all-round admiration. A man still young, who has a record of excellent work behind him and was looking forward to still greater opportunities, is smitten with an incurable disease.

• • •

We could not believe it at first as he looks so well, but when the verdict of the specialists was finally passed the brave fellow said:

"Now, no condolences; I don't want to hear them. I ask you to treat me as a normal human being. Let us meet and chat and enjoy one another's company as before; and when the end comes we shall only bid one another good-night to meet again in the morning."

There is nothing to fear in life or death when we can face our fate like that.



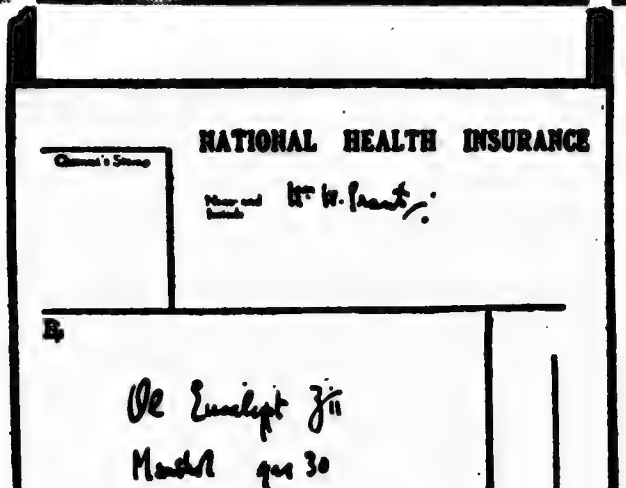
No..............

The Inhalation

One teaspoonful to a pint of boiling water as directed

Mrs Grant

Boots Cash Chemists (Southern) Ltd.
DISPENSING DEPT.
LONDON, E.C.1.



Chemist's Stamp

NATIONAL HEALTH INSURANCE

Name and Initials Mrs W. Grant

℞

Ol Eucalypt ʒii
Menthol grs 30
Ol Pini Pumil ʒi
Ol Cinnam m 30
Tinct Benz Co ad ʒiv
Fiat Inhal
Sig ʒi to Oi
boiling water and inhale vapour

A DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION for an inhalation—a romance which links the pine forests of the North with the Cinnamon trees of Ceylon, which weds menthol from Japan with eucalyptus from Australia, and adds a blessing from the sweet gum trees of Arabia . . . Boots assemble these raw materials from the four corners of the world, and test and re-test at every subsequent stage of production. Boots chemists work to standards which are Boots standards—stricter than the law or custom demands. And remember, panel prescriptions are made up at Boots with the same speed and accuracy that a Harley Street specialist would expect. Next time the doctor gives you a prescription . . .

GET IT MADE UP AT The Boots Chemists

THERE ARE OVER 1000 BOOTS BRANCHES THROUGHOUT GREAT BRITAIN

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd. Nottingham CVS—93

Weekly Informations from
SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

Webb when he challenged "John Bull," must have forgotten that this snapshot was taken after one of his bigamous marriages in the hinterland of South-West Africa. Below is another photograph of this impostor, whose menace is greater because he is a man of not unattractive personality

WE CALL a Scoundrel's BLUFF

—*Runaway* Rogue *with a* Writ

ON my desk at this moment is a mound of documents which have come to me from distant parts of the world.

They represent a year and a half of as fine, patient and competent work as I have ever known performed by a body of trained investigators.

The massive collection of evidence has been made in the cause of justice and it portends inevitable disaster to an individual who is masquerading in Britain under the cloak of piety, but who is, in reality, a criminal of immense audacity and resource.

My readers must accompany me back to nineteen months ago when I gave a public warning in JOHN BULL regarding a person known as Victor Thomas Webb.

Webb, about that time, had become a conspicuous and somewhat remarkable figure on political and religious platforms.

He asked the country to believe that, following interviews in Soviet Russia with Chicherin, Kalinin, and the great Stalin himself, and after a period of training in Moscow, he had been appointed World Organiser for the Overthrow of Christianity.

Great Britain had been his headquarters for that work and, while engaged upon it, he was paid £1,000 yearly.

When Webb came under my observation he had, he said, repented, found salvation, and was publicly condemning his former Communist paymasters under the banner of the Federated Progress Association.

He was also being trained then for the ministry of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, but was later transferred for service as "evangelist to the industrial classes of Great Britain" under the World Evangelisation Trust—a most reputable organisation directed by people of distinction

Much space was devoted by national newspapers to the utterances of Webb in interviews and speeches. He sought to enlist the youth of the country in a gigantic religious crusade, and, on a platform occupied by eminent men and women, he was the star speaker for this purpose before a great audience at the Royal Albert Hall.

Webb's part in this demonstration was marked by most unruly scenes.

Funk!

It was then I saw fit to intervene. I had good reason to feel that the whole evangelical movement was being atrociously duped by this man, and I stated in JOHN BULL that there were dubious phases in his career which did not befit him to be a leader of Britain's youth.

In consequence of my warning article, Webb issued a writ for libel against the proprietors of JOHN BULL.

The action was due to be tried in the King's Bench Division this week.

It will not now be heard.

Some days ago Webb discontinued the suit after many months of audacious bluff.

It will become obvious as my story proceeds why, at the last moment, he preferred not to enter the witness-box before judge and jury.

On various occasions for eight months after the publication of my article the stipendiary magistrate at Westminster Police Court was engaged in hearing an application on behalf of a woman in South Africa for the enforcement of a maintenance for herself and children which she had obtained in the South African courts.

Her husband, she declared, was named Victor Vere Webb, and the summons was served in this country upon the Victor Thomas Webb who had been the subject of my criticism.

Webb, in the witness-box, denied that he was married to this woman or had ever lived with her. He had no wife in South Africa, he said. Neither was it true that two years before he had travelled in the same cabin with another woman from South Africa to England. Nor had he lived with this second woman in London or ever been married to her.

Only once, Webb swore, had he been married—to a woman living at Hampstead, London—and the ceremony had taken place only a few weeks before my article appeared.

The stainless evangelist contended that there had been confusion of identities. In dramatic narrative he traced the origin of the mistake to an incident years ago, when a man of lawless instincts had assumed his name.

I was not deceived by his sophistry. I saw him as a man in whom all sense of honour and of shame had dwindled—a public menace, more dangerous because he is a man of by no means unattractive personality.

The mask he wore and is still wearing had to be torn aside, so that the cause of religion would be no longer prostituted by a scoundrel.

An unbroken chain of evidence was formed to identify Webb through every year of his life from the time when he entered a career of crime as a youth until the day he appeared in Britain as leader of the national crusade of evangelism.

His history

Webb was by no means without resources to prosecute the libel suit against JOHN BULL. I know that one philanthropic religious leader who believed sincerely in his good faith had provided him with at least £2,000 for the purpose.

Webb's Christian names are not Victor Thomas, but Victor Vere, although he was first known to the police as Claud Norton.

He was married eighteen years ago in South Africa to a woman who bore him five children and who is still his wife. She remained splendidly loyal to him, notwithstanding his criminal activities, which ranged from simple theft to elaborate fraud and lotteries promotion. She met him at the prison gates after he served his longest sentence of four years.

In 1929, still living with his wife, he began paying court to another woman, a widow of some means, to whom he falsely posed as Thomas Henry Basil Webb, the only son and heir of a Welsh baronet.

Persuading his wife to leave the district for a period, he accompanied this widow into South-West Africa and there, in church, went through a ceremony of marriage with her.

Almost immediately he left Africa with her for England, she paying the passage money in the belief that he was returning to his homeland for a reconciliation with his supposed baronet father.

Translated

His denials in the witness-box that he had "married" her, shared a cabin with her on the voyage and lived with her in London were lies.

In a few months, Webb, now using the Christian names of Thomas Victor, had despatched her back to South Africa and proceeded conveniently to forget and disown her.

He had conceived his plan of bursting upon Britain as the former Bolshevist-paid "world organiser for the overthrow of Christianity," now converted and ready to lead a great religious revival.

It may be thought that, if Webb had genuinely repented and reformed, I behaved unjustly in warning the public and religious leaders against him.

The answer is in the fact that, while professing conversion, he had "married" a third woman in London, and, as has been seen, had sunk to such degradation that he tried to deceive the court by a series of deliberate and abominable falsehoods on oath.

At one stage of Webb's action against JOHN BULL, he applied for a commission to be sent to South Africa for evidence on his behalf. Permission was granted.

So that justice might be done, JOHN BULL at once proposed that Webb should accompany the commission, offering, if he were proved guiltless, to pay his costs and expenses.

An innocent man would have quickly seized the opportunity. He could have confronted his accusers on the spot and challenged identification by his supposed wives and police and prison officials. The invitation was refused.

I wonder how, if he had faced the trial of the action this week, Webb would have behaved in the witness-box when his finger-prints were produced and compared.

And what his conduct would have been when the evidence now in documentary form before me had been unrolled before him. The criminal Webb is also a double bigamist and wilful perjurer.

In his claim against JOHN BULL Webb declared that my warning against him had injured him in his office of honour as an evangelist, that my article meant that he was an unregenerate rogue, that his conversion to the Christian faith was a mere pretext, and that he was deceitful, a hypocrite and a liar.

He cut that cap for his own head.

It fits.

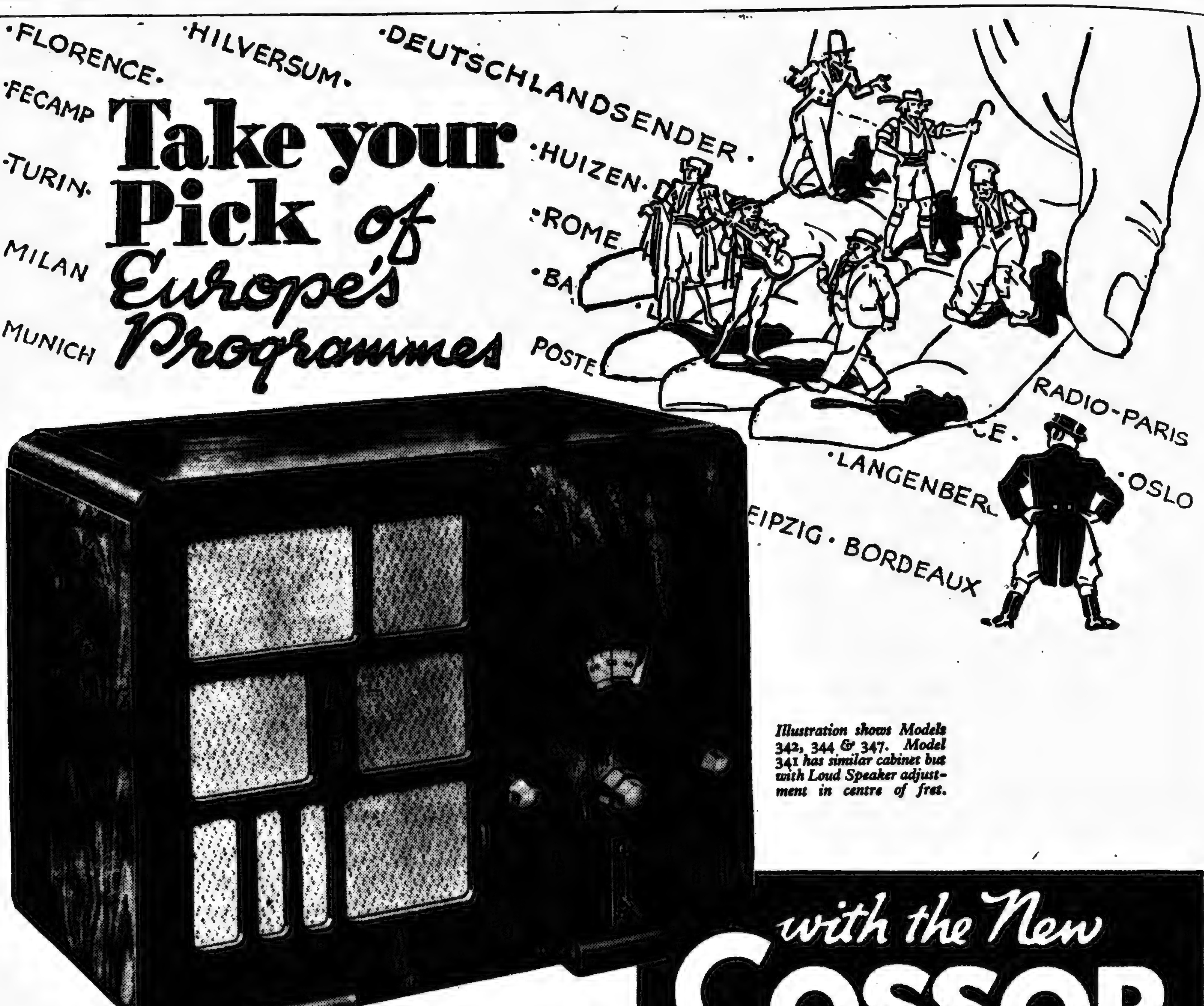
GRAVE HOUSING SCANDAL
– *a Correction*

We exposed in our issue of October 21 the grave incompetency of the Feltham Urban District Council of 1929, backed by the Ministry of Health, in its handling of a local housing problem. Our story, however, contained an inaccuracy which we now wish to correct.

Public money was advanced to a Mr. Jesse Williams, trading as the Allied Building Corporation, on a mortgage of 500 houses he had undertaken to build.

These houses were not all taken up and the Allied Building Corporation, finding itself unable to meet the mortgage obligations, came to an arrangement with the council.

We wrongly stated that the council had made the Allied Building Corporation bankrupt This is not so, and we wish to apologise for our mistake and to make it clear that Mr. Jesse Williams is not and never has been bankrupt.



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3998

War-Maimed *Exploited* for PROFIT

This scene appeals to us, for we all give gladly on "Poppy Day," knowing that the ex-Servicemen will benefit substantially. But, as this article shows, there are other purely "business" schemes which simply exploit the war-maimed for profit

WE are buying again the red poppies of Flanders. Our thoughts are centred on Armistice Day, and on the memory of the men who died for England.

The years of the Great War have become once again a living reality.

This is, therefore, the most opportune time at which to direct attention to the organisations—commendable and otherwise—which set out to assist the ex-Servicemen, who are still the sufferers through the part they played for their country in Navy, Army and Air Force.

There is one such organisation which demands rather special comment and criticism.

It is the Disabled Soldiers' and Sailors' Agencies and Supplies, of 96, Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.

Now, that title undoubtedly gives the impression that here is an undertaking operating to the advantage of disabled ex-Servicemen.

The letter paper of "Agencies and Supplies" furthers the idea of a widespread ex-Service association.

We learn, for example, from the letter paper, that the motto of "Agencies and Supplies" is "Create Work." There is the declaration—taken from a speech by the Prince of Wales—that "It is work the men want, not charity."

An imposing list is set out of distinguished officers who are described as "authorised organisers throughout the British Isles."

Widespread

At the top of the list is: Principal and Organiser, William Edward Hulme. Other officers are described as "Chief Inspector for Great Britain" and "Controller."

The name of an "hon. secretary" is given, and there is the statement that the undertaking has no fewer than 40,000 patrons.

People receiving a letter from Disabled Soldiers' and Sailors' Agencies and Supplies, in conjunction with Ex-Officers' "Agencies and Supplies," might well be excused for assuming that they were dealing with an organisation working for the welfare of ex-Servicemen.

Head offices and warehouses are given as at 96, Newgate Street, Cheapside, London, and there is an addition of "and at," followed by the names of twenty-two of the most important cities and towns in the provinces, including Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Newcastle, Nottingham, Sheffield, Hull, Cardiff, Leicester, Bristol, Norwich, Portsmouth, Southampton, Brighton, and Glasgow.

On the letter paper appears, too, the King's Roll badge of the National Scheme for Disabled Men.

All this is most excellent showmanship on the part of William Edward Hulme, the "principal and organiser."

Facts brought to light by our investigations show that the Disabled Soldiers' and Sailors' Agencies and Supplies is not registered as a war charity.

Far from being an ex-Servicemen's assistance undertaking, it is simply a business, and a highly profitable one at that, conducted by Hulme.

The concern is registered under the Business Names Act, with Hulme as the sole proprietor!

The public, therefore, cannot demand the production of any balance-sheets or statements of account. Its finances are entirely Hulme's affair.

In the particulars on the official file there is no mention of any charitable object for ex-Servicemen. The general nature of the business is described tersely as dealing with "office furniture and supplies."

The early home of the Disabled Soldiers' and Sailors' Agencies and Supplies was at an address in Florian Road, Putney. Then it moved, in 1925, to 32, Newgate Street, and later to 96, Newgate Street.

An interesting note on the records is that "Agencies and Supplies" had also been carried on under the name of the Disabled Ex-Servicemen's Workshops (Home).

Ex-Service employees

What Hulme does, in the course of his business, is to employ ex-Servicemen as salesmen for office stationery and appliances.

Customers are canvassed to buy typewriter ribbons and carbons and other office essentials from the Disabled Soldiers' and Sailors' Agencies and Supplies.

Literature is distributed by the salesmen to emphasise a kind of ex-Service assistance atmosphere.

Always there is the underlying hint that a purchase will help disabled ex-Servicemen.

Salesmen work on a 50 per cent. commission — less the cost of the article supplied —and the remaining 50 per cent. goes to the headquarters in Newgate Street, London, and to William Edward Hulme.

Incidentally many of the goods sold are not made by ex-Servicemen, but are of foreign manufacture.

The Disabled Soldiers' and Sailors' Agencies and Supplies does not subscribe to the idea of selling British goods only. Really the position of Hulme is no different from that of any other retail business, despite the title under which he trades.

Members of the British Legion who have enquired into the work of Hulme's salesmen feel that the use of the words, "disabled soldiers and sailors" in connection with this one-man profit-making enterprise is capable of grave misunderstanding.

William Edward Hulme is himself an ex-soldier, who served for a short time in an infantry battalion.

Lately, a new enterprise has developed from Hulme's offices in Newgate Street. This is:

"Ex-Officers' and Investors' Protection Association,
in conjunction with
Disabled Soldiers' and Sailors'
Agencies and Supplies.
Established 1919.
('It is work the Men want, not Charity.')
and
Ex-Officers' Agencies and Supplies.
Established 1929.
('They stoop to conquer.')"

That is the impressive letter heading of the Protection Association; the aims of which are "To help the man who has no money and to protect the man who has." Most admirable objects, but it will be noticed how blatant play is made of the disabled ex-Servicemen element.

Private business

Again, the Ex-Officers' and Investors' Protection Association is entirely a private business, and has no peculiar qualifications for its Service atmosphere, except that William Edward Hulme, the sole principal, was a soldier in the war. There were several million others.

What the Protection Association strives to do is to give advice to people who have money they wish to invest, and to draw a subscription for the work.

Yet we note that schemes for investment with employment are advocated by the association. In one project an investment of as much as £2,500 has been suggested to clients on security and the promise of an income. The objections to employment with investment propositions have often been detailed in these columns.

Quite frankly, we do not see the justification for the disabled ex-Service flavour surrounding all the business activities of William Edward Hulme.

We suggest that it would be fairer in every way—and would avoid all risk of misconstruction—if he made it perfectly clear that his Disabled Soldiers' and Sailors' Agencies and Supplies and its allies are simply businesses run for personal profit.

Not from the B.B.C.—Mr. E. T. Burroughs, Chief Constable of Reading, on

CROOKS in CLOVER

THEY prattle of British justice
As something that comes very near
The pink of perfection,
But in one direction
It's terribly lacking, I fear.
For justice can never be justice
While men are indicted for crime
And sent to do stretches
By uninformed wretches
Who never themselves have done time!

All classes of wrongdoers suffer
From this, for the magistrate who
Has ne'er tasted liquor
Is hard on the shicker;
And what can a motor hog do
When tried by pedestrian judges,
Who of his excuses make hash?
Since often not one of
The lot's known the fun of
A really spectacular smash!

If the foregoing verses misrepresent the views of my friend, Dr. Sidney Gilford, the Reading magistrate, I apologise for quoting them. But I really don't think they do. For the doctor has been advocating, in an address to the Reading Rotary Club, that motorists should be tried by motorists.

Whether he thinks that motoring magistrates, drawn, presumably, from the vast body of careful drivers, would be more lenient to road hogs, I do not know. What I do know is that the system he advocates, if pushed to its logical conclusion, would be received with undiluted joy by the criminal community.

If only motorists should try motorists, presumably only drunkards should be allowed to sit in judgment on drunkards. Also it is a rank injustice for burglars to be sentenced by a judge who has never himself cracked a crib—even though the jokes he cracks may make him equally deserving of penal servitude.

Dr. Gilford points out that there are special magistrates for children's courts. But this is not a logical argument, as these magistrates are not themselves children—unless some of them might be said to be in their second childhood.

If all offenders were to be tried only by those with first-hand knowledge of similar offences the system would present difficulties when it came to empanelling juries and appointing judges.

It might be possible to form a jury of twelve good crooks and true to try a case of housebreaking, but what of the judge, who has to deal with a variety of offences? Would it be possible—especially in view of the reduced salaries now offered — to obtain judges sufficiently versatile in crime?

It seems a judge must be a man of very marked ability,
But even more remarkable must be his versatility;
For learning most profound in all the statutes will not qualify
Him to deliver judgment on a forger, or to mollify
A poacher's indignation, if he's never forged a cheque or two,
Or done his bit of poaching and of pheasants screwed a neck or two.

A judge, of course, must know the law, all judgments and all precedents,
And prove that he has robbed the homes of staid suburban residents;
Nor can a judge who lacks two wives while marrying another
Deal fairly with a bigamist and treat him as a brother;
On murder, too, should he embark, committing, say, a brace of 'em,
Disposing of the bodies so as not to leave a trace of 'em.

A bright, ambitious barrister who proves that he has done his bit
Of battery and simony and at two-up has won his bit,
Who, when not studying the law, has warred against society,
Whose dealings in the City have gained painful notoriety,
May fairly hope to be a judge, if bad enough and bold enough—
Unless, of course, he's jailed or hanged before he is quite old enough!

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Factory Owner who should be in PRISON

While his dupes fondly imagined he was working in their interests in smoke-laden factory-land, Mr. John S. Spencer was actually enjoying himself at the Doncaster racecourse—and betting with their money, no doubt

THERE is at large to-day a flourishing factory-owner who should be in jail. He calls himself John S. Spencer, and the factories he controls serve solely to cloak his criminal schemes.

He has had as many as nine different places of business in London alone, and his commercial activities have extended throughout Hampshire, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, Durham and Leicestershire.

Until recently he cut quite a remarkable figure as the managing director of the A. G. Foundry Company, Ltd., with factory and offices in Southwark, London, S.E.

Though recently established there, he let it be known that he had a flourishing factory in Doncaster, and as much of his business came from London and the Home Counties, he contemplated moving some of his best plant down South.

A manager had been left to watch his interests at Doncaster while he concentrated on developing this new enterprise.

The A. G Foundry Company, Ltd., it appeared, was engaged in manufacturing motoring accessories, number plates, metal discs, nameplates, cooking utensils, brass ornaments and brassware of all kinds.

Dashing Mr. Spencer

Some of the devices manufactured were alleged to be inventions perfected by John S. Spencer himself.

This active factory owner simply exuded affluence. His boast that he was turning over some thousands of pounds weekly was certainly supported by the extravagant scale on which he lived.

He maintained a luxurious flat in the neighbourhood of Marylebone, frequented the best restaurants and hotels, ran a smart limousine, and was constantly seen in the company of prosperous-looking people.

Every other week Mr. Spencer would dash off for the North to inspect his Doncaster factory, and he would always return with glowing stories of the wonderful business that was being done.

The various people with whom he entered into financial negotiations at this time could not fail to be impressed.

Yet it was all an amazing pretence. The atmosphere of prosperity and business activity had been created by him out of nothing.

But long before his colossal deceit was discovered he had duped numerous individuals and traders and had passed on to pastures new.

There came a morning when he was not to be found at his luxurious flat; when he failed to put in an appearance at his factory; when he was absent from his customary West End haunts.

Then all kinds of interesting things began to happen. Creditors began to besiege the premises in Southwark, and their discoveries were startling.

John Spencer had not paid his rent. Innumerable bills of a miscellaneous character had mounted up in his name and endless people had been duped.

The story of his thriving business was found to be a myth. The various men he had employed at his Southwark premises were themselves dupes who had been used for what was no more than an impudent piece of "window dressing."

Most of the finished examples of brassware and other metal goods displayed for the benefit of business callers were not manufactured by him at all, but had been obtained on credit from various manufacturers throughout the country.

Much of his "plant" in this phantom factory was likewise obtained by fraud from provincial firms, Spencer having paid no more than an initial deposit to secure delivery.

Oh, how he lied!

His story of his flourishing works at Doncaster was just a further fabrication, and enquiry now shows that when supposedly absent on trips of inspection he was actually enjoying himself at provincial race meetings.

Some of his worst victims are men who were offered tempting posts in his supposedly flourishing business and from whom he extracted deposits and "loans" on the strength of misleading stories.

He even duped premium-paying pupils whose training he promised to supervise personally. They were taken round his premises and shown impressive-looking "returns," "order books" and "statements of account."

They were to be trained in brass moulding and foundry work, and in addition to being allowed a small salary, would be guaranteed 10 per cent. on their investment by the A. G. Foundry Company, Ltd.

Among these unhappy dupes is a young man who inherited a few hundred pounds under the will of a relative. He had been unemployed for something like eighteen months when he was attracted by one of Spencer's advertisements.

Completely deceived, he parted with £300 and was given an agreement which seemed to carry a suggestion of complete security.

An enterprising—sham

But when he reported for his first day's tuition under the personal guidance of Mr. John S. Spencer he found a note to the effect that his tutor-employer had been called away to the North "on urgent business" and would not be back for several days.

This young premium-pupil was left to the saddening discovery that he was one of seven similar pupils who had been defrauded within six weeks!

And Spencer has done this sort of thing all over the country, opening "factories" one after the other and abandoning them as soon as he has made his haul.

In one instance he adopted the title of the "Newart" Metal Company, which he airily described as "Aluminium and Bronze Founders and Metal Craftsmen."

His literature, as usual, was the acme of impressiveness. He claimed for one of his specialities, "Newart" Name Plates, that they were his own invention, and apart from being readable in any light, by night or by day, required no cleaning.

No one suspected that the whole enterprise was a sham, for everything was conducted on thoroughly business-like lines.

Police want him

In all transactions he invariably stipulated that "all contracts are subject to fluctuations of metal markets, strikes, fires and other causes beyond the company's control"

Spencer himself seems quite beyond the control of the authorities. While staging this venture complaints were rife about him in many quarters and several warrants had been issued for his arrest.

Yet he succeeded in duping no fewer than twenty-six people!

It is no exaggeration to say that this factory plunderer has ruined countless men who have been induced to sink their savings in his spurious schemes.

That he is a past master of deception will be understood when we add that he has already served three years' penal servitude for previous frauds of a similar character.

He has more than earned a further period of restraint.

The Human Machine

The Big Prize

SOMEONE said the other day that "to live on one's own mental resources spells peace; to live at the mercy of any other resource is to run round looking for something which will never be found."

It may sound a simple recipe, but, profoundly true though it is, only those who have learned to discipline their lives sternly and completely can hope to follow it successfully.

It is no use anyone expecting peace and happiness as a right. It is no use expecting them for nothing. You can't get anything for nothing in this world. Anything that is worth having has to be worked for.

The ability to live on our own mental resources, to be independent of outside stimulation, to make our own amusements, and to find contentment wherever we are and with whatever we happen to have, is no easy matter. It means self-discipline, the training of will and brain and emotion.

It involves a very clear appreciation of values, and an ability to distinguish truth from falsehood, sham from real worth. It calls for continuous self-control and an entire absence of self-deception. Above all, it demands a conscious and positive direction of energy towards definite ends.

It sounds a tall order—but the prize that rewards successful effort is a big one. It is nothing less than the ability, not merely to find, but to CREATE *happiness.*

Isn't that worth having? Isn't that, after all, what everyone seeks and what so few find?

And let's be quite clear on one thing. The reason so few find it is because so few are willing to work for it, that so many refuse to realise that it is a reward and not a gift.

Beating the Thief

"LIKE a thief in the night." Of all the expressions of contempt one man can use of another, none is more withering than that.

With darkness his cloak and flight his refuge, the thief in the night is usually as mean and cowardly a type as any that ever found its way to an assize.

Such a man lingered in the shadows in a North London street recently. The object of his watch was the house of a widow—not because it was the treasure house of the street, by any means, but because, when she chose to leave the house, no one would be left to defend it.

At last the door opened, and slammed to again. And the widow, warmed with that confidence that comes from testing one's door and finding it thoroughly locked, passed up the dark street.

When she returned, two hours later, the thief in the night had done his work well, according to his own contemptible standards. The wood of the front door had been wrenched and twisted away.

Irreplaceable heirlooms had been stolen.

It would have been a terrible blow if the financial loss had fallen on the shoulders of a woman already distressed by the loss of articles she had inherited.

But she received a cheque for £20 that set her mind at rest on that score. And all because, only three weeks before, she had signed a coupon similar to one you will find on page 45, which protected her home not only against burglary, but a large number of other exigencies besides.

The thief in the night. He is not so much to be feared when JOHN BULL is on duty in your home, as he will be in *yours* if you follow the simple directions attached to that coupon.

The GHOST of

BESIDE a British soldier's grave in Flanders not so very long ago there happened one of those incidents that really make history, but which history seldom records.

The eve of another Armistice celebration seems a very fitting time to record it.

Three men patted the grass into place round the base of a newly erected gravestone.

They did this simple thing with no special show of ostentation, because they had done it so many thousands of times since the Great War ended. The significance of it, indeed, was not so much in their actions as in their hearts.

For this headstone they had just placed into position brought to an end the great task of marking the graves of every British soldier who was called on to sacrifice his life in the war.

When the last tuft of grass was in position and the three silent watchers stood with bared heads beside the grave, the Empire had finished its grim task of burying its million dead.

And, incidentally, it had completed the greatest and most terrible monument against war the world has ever known—a monument that is the Ghost of Armistice Day, for ever a grim reminder of the ghastly price mankind paid for the crowning folly of the World War.

More bodies will be yielded up as the earth gives up its secrets, of course, and three cemeteries are to reserve peaceful little corners for those who are yet to be found.

Nevertheless, we can now say for the first time since the Armistice was sounded fifteen years ago that the grave of every war victim whose identity is known is now marked for all time.

Traced at last

It has been a humane work that has been carried out by the Imperial War Graves Commission. Indeed, the most important part of it, identifying as many of the bodies recovered as possible and so removing the torturing doubts and fears of those left to mourn them, has been almost miraculous.

A dead boy was recognised by the silver cigarette-case he carried at his breast, the gift of his mother. And times without number in the last twelve months identifications have been established by means of tiny mascots, watches, and articles of equipment on which regimental numbers were stamped.

There was found a grave bearing only the words: "Don't worry about me, boys; look after Sergeant Smith." How could such a hero as slept beneath it go unidentified when there must be somebody who would remember what were obviously his last words?

How clear it was what had happened. How obvious that the dying man had thought only of somebody else, a dearest friend, maybe, and that whoever had tried to make the words, "Don't worry about me, boys," live for all time by inscribing them on his cross had forgotten to add the all-important particulars as to who he was.

A small clue, that dying Sergeant Smith. Yet the officers of the Imperial War Graves Commission persevered till they found out the name of that dead hero, who perished in the greatest and most criminal human slaughter of all time.

Unending search

Whenever plough or hoe or spade working on the soil of the old battlefields has turned up anything suggesting that dead soldiers are buried there, officials have raced to the spot. Then they have worked hard to find anything that would tell them the identity of the remains.

One in every five of the bodies they have been able to find recently they have identified.

Always they have known that these dead are still more precious to somebody than all the riches of the Universe.

Picture the murderous, sun-baked desert near Gaza, scene of many terrible battles between Briton and Turk. Many years have elapsed since the last shot sounded. And over the fragments of tangled wire that still remain, a small bent figure comes searching, ever searching.

It is Rudyard Kipling, looking for something anything that will be news for some wife or mother who has heard nothing since that "Missing, believed killed" notice paralysed her heart in those terrible days of the war that was to end war!

He stoops to pick up something that might be an identification disc, but proves to be a stopper probably thrown down by some thirst-tortured soldier who never saw home again. Then he rises from the insect-ridden sand and goes on with his search.

Alas, the search in which Kipling has taken part is one that will never end, until Time has effaced from the earth the last sign of the deadliest war in history, and all hope of further identifications is gone.

By that time, let us hope, the nations of the world will have learned the lesson these forests of war graves teach.

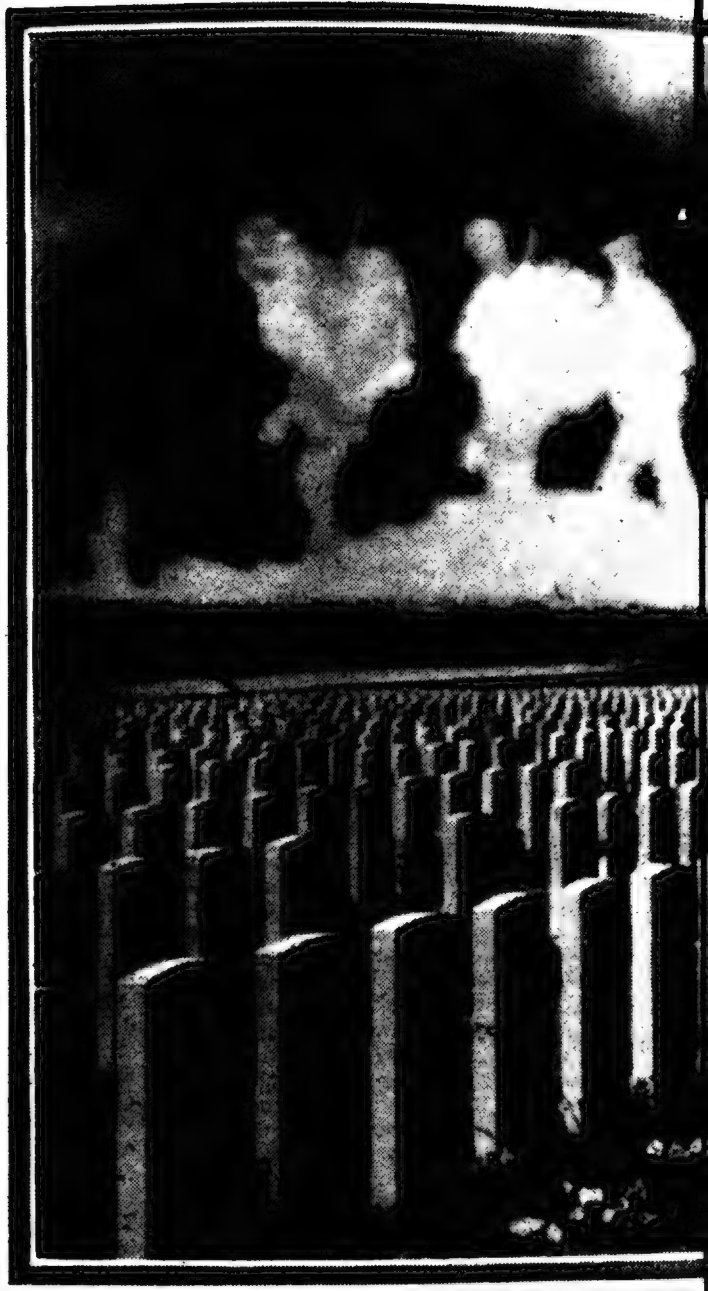
They buried six dead soldiers in adjacent graves recently beneath stones that must bear no names and no numbers. Not even that spells finality, that all hope of finding out who they were has been abandoned.

The facts as to how they were found, which have been duly filed away, may one day help to answer the problem.

They tell how a man was walking in the fields at Martinpuis one day when he saw a peculiarity about the scenery that stirred up one of his grimmest war memories.

As a tiny boy he had seen the Germans burying six British soldiers, and he had never been able to remember where. Childhood memories are rarely detailed and complete.

But on that day when he walked round once more as a fully grown man it all came back to him, and he was able to pick out the exact spot.



Where they fell

One day somebody may be able to remember something more about the six dead soldiers of Martinpuis. Then names and numbers will be affixed to their six graves.

Now that one of the biggest tasks of the Imperial War Graves Commission is finished, it might well look back on it and wonder however it brought such a gigantic work to completion.

When the barrage was over and the Commission began its grim task there were 1,100,000 dead buried in a hundred thousand different places—for the most part where they fell.

Some lay in lonely isolation by pitted crossroads, yawning chasms left by road mines, winding trenches now choked with weeds, with only such things as battered tin hats and broken rifles to mark their graves.

Others lay in massed multitudes in the bigger temporary cemeteries, at their heads the little wooden crosses which, made by the regimental carpenters who once knew them, was the most we could do for them in the mad rush and frenzy of the war.

And we did not know, then, how many thousands of them were sleeping where mines and shells and bombs had mutilated and buried them.

There were people pressing, at that time, to have the bodies of their loved ones exhumed and sent home for burial in family vaults.

Other wealthy relatives, again, were seeking permission to build special graves—with distinctive stones over the graves of boys who knew no such class distinctions when they were in the trenches.

This was the situation as it existed when the Imperial War Graves Commission began its work. What it has accomplished is a measure of the havoc war can cause.

Whatever may have happened to the living heroes of 1914-18, every plot of land in which British boys lie buried has been given to us for all time—"a little corner of a foreign field that is for ever England."

Every one of the 700,000 graves of the known dead—in 15,745 cemeteries or churchyards in France, Syria, Gallipoli, Italy, West Africa and other countries—has been given its own headstone, worked by British hands in good British stone.

To the lost

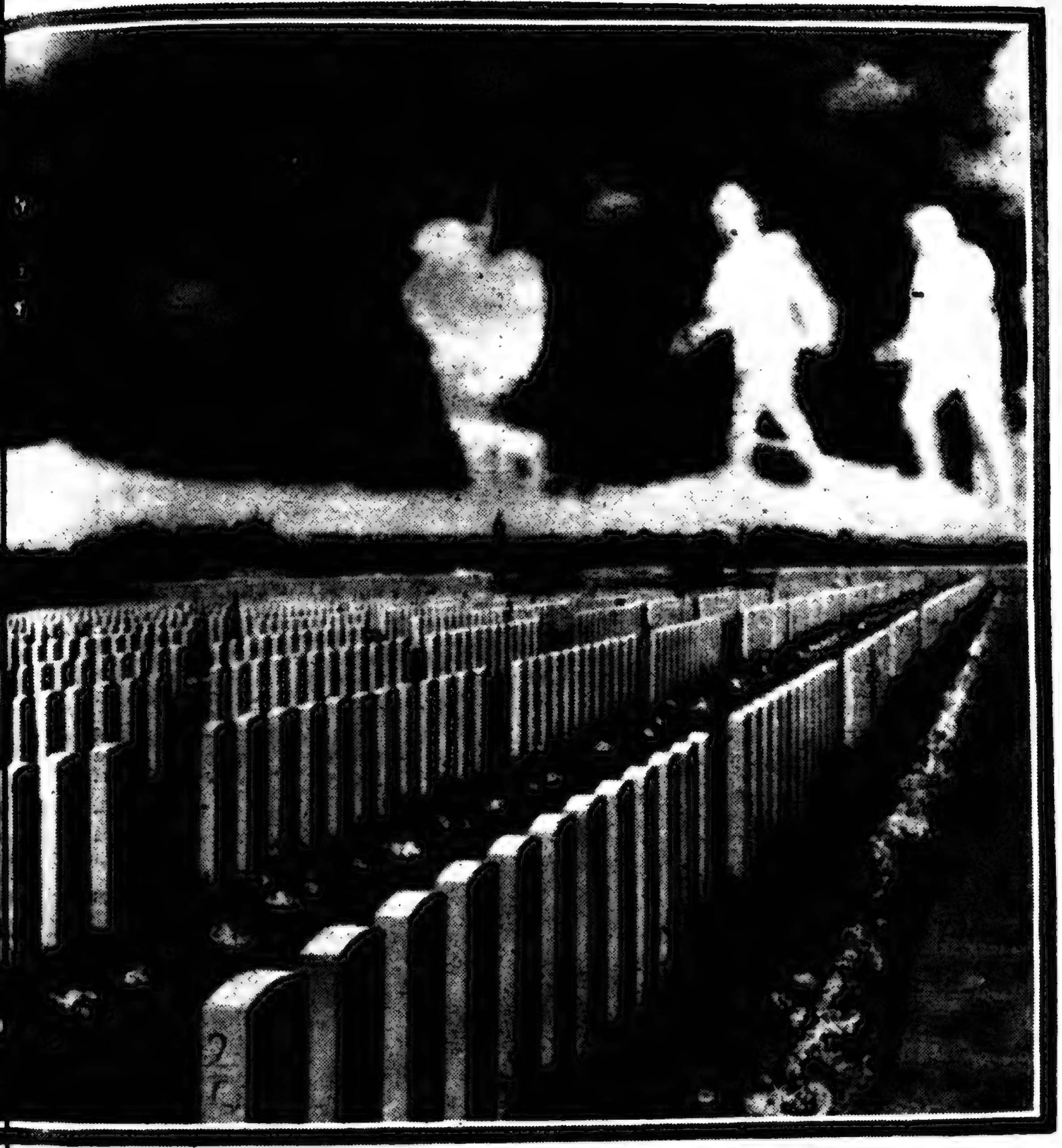
Every one of our missing has been commemorated on one or other of eighty-six different memorials.

On the Menin Gate you will find the names of 56,000 of those men who were never found or identified. On the Somme Memorial at Thiepval there are 73,000 more.

In the heart of London, on Tower Hill, you can see the names of the

The King visited the Garden of Remembrance at Ypres in 1922

ARMISTICE DAY



The spirit of the Fallen cries aloud– "Nevermore!" . . . Tyne Cot Cemetery, Passchendaele, the largest in Flanders. It was on this hallowed ground that some of the severest battles were fought

12,000 men of our Merchant Service who, having no other grave than the sea, are missing.

As far away as Lake Doiran in Macedonia, Lone Pine in Gallipoli, the Mount of Olives in Palestine and Basra in Iraq, you will find their names: "Known unto God."

English garden

We have gathered our dead together from places where they might be forgotten, and put them in Gardens of Remembrance that will be fresh and green and tended by British hands for all time. And all the while we have refused to allow any distinction, either in word or stone or grave, as between one and another—whether colonel or private, millionaire or farmer's boy.

We have marked the battle sites to their memory . . . but nowhere have we erected a single stone to celebrate feats of arms. And that is fitting—that those mute pieces of stone should not be glorifications of war, but monuments to the horror of it.

All the time we have tried to do what they would have expected of us, they who called the German "Jerry" and the Turk "Johnny" almost with affection, and never had personal hatred in their hearts.

One Garden of Remembrance is always like any other. There is a grass verge that makes it all very English. Big gates. Then, in view of the road, always the great stone cross with the Sword of Victory emblazoned on it, and bearing the words: "Their Name Liveth for Evermore."

There is the man who comes towards you doffing his cap, such a man as they saw in the lanes of their own countries—an English gardener.

There is the bronze door within the gate—and inside it the book in which visitors are asked to sign their names; surnames that you usually see repeated on the simple headstones.

Then there are grass paths and walks like smooth green velvet. Row on row of graves, each fragrant with flowers. And, over it all, a feeling of infinite peace.

Enemies no more

Different in Eastern countries, of course, but only in minor particulars.

In Gallipoli, for instance, you find them among the treacherous wastes of mountains and valleys, set among scrub and straggling pines. Instead of roses, rosemary grows among the plots in abundance. And there are little water pools, because water must be brought by mules for miles and treasured there.

But always the great cross, the sword, and "Their Name Liveth for Evermore."

Nor does that exhaust all that has been done.

We have taken over the graves of our old enemies where we know that they can be tended in no other way. We have gathered the primitive crosses that marked where whole units fell and sent them to cathedral and village church alike, always in the districts from which the dead they commemorated marched away.

Vultures

We have ensured that the cost of the work shall be paid by every country in the Empire, so that each stone has been bought between each and all of them and not by one alone.

The work was to have cost £10,000,000. Actually it was completed on £8,000,000.

We have raised £5,000,000, to which the whole Empire has contributed, and which has become a permanent fund to ensure that permanent staffs will be retained so that no sign of neglect or decay ever mars the beauty and repose of these resting-places.

One branch of the Commission's work has to be mentioned. It concerns the human vultures that haunt the gardens in which our dead boys rest.

These carrion exact sums of money from the relatives of the dead under promise to place wreaths on the graves on special anniversaries and send photographs to show that the work has been done. Actually they use the same wreath—an artificial one—for each grave, and do not even bother to take the photographs on the anniversaries mentioned.

Wooden crosses

Or they acquire copies of official lists of our war dead, paste each name in a cheap paper plaque printed in Czecho-Slovakia, and then, by trying to suggest that they are a semi-official organisation, try to foist their shoddy goods on relatives at a price they can't afford to pay.

These the Commission has had to fight from the beginning.

The inception of the work of the war graves is one of the most interesting features of its history.

In October, 1914, when General Smith-Dorrien was holding the Germans at La Bassée after the retreat from Mons, a few ambulance people, Sir Fabian Ware among them, went to Bethune to look for a friend's grave.

They saw twenty wooden crosses looking pathetically lonely and expatriated. And they realised at once the importance of treasuring and preserving these graves so that the identities of those who lay beneath should never be lost.

Mr. Edward Stewart, who was with them, promised them the financial support of the Red Cross. Lord Kitchener approved the scheme as soon as he heard of it. And so the work began.

Mobile units of men unfitted for war service moved about registering British graves, fixing number-plates to graves that had been marked with crude wooden crosses, and searching for the missing.

Many of the members of them were wounded. One, J. D. Macdonald, was actually sniped and killed as he was erecting crosses on the Menin Road.

Then, when the Armistice came, and the Prince of Wales suggested that the care of our dead should be an Empire task, the present Imperial War Graves Commission grew out of the war-time organisation, with Sir Fabian Ware, who had been associated with it from the start, as its vice-president under the presidency of the Prince.

The results we can now judge.

The best tribute to it, indeed, came from the Germans themselves.

After the British retreat from Mons the invaders buried their own dead and ours in a joint cemetery, with a stone paying tribute to the heroism of both.

To keep faith . . .

After the Armistice the Imperial War Graves Commission undertook the care of the British graves, and the arrangements for tending the German plots were laid down under the Treaty of Versailles.

Within a year the British graves were beautiful and the German overgrown with grass, wound round with ivy and the headstones toppling over.

The Germans made representations. They didn't want them cared for under any Treaty, they said. They could think of nothing better than that they should be left to the care of an English gardener.

And so it is to-day. Where the British and German armies first clashed our dead lie together in a pretty Garden of Remembrance.

"Their Name Liveth for Evermore." True; but the echo that their epitaph should raise in every living heart should be—

"Nevermore!"

Flowers are planted and tended by English gardeners

Housewives thrilled by

GREAT FOOD DISCOVERY

Personal stories of improved digestion — better all-round health

You've heard of the discovery made in a well-known London hospital — that what you *drink* is of vital importance to your digestion. It was found, in addition, that Rowntree's Cocoa is wonderfully digestible — it actually assists in the digestion of food eaten with it!

Start your family on Rowntree's Cocoa. Trial size, 3d. You get 30 cupfuls from a ¼-lb. tin, price 5½d., with 3 free gift coupons. ½-lb. tin, 10d., with 6 coupons. Send to Rowntree & Co. Ltd., Dept. J.B.16, York, for free gift booklet.

"DONE HER A WORLD OF GOOD"

says Mrs. GREEN, 55 Burnley Road, Dollis Hill, London, N.W.10

"My little girl Ivy (shown above) suffered from nervous debility and indigestion. I started her on Rowntree's Cocoa and it's done her a world of good. I shall never be without Rowntree's Cocoa now."

"A SPLENDID NIGHTCAP"

says Mrs. COOPER, 122 Third Avenue, Harrow Road, Paddington, London, W.10

"My youngest child — a regular tomboy — has a cup of Rowntree's Cocoa every evening. It's a splendid soothing nightcap for her after an energetic day."

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

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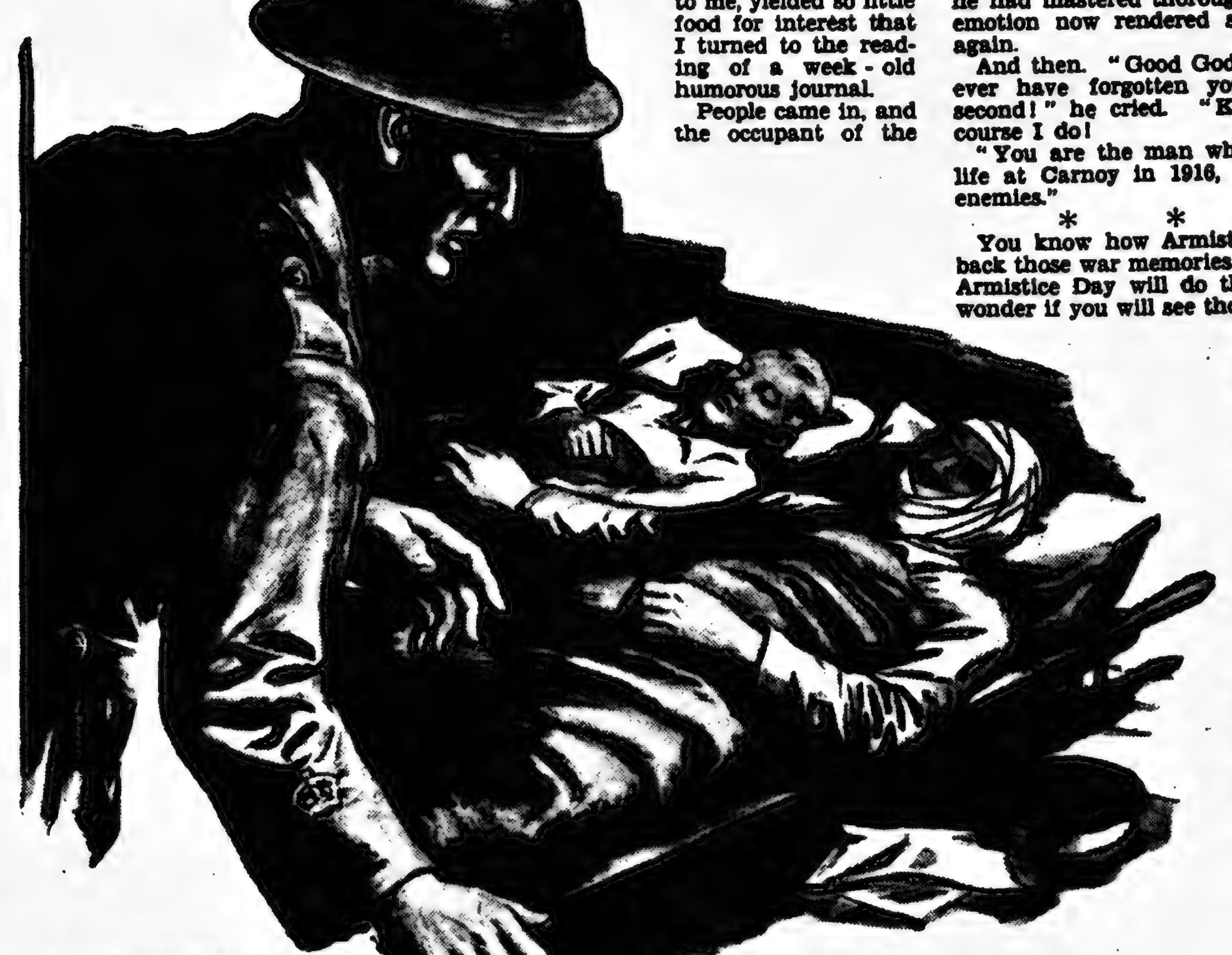
The MAN I might have KILLED

"JOHN BULL" Readers' Stories

—61—



"I look down at the man who had asked me to kill him"

ARMISTICE DAY doesn't seem to belong to the present, so far as people who remember the Great War are concerned. It brings back to us those people we knew when the world was war-weary. We live again through incidents tragic, frightening, stirring, and sometimes even gay, of the far-off black years.

Memories come surging into our minds that are so realistic, so vivid, that it is just as if we have gone back to those old realities.

Armistice Day does that for every one of us who is old enough to remember. But on the other 364 days of the year it needs some special reminder—the birthday of someone who died, a trinket charged with memories, a faded letter, or a chance meeting in the street with a comrade of war-time—to produce that effect.

That happened to me recently.

Suddenly and unexpectedly I chanced upon a reminder so dramatic, so real, that I lived through the war again as I have never done since the Armistice was called.

When I tell you that it was no less than a sudden meeting with a man I might have killed, but didn't, you will perhaps somewhat understand.

If it is possible at all to make a man a present of his own life, this man had actually received that supreme favour at my own hands. So you will realise how this encounter brought back memories of one of the most thrilling episodes of my war-time career.

It happened like this: For years I had made an occasional business call at an address in the East End of London, a call over which I wasted little time, as the man I sought was invariably waiting in to see me.

One day, however, I called to find he was out. He would not be returning for a matter of half an hour. And as I stroked my face ruminatively, inspiration came to me as to how I could fill in the time.

A shave, of course. So I walked round the neighbouring side-streets to find a saloon.

There was nothing out of the ordinary about the place, or about my impressions when I entered. I just flung my hat on a hook and dumped myself cross-legged on a rough bench.

The cursory look at the one attendant, who was shaving a man and had his back to me, yielded so little food for interest that I turned to the reading of a week-old humorous journal.

People came in, and the occupant of the chair went out. Nothing remarkable about that. And then, at last, came the moment when the attendant shouted towards me the words, "Next, please."

Next? That meant me. I jumped up with alacrity to walk towards the chair.

But something remarkable, something intensely dramatic, was to happen before I was to reach that chair.

As if some strong magnetic force was at work, my eyes sought those of the attendant just as his turned to mine. We did not recognise each other in that first instant, yet I felt a strange impetus within me, as I think he must have done, to look and look again.

The other customers must have been aware that we were eyeing each other as men never do in the ordinary way.

Perhaps I can explain the feeling that we both must have had. It was just as if Fate was shaking both of us by the shoulders and saying: "You must remember each other. You can't fail to. You two people really mean a great deal to each other, if you only try to think."

And think we did. Each knew, in that second, for it couldn't have been more, that the other was struggling to establish recognition.

Then . . .

"How is your brother?" I asked.

"Quite well, thank you," he replied strangely. "Quite well, the last time I heard. But you can't know him."

"Yes, I do," I replied.

"You must have met him in Germany, then?"

"No, I met him in France—and you, too."

It's a wonder the two other men in the room didn't fall through the floor in amazement at what followed.

THE barber dropped a handful of hairdressing implements to the floor with a clatter to free both his hands to shake my own. He clutched me by the shoulders and shook them, only to drop his arms and shake hands with me again.

He looked at me closely, and then leaned back to look at me at a greater distance, alternating in this way at least half a dozen times, all the time trying to find words to say in a language that he had mastered thoroughly, but which emotion now rendered strange to him again.

And then. "Good God, that I should ever have forgotten you, even for a second!" he cried. "Know you? Of course I do!

"You are the man who gave me my life at Carnoy in 1916, when we were enemies."

* * *

You know how Armistice Day brings back those war memories. Probably this Armistice Day will do that for you. I wonder if you will see those distant days as I saw them in that shoddy little saloon? So vividly that I seemed to be living through them again. . . .

* * *

It is a day in 1916, in the Somme sector. The guns are roaring out in an angry voice that had never been stilled for as much as an hour since the British attack opened on July 1.

Our unit—the 7th Entrenching Battalion of the Guards—is billeted in huts in the Fricourt Valley, and all available men are out mending the roads that our own artillerymen blew to pieces before our attack began.

I am the Company Sergeant-Major left in charge of the camp, left with only the cooks and the few sick men of the battalion under my charge, and looking round for want of something better to do, I observe a lithe, keen and very youthful-looking young officer approaching the camp.

I salute, and he stands with his hand at the peak of his cap to rap out the question: "Have you any men?"

I notice for the first time then that I am speaking to the Prince of Wales.

Learning that the men are all out road-mending, he turns to speak to the staff-captain accompanying him. Then he gives me an order.

"Take me to them," he says. "I have much more important work for them to do than road-mending. I want them to

(Continued on page 28)

SUN-STARVED!

"Every winter Denise was poorly"

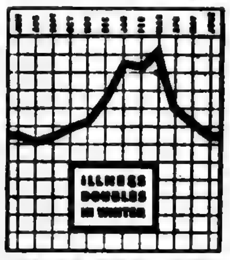
Only one cold all last winter—that's Denise's record on Scott's. She used to have 6 or 7!

"It was always the same with Denise," says Mrs. Fennessy, of 49, Warwick Gardens, London, W.14, "cold after cold right from October to May. She never seemed to have any strength. Then we put her on Scott's Emulsion and never did I see such a difference—all last winter with only one cold!"

DOES YOUR CHILD GET COLDS, COUGHS, 'FLU? The chart shows how, in summer, sunlight gives stamina to resist disease—how there is twice as much illness in winter. No wonder children quickly fall prey to colds and 'flu. *But doctors know this can be prevented.*

WHAT SCOTT'S CAN DO FOR YOUR CHILD. Doctors recommend Scott's Emulsion—they know each tablespoonful is equal in health value to 2 hours summer sunshine. Scott's builds bone and flesh. Strengthens the body to *resist illness.* Give *your* child this safety!

"SO HAPPY AND WELL" "My little girl Joy was always ailing—first one thing, then another. 3 months ago Doctor put her on Scott's, now she's so happy and well we hardly know her for the same girl." *Mrs. Weston, 34, Bridge St., Walton-on-Thames.*



WINTER BRINGS TWICE AS MUCH ILLNESS *when our bodies are starved of sunshine. Look at the danger ahead, start your child on Scott's to-day.*

Scott's Emulsion

Does what the Sun does

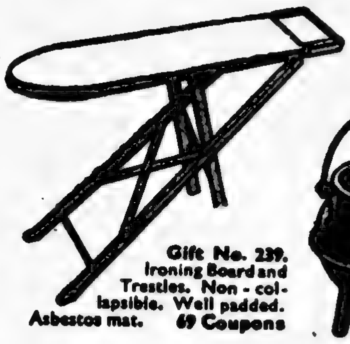
Delicious NOURISHMENT!

and it costs you ONLY—

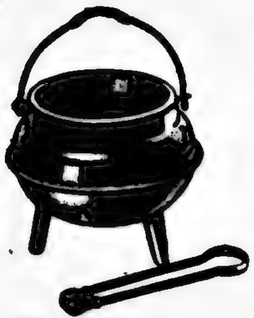
7½D
½ lb. net weight

THE only food drink at anywhere near so low a price containing British Extract of Malt, Pure British Milk, English Farmhouse Eggs, Fry's Cocoa—all of the very best. For health *and* pocket you cannot equal it.

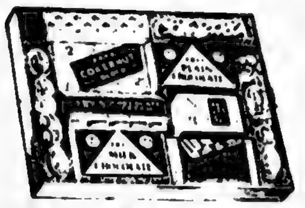
AND FREE GIFTS too!



Gift No. 239. Ironing Board and Trestles. Non-collapsible. Well padded. Asbestos mat. **69 Coupons**

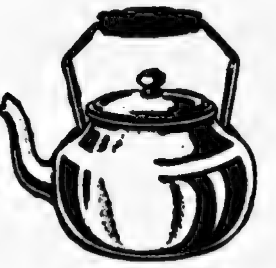


Gift No. 246. Coal Cauldron and Tongs. Strong pressed steel. Dull black finish. 12½ inches diameter. **51 Coupons**



Gift No. 286. Selection Box consisting of: 2d. Assorted Nut Bar, 2 oz. Plain Chocolate Block, 2d. Chocolate Cream Tablet, 2d. Chocolate Crunchie, 2d. Nutty Milk Log, 2 oz. Cokernut Block, 2d. Dessert Bar, 2oz. Nut Crackle, 2 oz. Milk Chocolate Block, 2d. Turkish Delight. **20 Coupons**

Gift No. 258 A Bumper Book for Children. Crammed with Stories and Pictures. **30 Coupons**



Gift No. 71. Strong Aluminium Kettle with insulated metal handle. Capacity 3½ pts. **38 Coupons**

FRY'S MALTED MILK

COCOA WITH EGGS

The nutritive value of food drinks depends largely upon the ease with which they are digested. Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa with Eggs is easily assimilated, and it also has the advantage of containing an important digestive element which aids in the conversion of the starch content of other foods into sugar (dextrose). Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa has an exceptionally high protein content.

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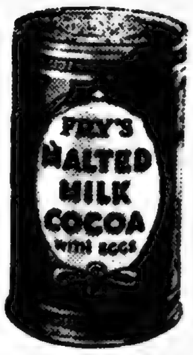

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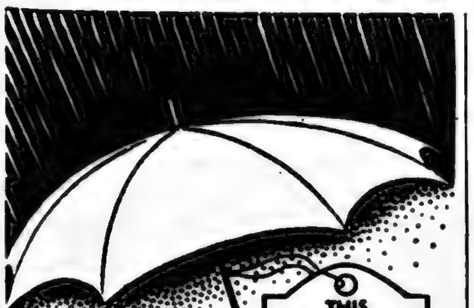

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The reliability of a Fox's Frame is ensured by the fact that every rib is stringently tested before it leaves the works. Even the most slim-folding of umbrellas possesses wonderful strength if it has a Fox's Frame.

This ticket on an umbrella ensures a frame of tested strength—a Fox's Frame—the foundation of all the best umbrellas.

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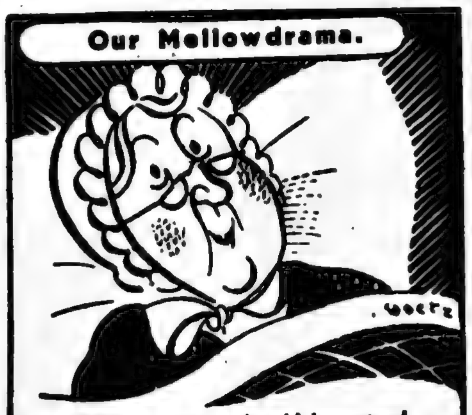
Our Mellowdrama.



The Heroine's Ma in the old homestead,
With a tickling throat lies awake in bed,
But she found relief—for a wise owl said

"Go—suck a ZUBE"

ZUBES

2½D. Per ounce

In Flat tins 3d. & 6d.

ZUBES EASE YOUR CHEST & LET YOU REST

SEVEN WAYS OF SAVING *Follow Field's Boys*

FIELD'S LAVENDER SOLID BRILLIANTINE
"You can't beat it," says Tom. 3d a large tin, or if you are a plutocrat, 6d a double size tin. Both with safety edges.

LIQUID BRILLIANTINE
Dry Scalp was John's bugbear until he tried Field's Lavender liquid brilliantine. 6d for a big bottle is not too much to pay.

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Put unruly hair in its place, and keep it there as William does. Pocket size 6d bottle lasts a long time.

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Good economical shaves for Bob. He's impartial, uses either Field's Lavender Shaving Stick or Cream. Both are quick-lathering beard softeners. 6d a stick or tube.

FIELD'S LAVENDER TALCUM POWDER
For after-shaving comfort massage or relieving hike-weary feet, Martin uses this Talcum powder. You'll like it. 6d a large tin. Smaller size 3d.

FIELD'S DENTAL CREAM
Give the poor ivorics a thought! 6d is all Ronald invests for a big dividend of health and cleanliness.

FIELD'S LAVENDER TOILET SOAP
George is on a safe bet. A soap that's good for the skin and pleasant to use—3d a man's size tablet, or 6d the magnum size.

FIELD'S 3D LAVENDER 6D SERIES FOR MEN

At Chemists, Boots, Timothy Whites, Stores, and Woolworths.

Manufactured by J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., London, S.E.1

Greenly's

British troops advancing—the first battle of the Somme

"PLEASE SHOOT ME!"

—the wounded man's plea

(Continued from page 26)

help the French in digging gun-pits. They are bringing some big stuff up to Carnoy Valley to-night, and this is a job that's got to be done."

I lead the Prince to the Citadel, where the men are at work on the road. There, he personally takes charge of them, and marches them to where French soldiers are already working like maniacs to get the gun-pits ready for the artillerymen who are coming at dead of night.

The hours pass slowly now. Men tire, rest, and start again. On two or three occasions the Prince takes a share in the digging. Now and then a man falls to the ground, hit by a splinter from shell-fire that is getting steadily worse.

The Prince is called away to Divisional Headquarters by an urgent summons. And all the time the work goes on.

Now, as the battle to the east of us increases in intensity, a mere prelude to what is going to happen when the "heavy stuff" the Prince speaks of arrives, prisoners begin to trickle back, and we round them up and put sentries over them until our work is finished.

IT is when there are about two dozen of them together that I hear groans that I shall never forget. Turning, I see a pallid young Bavarian with a terrible face wound.

A bullet has apparently struck him in the mouth and come out on the left side of his face.

He is indeed in an awful plight. He is trying to speak, and I lean down to catch his whispers, never believing for a moment that they would be in English.

Surely the few words a man in such a plight could manage to speak would at least be in his own tongue!

But no. Looking into his strained, wincing eyes, I catch the words: "Shoot . . . me." I wave a refusal with my head and begin to tear out my field-dressing, but as I do so I hear him again: "Finish . . . all finish . . . shoot me. Please shoot me."

I look round. It almost seems the most merciful thing at a moment like this. There is a small risk of trouble if I do shoot him, but not much. But with his pain-torn face before me, it seems almost worth while.

No thought of his future in my mind, his mother, his wife—although he seemed such a boy, too young to be married.

"Shoot . . . oh, please."

THEN I make up my mind. "Good God, no," I tell him in good round English. "We're going to get you better, see? You'll soon forget all this."

He looks more frightened than before at my decision. Then he repeats that heartbreaking wail of "Shoot, shoot; oh, please"

I get really busy on him now. I wind my bandage round and round his face. My hand slips clumsily, bringing a cry of agony to his lips. But it is a merciful slip, for the extra pain seems to send him into a condition of semi-consciousness.

Then we carry him away.

In the few hours of work that remain, the picture of that suffering German stays before me. I can't help wondering and wondering again whether he is alive or not. I can't even make up my mind whether I would rather have him die or live.

I feel it would be physically impossible for me to go back to our huts in Fricourt Valley without an enquiry at the medical officer's hut that has been flung up near the compound. And so I go in to ask how he is.

I see at once something I shall never forget.

The man whose life I spared is laying back in his stretcher sobbing as I have never seen a man sob before. And following his arm with my eyes, I see his hand is clenched in that of an unconscious boy in the adjoining stretcher.

A pale, fair-headed, good-looking boy, not a day more than sixteen. Suffering from a badly shattered leg, I am to learn.

I turn with an unspoken question to the medical orderly, a broad-spoken Scot. And he, seeing enquiry in my gaze, answers. "Brothers," he says.

Then, after a moment: "The lad who has been hit in the mouth came in here pleading to die. But when he saw his baby brother here, he screamed out that he wanted to live, that we mustn't let him die.

"Each had believed the other dead. Neither of them cared a damn whether he lived or died. In any case, their dad had been killed in the same regiment as they were in, at the first battle of the Somme.

"But when they saw each other . . .

"I tell you, man, that I never want to see anything so torturing as when those two brothers first saw each other."

I look down at the man who had asked me to kill him. He is struggling to whisper in German now.

But one word I can catch. "Johann . . . Johann . . . Johann," again and again.

* * *

NO need to say how much of that story we recalled in that little East End shaving saloon.

Suffice to say that the two customers lingered as long as they could to hear it, and their places had been taken by relays of others before I left.

I had to ask after Johann, of course.

"Oh, he's splendid. Got two fine little boys. And a good position at Cologne, too. But he's got an artificial leg."

And after his mother.

"Oh, she lives with him. He looks after her well."

And one question was inevitable: "Aren't you glad I didn't kill you?"

"I've always said you gave mother and Johann and me the biggest present of our lives," he said simply.

NEXT WEEK: *A reader bravely confesses how his desire for public recognition once moved him to steal a dead man's glory.*

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is sent by more than one reader, prize is awarded to first opened

DAILY MAIL:—"Led by their BEAGLE, they walked in procession through the city."

WOMAN AND HOME:—"The wild BEAST of her heart was stilled."

LEEK POST:—"The County Council had considered the case against defendant of having no EXCUSE licence."

BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN:—"Dr. Hugo Eckner, grizzled KIPPER of the Graf Zeppelin."

EXPRESS AND STAR:—"For two persons to remain married under conditions such as those I have mentioned is demoralising and the cause of much avoidable HAPPINESS."

BRIDLINGTON CHRONICLE:—"The city fire STATIONS we all admire as we see them GALLOPING or driving through the streets."

WINNIPEG TRIBUNE:—"One horrid moment the SHOP shivered from STERN to stern."

MID-DEVON AND NEWTON TIMES:—"Happy greetings and good DISHES were spoken."

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—"She was taken by SIR John Ambulance to the Royal Infirmary."

BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE:—"Direct giving is by far the best way of RUINING a parish."

"The Greatest of These —" Fund

Have We Forgotten?

WHEN the Two Minutes Silence of 1933 has passed, and the "Valiant Hearts" who made the supreme sacrifice have been remembered, it is right that our thoughts should turn to those ex-Service men who also gathered "rank on rank to war."

So many of these now miserably gather rank on rank outside the employment exchanges seeking that elusive job, only to return despondently to their depleted homes, for most of their possessions are now in pawn, including the blankets from their beds, so sorely needed just now.

What sad reading the pitiful letters of appeal make which come to the Fund from ex-Service men day by day! Our readers would not think twice about emptying their pockets for their benefit if they could read them.

We pick up two now before us, supported by splendid references:

An ex-Service father of four young children writes rather bitterly: "I would go anywhere if I could get a regular berth. They found me plenty of work from August 5, 1914, up to 1918 as a regular front-line soldier in the 2nd Batt. Coldstream Guards and as corporal in the Machine Gun Guards. I took charge of eight men in action over the top. . . .

"I am forty-two years of age, and I feel as fit as I did in 1914, and still I can't get work. I feel right depressed at not being able to support my wife and family through being out of work. My rent is in arrears, which makes me most uncomfortable," and so on.

An ex-Service man's wife pleads for her sick husband and little boy: "My husband was wounded three times in the war and is unable to follow his employment.

"I am a mother of five, and I have been nearly frantic lately because I have had to have the doctor for my little boy and have not sufficient bedclothes.

"Also my husband is in need of some warm shirts for the winter. My heart aches for him. He has only one shirt, and it is an old one and very thin, and I have to wash it out. I have also had to pawn my wedding-ring for food."

Is this the fate those ranks on ranks of ex-Service men expected if they survived the war?

Donations should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Two tired feet . .

What sweet relief to put tired feet in a hot footbath with a Reckitt's Bath Cube in it! Very soon they are happy feet, feet firm and springing, cool and comforted — feet you can forget.

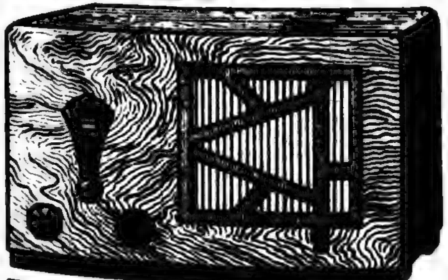
Lavender, Lily of the Valley, Verbena, Essence of Flowers and Pine. ★ 2d. each, and in cartons of 3 cubes for 6d., or 6 for 1/-

Reckitt's

BATH CUBES

RECKITT & SONS LTD., HULL AND LONDON

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



The GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-Valve Battery-driven self-contained Set is a triumph of Radio skill & enterprise. Every component the best of its class.

All-steel Chassis, Special Coil Circuit using iron-cored radio frequency coils. Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker of advanced design and natural tone. British Valves. Illuminated Tuning Dial. Cabinet 17 x 10½ x 8¾in. with beautifully figured Walnut front. Complete with Batteries & Aerial Equipment, Carriage Paid £6.16.0 Terms: 8/- monthly. No charge for Easy Terms.

8/- NOW

Catalogue Free. Radio Sets of latest design for Mains or Batteries including Band Pass, Super-Het Sets, etc.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

The NEW GREEN QUILTED WADDING

THAT MASTERS ALL PAIN

1/3

All bodily pain instantly banished by Wincapcine — the new QUILTED Medicated Wool. Easy to cut and "thin out." Unseen under the lightest clothing. FREE bottle spirituous fluid with every packet. Get a 1/3 packet from your Chemist or any of Boots Branches. In case of difficulty write to address below.

For
PNEUMONIA
BRONCHITIS
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LUMBAGO
SCIATICA
COLDS
And all forms of PAIN

Wincapcine

BRAND

MEDICATED WADDING

BOND PRODUCTS, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.2),
7, Field End Parade, Eastcote, Middlesex.

"Pity she's such a bad cook . . ."
"Well, I can tell her how to remedy *that* . . ."

TRY MAKING THEM WITH STORK, IT'S WONDERFUL FOR CAKES!

NEXT WEEK
WELL . . . IF IT TASTES AS GOOD AS IT LOOKS, MY REPUTATION'S MADE!

Although it looks and tastes so good, this cake is very easily made. Beat ¼ lb. Stork Margarine and ¼ lb. castor sugar to a cream. Beat in two eggs, one at a time, then 8 oz. flour, with a pinch of salt and ½ teaspoonful of baking powder. Last, add the grated rind and juice of two oranges. Bake in a moderate oven for 1½ hours (Regulo setting, Mark 3). Cut in two and spread with orange marmalade. There are many other delicious cakes, and pastry and puddings too, in the Stork Cookery Book—"Secrets of Lighter Pastry." May we send you a copy?

CUT OUT THIS PAGE AND GET THE STORK COOKERY BOOK FREE!

32-page book — "Secrets of Lighter Pastry"—quite free. Write your name and address on the margin of this page and post the page to Van den Berghs & Jurgens (Sales) Ltd., Dept. 287, Unilever House, London, E.C.4.

YES, I WILL HAVE ANOTHER SLICE . . . IT'S DELICIOUS!
THANKS TO YOUR GOOD ADVICE AND THE STORK COOKERY BOOK!

STORK MARGARINE 8D per pound

[illegible]

Here is
HEALTH

Strong nerves—a healthy body and fresh, pure blood—that's what you need when you want to feel perfectly fit and strong. And that's exactly what Sanatogen will give you.

Rid yourself, once and for all, of weakness and nervous complaints by starting *to-day* a course of this world-famous nerve food.

SANATOGEN
The True Tonic-Food
At all Chemists from 2/3 to 19/9.
Manufactured by GENATOSAN LTD., Loughborough.

You could have saved this!

TAKE
"SURE SHIELD" BRAND
IODISED
THROAT TABLETS
A Gargle in Every Tablet!
Widely prescribed by the medical profession.

The Formula is printed on every tin.

$8\frac{1}{2}$d & 1/3 per tin
FROM ALL CHEMISTS

The GIRL with a PAST

Why should she be tormented by the past—surely she now has earned the right to forget . . . ?

"HE is living on his past." Sometimes we hear that said about a person. What does it mean? Simply that he has done something out of the ordinary in bygone days and thinks that that achievement ought to carry him through life without any further effort on his part. It may be the only thing he has to his credit—but he doesn't forget to let everybody know about it.

That achievement was the worst thing that could have happened to him. It robbed him of every scrap of ambition.

Now, at the other end of the scale, is another kind of person. This one has been guilty of some indiscretion or crime and his whole life is one grim struggle to escape from it. It seems to haunt him whatever he does. And if, occasionally, he manages to banish it from his mind, there are uncharitable folk about who take good care that he doesn't forget it for long

And in his case, too, that one isolated act blights his life and prevents him from becoming the man he might have been.

THIS week, therefore, I want to ask and attempt to answer this question: How far should a man's past be allowed to influence his present and his future? Or, to put it in another way: Should a person who has done something wrong be made to suffer for it all his life?

Here is a letter from a young man who tells me that about a year ago he met a girl whom he used to know well as a child. They have now learnt to care for each other so much that they are both desirous of getting married. On the surface there seems no valid reason why they should not do so, for they are both thirty years of age and therefore old enough to know their own minds.

"Unfortunately," the letter goes on, "when this girl was about twenty she was betrayed by a man many years her senior. After the birth of the child arrangements were made for its adoption, and neither she nor her parents now know where it is.

"This experience seems to have cast a dark shadow over this girl's life, and she has striven hard to live down her past. Yet the stigma remains, and now that we have become so friendly the old affair has been raked up again.

"Both my parents strongly disapprove of my association with her, and say that her past record will ruin my future. I personally do not agree with them and feel that she would make a good wife and helpmate. What ought I to do?"

"What ought I to do?" this young man asks. Why, marry the girl, of course! That is, if this is the only objection to her. These two young people seem reasonably sure of their feelings for each other, and he believes that she will make him a "good wife and helpmate." I would not let something that happened ten years ago interfere with my happiness now.

"But my parents disapprove of her," my correspondent may say. And they are not the only ones to "disapprove" of their son's choice of a wife. Many a mother believes that no girl is good enough for her boy. And in this case I can see their point of view. They say to themselves: "We would like our son to have the best. There are so many decent girls; why should he pick one with a blot on her reputation?"

LET us be fair to the old people. But let them also be fair to their son and to that girl. After all, it is ten years since that unfortunate event, and the girl has presumably gone straight ever since.

Let me remind them that we are all human and few of us would escape if we were to be eternally condemned for some act we committed in the dim and distant past. That father and mother would be wise and kind if they were to forget the past and help to make the marriage a happy one.

This leads me to my next problem, which is indeed a ticklish one. In a sentence it is this: Should a reference be given to a man who has served a term of imprisonment? The facts of the case are as follows:

HUMAN DOCUMENTS
Probed by
PHILIP INMAN

who is JOHN BULL'S "Humanist," and always ready to help you. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted on this page.

My correspondent, who has influence in a certain quarter, has been approached by a lifelong acquaintance who, having been in prison for theft, is now anxious to go straight. He pleads for another chance—if not for his own sake for that of his wife, who has stuck to him through it all, and his three young children.

"If I give that reference," the letter goes on, "it will afford this man a chance of making good. On the other hand, if I say that he has been in prison, he will not stand an earthly. And yet, if I hide this fact and the truth should leak out, my own good name would be endangered. I want to help him if I can. But what am I to do?"

NOW, this correspondent is in a better position to judge than I am. And for these reasons: He has known the man in question for a great many years—he calls him a "lifelong acquaintance." Therefore, when he says that he regrets this one lapse and intends to go straight, my correspondent has some idea as to whether his word can be relied upon.

This further information is also denied me—the extent and the circumstances of that theft. Were there any extenuating circumstances? Was it a first offence? These are all important points upon which to base a decision. But, whatever the facts, one thing is clear: It is *definitely wrong* to give an untrue or misleading reference. And if it ever should be proved false, it would, as my correspondent rightly says, react upon his own good name.

But that does not mean he should refuse this man a helping hand. He has influence, by means of which this fellow could be given a chance of employment. Could he not explain the circumstances to the powers that be and in that way obtain sympathetic consideration for the man?

This would serve a double purpose. It would save that man from agony of mind wondering whether his past would ever be found out and it would prevent any attempt at blackmail on the part of someone who discovered his secret and tried to make capital out of it.

The course I adopt in all such cases is to tell the truth, but always to plead for a second chance. The new employer is thus placed on his guard and the genuine repentant is given an opportunity of proving his mettle.

There is a third problem which, alas, is a very common one. It is that of the man who deserts his wife and family and goes off, neither knowing nor caring how they will manage without him. Should such a dastardly act ever be forgiven?

MY correspondent in this case is a woman, who says that her father deserted them eight years ago, leaving her mother quite destitute with two small boys. She and her sister came to the rescue and installed their mother and the other children in a small cottage. A maintenance order was granted by the court, but the money was paid only for two months, and then her father's whereabouts could not be discovered.

"For eight years," the letter continues, "my sister and I have worked to keep my mother and our young brothers. It has been a hard struggle and the best years of our lives have gone without our being able to get much enjoyment out of things. Now we have just heard, through a cousin, where our father is, and that he is suffering from an incurable disease. It seems that he has been out of work for two years and has no money left and is in a very bad way generally.

"My mother, who is of a forgiving nature, thinks that we ought to look after him. But we all feel very bitter when we remember how he left us at the most critical time of our lives—my sister and I just starting in our first jobs and our two brothers too young to do anything for themselves. I wonder if you can tell us the right thing to do?"

I CAN well understand how my correspondent feels. Her father, by his callous conduct, forfeited all claim on the affection and respect of his family. He went away, not caring what became of them. Why should they bother about him now?

That is the natural argument, I know. But the fact that this girl has written to me shows that there is a doubt in her mind. Her father is in great distress and suffering from an incurable disease. One thing, at least, is in his favour. He has not himself come whining to his family for help. He was evidently prepared to "stick it out" alone.

There are also the mother's wishes to be respected. After all, she is the one who has suffered the most. Her married life has indeed been a hard and a tragic one, and, if reconciliation with her husband will bring her peace and happiness, then my correspondent should pay careful heed to her desires.

No one has ever lost anything by showing a forgiving spirit.

When bad weather

WON'T LET YOU EXERCISE YOUR DOG

KEEP HIM FIT WITH BOB MARTIN'S CONDITION POWDERS

YOU are not to blame if bad weather keeps your dog indoors this winter, but it is your fault if you allow loss of exercise to cause such disorders as Listlessness or Sulky Temper. For these are common disorders due to impure blood, and can easily be prevented by providing your dog with a blood corrective.

There are no pores in your dog's skin to carry away the food impurities which are constantly entering his bloodstream; and when he misses his exercise these impurities accumulate, infecting every organ of his body. Then he mopes around the house, sulky and dejected; soon, he begins to scratch himself and his coat becomes loose and shabby.

How thoughtful owners keep their dogs fit

For your dog's sake and your own, keep him fit this winter by giving him Bob Martin's Condition Powders *regularly*, to purify the blood and tone up the whole system. In this way Bob Martin's Condition Powders prevent (and quickly cure) all disorders due to poor blood condition, such as *listlessness, sulky temper, loss of appetite, dull or loose coat, continual scratching, eczema and swellings between the toes.* Mrs. M. Simons, of Surrey, writes:—"My little dog has had Bob Martin's Condition Powders since he was six months old. His coat is simply wonderful and he is always happy and contented. I am sure that it is only thanks to your powders that, at nearly nine years of age, he is young, healthy and agile as a three-year-old."

Regular conditioning —the only way

The *correct* way to keep your dog fit is to give him Bob Martin's Condition Powders three times a day for two successive days in every week. Whatever methods you have used in the past, follow this plan from now on. By his cheerfulness, jaunty bearing and alert manner, your dog will show you how much better he feels when you condition him in this way. And his coat will take on that lovely, lustrous "bloom" which distinguishes the well-conditioned dog and is the surest sign of perfect health.

Condition your dog TO-DAY.

Bob Martin's Condition Powders are sold in 1/- boxes of 21 powders, and 6d. packets of 9 powders, from dog biscuit shops, chemists and big stores.

Eat this delicious healthful cereal

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not a medicine; it is a gentle laxative, safer and so much better than most purgatives and pills. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is 100% bran and forms a soft mass which cleans the entire intestinal tract.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is one of the most delicious breakfast foods in the world. Just eat two tablespoonfuls every morning with cold milk or cream. No cooking required.

Buy a packet today from your grocer and stop constipation from troubling you further.

FREE: "A New Way of Living," a complete booklet on constipation, also diets, recipes and menus. Illustrated in full colour. Send a postcard for your free copy.

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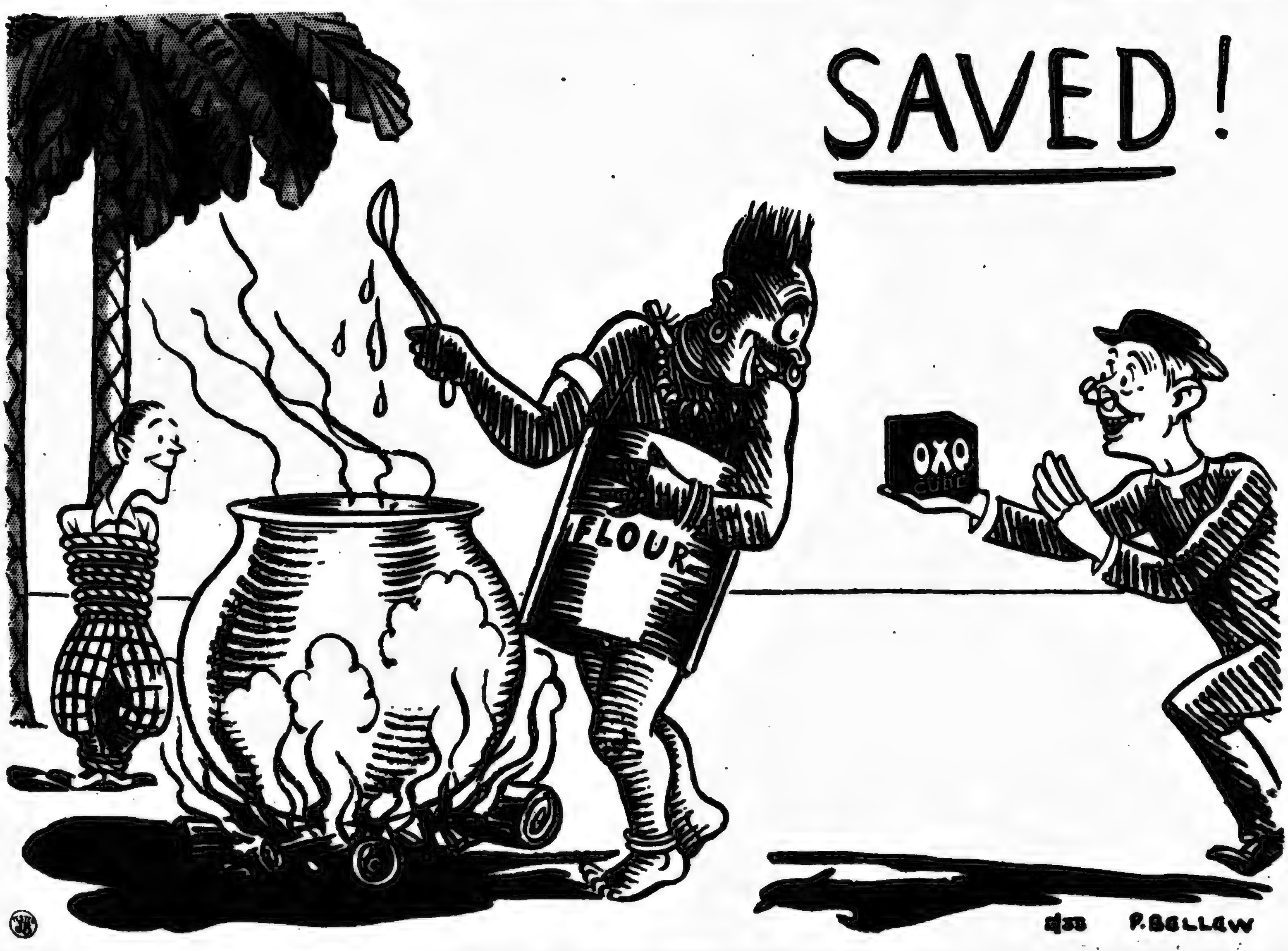

"... and my Mummy says...

NEXT to my tummy nothing upsets me so much as painful chafing and itchy scurf. And mummy's right ..."

Nurse Davis, C.M.B., of London's leading lying-in hospital, says, "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly every time baby is changed protects against moisture and irritation better than anything else. And if chafing has already occurred it soon hastens natural healing. A little on baby's scalp every night keeps scurf permanently away." Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

"OUR TURN NEXT PLEASE, MUMMY"

Growing children need "Vaseline" Jelly too, because it is a perfect protection. For HEAD COLDS smoothed up nostrils and rubbed on bridge of nose; for SORE THROAT half teaspoonful swallowed; for CHAPPING; to protect CHEEKS AND LIPS on cold days; for MINOR ACCIDENTS; splendid for SCURF!

Trade Vaseline Mark
Petroleum Jelly

SAFE—PURE—HEALING—JARS 4½d., 6d. and 9d.

for HOARSENESS
Ingredients of Vick brand Vapour-Rub in the form of a sweet.
6d
VICK BRAND LOZENGES

Grey Hair is restored to its original colour by
MORGAN'S POMADE
which has stood the test of actual use for over 40 years. 1/6 and 3/3 per jar. Postage 3d. and 4d. Colonial 8d. and 1/-.
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Bribing the JURYMAN

The crooked solicitor "buys" the juryman actually within sight of the Old Bailey

by Hargrave L. ADAM

the criminologist

"A JURYMAN BRIBED." It is not often that one sees such a heading as that in our newspapers, for it is a pretty safe thing to assume that our jury system is the very best of its kind, a safe and sure barrier between ourselves and any possibility of a miscarriage of justice—almost, one might say, a kind of "sea-green and incorruptible" tribunal.

So much so that it is well-nigh impossible to "pack" a jury to-day.

But to suppose that it is impossible for certain members of juries to be "got at" and seduced from their allegiance to their oaths is to presume more than one is justified in expecting of poor human nature.

There is, in fact, a case on record where a verdict of acquittal was obtained in the face of the most convincing evidence of guilt. The jury were many hours in arriving at their decision, and when they did eventually return into court they were looking worn and haggard and famished—all but one of them.

At the opening of the court this juror suddenly appeared in the jury-box, dressed in black and looking very sorrowful. A close observer might have caught him telegraphing a swift gleam of intelligence in the direction of the solicitor for the defence.

Funeral trick

Then it was discovered that he was not on the rota for that day, and, in a voice charged with emotion, he explained that his wife had died, and succeeded in his plea to be allowed to serve that day, as later he wished to attend his poor wife's funeral.

A day or two after the case was disposed of he was seen to emerge from the office of the solicitor for the defence, looking very pleased with himself. He was no longer dressed in black, but in gay and festive attire.

One of the jurymen subsequently confided to counsel that the bereaved man had insisted upon a verdict of acquittal, and that one by one he literally wore them down to his way of thinking. Of course, the collusion, which was obvious, could not be proved.

This was a case of "packing" a jury. Even more than one juryman might thus be "forced" on to a case, although such incidents are very rare.

It will be recollected that a case of bribing a juryman occurred quite recently at the Old Bailey, and, by way of a reminder, it may be as well for me to give the outline of that particular dual prosecution.

Several men were charged with what are known as "long firm" frauds, and it happened that the foreman of the jury empanelled to try them was personally acquainted with them. He was running a kind of trade paper and was connected with a trade protection association. Hence his knowledge of the prisoners, who were tradesmen of a sort.

Rogues fall out ...

But the "protection" that trade was receiving through him was of rather a dubious character. Putting their heads together, the accused, unknown to their legal advisers, and the juryman planned to beat the law by means of an act of bribery. The juryman agreed to obstruct a verdict of guilty for the sum of £50. A few pounds were, in fact, paid by way of advance, which the juryman cunningly "covered" by entering it in his books as a subscription to the abovementioned society.

Then a disagreement arose between the conspirators, as a result of which the prisoners gave information to the authorities, the juryman was prosecuted, convicted and sent to prison. The other men were also convicted, so that justice came fully into her own.

The case was unique. During the whole of my thirty odd years' experience of criminal courts I have never heard of one quite like it, nor can the oldest official at the Old Bailey remember anything like it. It was a pure accident that a man who was personally acquainted with the prisoners should also be on the panel. It rendered the crime easy.

Shady lawyer

The bribing of jurymen is not usually so easy of achievement as that, nor is it done in just that way. It is invariably worked, when it is achieved, by shady solicitors and in the following manner;

The solicitor enlists the assistance of an enquiry agent, who, as is generally known, is sometimes a retired police officer. Enquiry agents, and, of course, police officers as well, should be and usually are adepts at deducing character from facial expression.

At the opening of a case the enquiry agent is present in court with the defending solicitor. He places himself in such a position that he may get a good view of the jury, each individual member of which he proceeds to study closely. By this means he is able to select one whom he judges will be amenable to a certain form of "reason."

About half an hour before lunch time the enquiry agent leaves the court and is soon followed by the solicitor, and the two hold a consultation in the lobby without. There they wait until the court rises for lunch and the jury leaves. Then the enquiry agent follows his man, gets into conversation with him, and, all going well, pays for his lunch. He then "sounds" him and not infrequently succeeds in "buying" him.

If the interview cannot thus be contrived at lunch time the agent will "shadow" the man home, in the event of an adjournment, and make acquaintance with him there. It is not, in fact, a difficult matter for these agents to get to know where jurymen live.

Of course, the result of this arrangement is a disagreement of the jury. The jurymen are dismissed and a new trial fixed. But in the meantime the defence approach the prosecution and endeavour to persuade them to drop the case, which is sometimes done, a *nolle prosequi* being entered. But there is a case on record, which occurred not long since at the Old Bailey, where at the second trial the jury were again "got at" and a second disagreement took place. Then the prosecution was dropped.

The discovery of the existence of this form of collusive fraud was due to the astuteness of an official at the Old Bailey.

Caught in the act

On one occasion, during the hearing of a case, he surprised a solicitor, well known to both fame and infamy, making signs to one of the jurymen. He promptly scribbled a message to that effect on a slip of paper and passed it to the Clerk of the Court, who read it, and in turn handed it up to the judge.

His lordship, having perused it, looked down at the solicitor in question, who was seated in the "well" of the court, and caught him in the very act. Thereupon ensued a lively "scene" between the judge and the well-known criminal lawyer. It culminated in the latter being ordered to remove himself to the other side of the court and to sit with his back to the jury-box, which he accordingly did.

This solicitor had for some time been carrying on this game of "squaring" jurymen, as well as indulging in other forms of lucrative transactions with crooks.

I repeat such cases are not at all common. The process of summoning a jury is so contrived as to render the task of bribing any of them very difficult of achievement. Great vigilance is exercised by all concerned, from the summoning officers to the officials of the court—principally the ushers—who subsequently have the jury in their charge.

In murder cases, as is generally known, the jury are very jealously guarded from the contamination of outside influences, being practically in close confinement and under lock and key from the moment they enter the jury-box until they have arrived at their verdict.

At the Old Bailey the names of the jurors are written on slips of paper and put into a box. There are, of course, many more than are required to serve. The latter are balloted for, the names being drawn from the box in much the same way as a "sweep" is conducted, except that there are no "blanks."

Petty jurymen are rarely men or women of substance—they are, in fact, invariably of limited means, so that a fat bribe held out to them constitutes a temptation of considerable allurement. They do their duty at considerable loss of time and money, for they are paid not a penny piece for their services, responsible as they are.

Expenses for juries?

Some time ago a Bill was introduced into the House of Commons by a private Member, which sought to authorise the payment of expenses of serving jurymen, the cost to fall upon local authorities. But, alas, it disappeared before it had progressed far in the legislative arena, and has not been heard of since.

Why? Why cannot jurymen be paid at least their expenses? It might act as an effective bar to the bribing of those weak members of the community who occasionally fall before the machinations of shady solicitors and equally shady enquiry agents.

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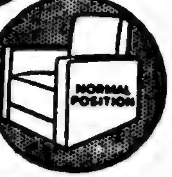

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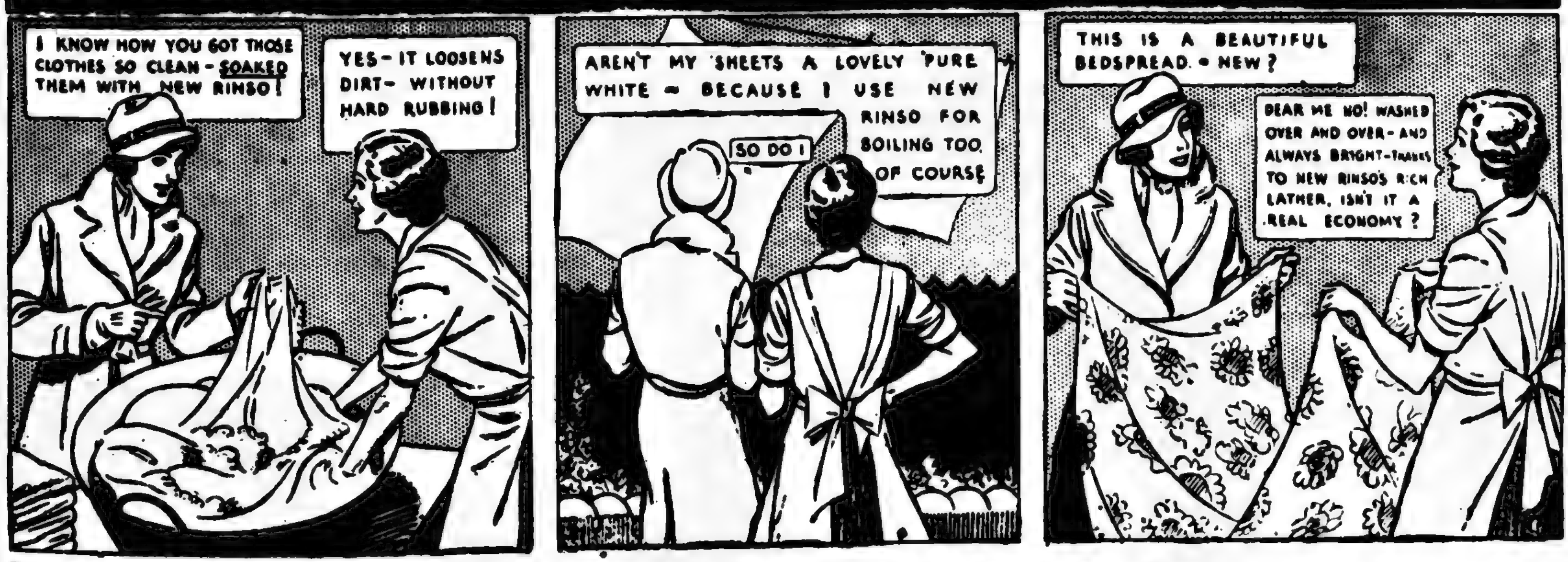
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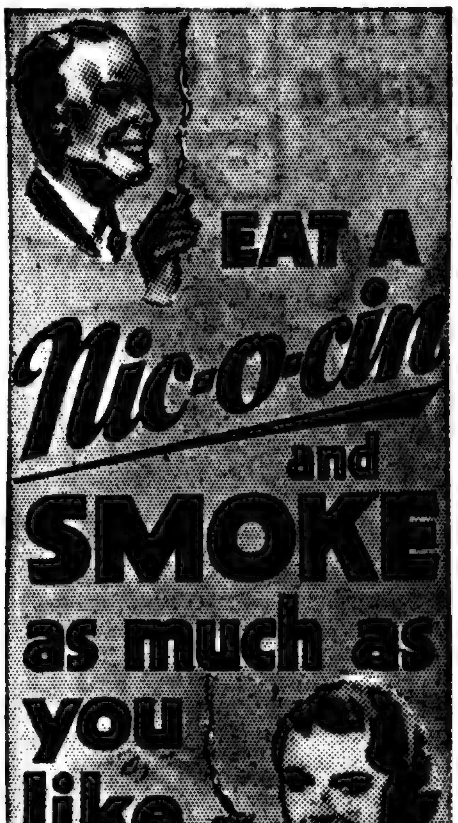

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"This is to testify to the splendid recovery of my dear wife, aged 81 years (due to Wincarnis). Three weeks ago she fell downstairs and cut her head to the bone, severing a small artery. The loss of blood was so profuse and the shock so great that my medical colleague gave no hope of her recovery. She has taken Wincarnis and made such splendid progress that she was able to travel to Brighton and is out every day. As a medical practitioner I cannot speak too highly of Wincarnis and I shall do all in my power to recommend it so that others may benefit."

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Penniless *with* £200,000 *then*—

Tetrazzini photographed on her arrival in London last month

TO be rich, yet penniless; to possess more than £200,000, two magnificent homes in Italy, jewels worth a King's ransom, yet to be unable to pay my hotel bill, my railway fare, or my tips—that was the worst, the most humiliating hour of my life.

And my life's greatest hour was when, at that devastating time of helplessness, I was suddenly swept from wealth-encircled poverty back to affluence, still with my untouchable fortune in the background.

You may think it strange that my greatest hour should be concerned with so mundane a thing as money instead of with my triumphs in song. I might tell of other great hours—as when, singing before four crowned heads, I drew tears from a great multitude at the Albert Hall, tears even from kings and queens and statesmen.

Hours such as those have been great. But the hour in which I returned from the helplessness of poverty to comparative wealth, with money in a purse that had been empty, with power in hands that had been helpless, was the one that stays most vividly in my crowded mind.

The crisis

I have been poor and I have been rich. For years, since my girlhood, money has seldom been any concern of mine. My voice brought it to me easily in vast sums. I lacked for nothing that I required; every whim of my own, every whim of others, I have been able to satisfy without a second thought.

Yet I have not been unduly prodigal: I have always tried to help others with my own good fortune.

And when suddenly, one dreadful afternoon, I was deprived of that power through no fault of my own, I felt that the crisis of my life had come.

It happened in the United States. I had retired. I was paying a round of visits, meeting old friends, renewing old associations. I was happy as a bird, as I am always happy. The world was full of beauty, and I was free to enjoy that beauty.

I remember so vividly how, driving through the sunny byways of Massachusetts, my companion asked me if there was anything that I desired. I replied that there was nothing; that the pure joy of living was enough, that happiness such as I had was an end in itself.

Useless fortune

Yet that afternoon the blow fell. Arriving in Boston, I sent to my Italian bank for money. I seldom carry money with me. When my secretary returned I noticed a curious tenseness in her face, as though she had received a shock.

Then I learned the reason. She told me that the bank had received instructions from Italy to withhold payment from my account because of an action taken by my husband and his family.

At first I was incredulous. I went to the bank, and learned the truth. They had brought an action to have my property administered by the Public Trustee on the grounds that I was too prodigal with my wealth Until the case had been settled, I was powerless to touch my fortune—the fortune that had come to me through the voice which so many have said was god-given.

That night was the night of my desolation. I paced my room in agony of spirit. I do not want to dwell on it. I do not recriminate. I will only say that it was not of money that I thought, but of my marriage, only a few years before, in lovely Florence, where as a child I danced in the sunshine of those streets of happy memory.

I thought of the day when in my greatest happiness I went to the altar in white satin and jewels worth, they told me, £50,000. Of the gifts and messages I received from kings and queens, princes and princesses, even from the Pope himself. The rosary I clasped in my hands was a gift from the Pope.

And then of the reception, when, surrounded by representatives of the King of Italy, Mussolini, and by famous people from all over the world, I sang out my heart in happiness. . . .

So lost did I become in the memories of those lost days that I had no thought of money, of my penniless predicament in this foreign city. That night I lived alone with my sorrow. In my rooms I wept amid memories of shattered happiness. Not until the next day, when in more practical mood I decided I must return to New York and so go home to Italy, did I have to think of money.

Then I realised my situation. I had nothing. Money had always been a thing I had taken for granted. Wherever I had been in the world, my word was enough to produce all the money I wanted. But with this ban upon me, money was beyond my reach. I tried one bank after another, always with the same result: the news had gone round. I had nothing with me—not enough even to tip the hotel servants or to pay the fares of myself and my personal servants back to New York.

Servants' loyalty

Meanwhile the news spread among my staff, as bad news so soon does. My personal servants came to me and offered me their small savings. I wept, but I could not accept. Of what use, anyway, were a few hundred dollars, even if I had been prepared to take them?

I rang up a woman whom I had thought was my best friend in the city and asked her to accommodate me. The coldness of the response decided me never to ask a favour again. I once again tried the bank. The bank was kind, but immovable.

I cabled to New York, but received no reply. I was in despair. Two days passed, and all my efforts seemed futile. Then a young man called.

At first I refused to see him; but he persisted. He turned out to be an aspiring impresario. He said, without reserve: "Madame, I hear you are temporarily embarrassed. But if you will sing in Boston to-morrow night, may I suggest that five thousand dollars would be poor recompense?"

Heartfelt song

Strangely, I had never thought of using my voice to save the situation. To me singing had always been a personal joy, an ecstasy, rather than a means of making money; the money had been incidental: I had gone through life singing, and money had always been there. That was all I knew about the connection between singing and money.

Arrangements were made, and the next night I sang. I had then but one thought—to express all the sorrow that was in my heart. I saw, heard no audience. I knew nothing except that I was expressing my heart in song:

> 'Tis the last rose of summer left blooming alone,
> All her loveliest companions are faded and gone.

Thus I sang. Only dimly I remember the sea of faces in the dimness, the thunderous sound of Boston's applause. I was back again in the days of my early triumphs. They told me later that I had never sung so well, nor swayed an audience so powerfully.

And when, as I lay back exhausted in my dressing-room amid an ocean of flowers, I had negligently opened a small dirty packet which my young impresario had thrust into my hands before he left, I found not 5,000, but 6,000 dollars scattered on the floor at my feet.

Rich again

Only then did I remember my plight, and the reason that had caused me to sing at that place. Those scattered pieces of paper represented freedom, power; they gave me wings. They meant that I had suddenly ceased to be a beggar, that in a flash almost I was rich again, and could be richer.

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One Castol (three sections) is a dose for an adult. One or two sections for children according to age.

Only 2d. for a trial packet
Also 1/- and 1/10 tins
All Chemists

**TEST TO-NIGHT—
FEEL BETTER TO-MORROW**

Policemen *of the* Deep

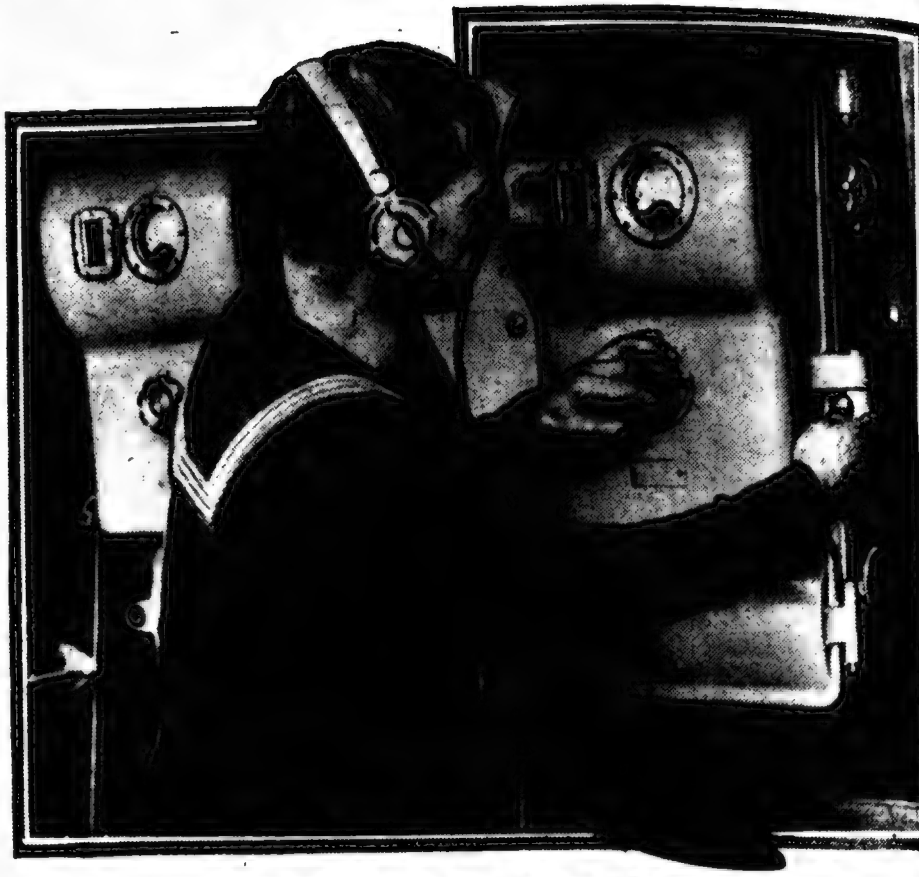
TWO grey ships of His Majesty's Navy, *Endeavour* and *Ormonde*, slipped unostentatiously out from Plymouth Sound the other day. They are off on a year's cruise of the Seven Seas.

But it is no pleasure cruise. "Showing the flag" and other proud Naval occasions are not for them. They are in for a year's unremitting hard work, doing a job about which the public hears little, and knows less; a side of the Navy's work which does not figure in disarmament conferences and "big ship" controversies.

Their job and that of their six sister ships of the Hydrographic Survey is to chart the waters and the coastline of the entire globe

They are, in a sense, Policemen of the Deep, with beats which girdle the earth. Their "cases" are unmarked rocks and hidden shoals, tide rips and recently foundered wrecks, strange islands which have popped up from the sea-bed overnight. . .

Their captures they nail down in new markings on some of the 5,000 charts which the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty issue for the guidance of master mariners.



Echo-sounding gear on board the sloop "Endeavour"

Making seas safer

Some idea of the labour involved can be gathered from the fact that last year 269,004 corrections were made to these charts Shipping all over the world is immediately warned when a new rock or urgent danger is tracked down. There were 325 notified last year.

How the Survey keeps the seas safer is shown by the fact that last year only one of these new rocks and dangers was discovered through a ship striking it, as compared with seventeen cases in 1929, fourteen in 1928, nineteen in 1927.

Four of the Survey ships keep perpetual watch over the coastline of the British Isles; the other four cover waters abroad. Each of the naval officers who form the surveying staffs is a mathematician who is also something of an artist. Which is why such a prosaic object as a chart, besides being a work of extreme precision, also possesses an intrinsic beauty all its own.

Much of the time of the surveys is spent in humdrum and monotonous work, such as sweeping anchorages, shallow sands, and harbour approaches for dangerous obstructions, and in taking soundings, but modern scientific instruments have done much to take the hard labour out of these necessary tasks.

Everybody who has seen a chart will have noticed the hundreds of "soundings" or depths in fathoms which are indicated with little letters beside each figure to show the nature of the bottom, such as "s" for sand, "m" for mud, "p" for pebbles, and so on.

Nine miles down

At one time all these soundings from one fathom up to four or five miles had to be obtained by raising and lowering a heavy lead at the end of a measured hempen rope. Soap embedded in a recess at the bottom of the lead would bring up samples of the sea bottom when the lead was hauled up.

The labour which this once involved has been dispensed with by the use of instruments like the "echo-sounding device," which all the Survey ships now carry.

This instrument registers depths by timing a sound echo off the sea bed. Sound travels under water at 5,000 feet a second. At a depth of, say, two fathoms a sound echo would be received in one two-hundredth part of a second. Yet the device is so delicate that it will register it.

It is used also to measure the colossal depths of the ocean floor. The record so far is the "deep" of nine miles, discovered in the Atlantic last Spring. At this depth the sound echo would be received in seventeen seconds.

After soundings are taken they must be "fixed" on the chart by bearings or observations. So precisely is this work done that depth markings on the charts are usually accurate within a hundred yards or less.

New islands

Fifty per cent. of ship losses have been due to strandings. The lives of a ship's company can depend on the truth and the exact placing of these soundings on a chart. So well is this work done that there is no case on record of a ship being lost through inaccurate work on the part of the men of the Survey.

Excitement comes into the work of the Survey ships when they make a new find. It may be a marked rock or shoal which has disappeared or a new one which has come into being.

The ocean's face is always changing, and mother earth sometimes turns uneasily. New land created by submarine earthquakes, volcanic eruptions and other natural upheavals are commoner events than most people suppose.

Only last March the British motor ship *Silver Beech* travelling across the mid-Pacific sighted a small island fifteen feet high and half a mile long. It was right on the steamer routes but was unmarked on any charts It was obviously a newcomer. The nearest land to it was Marcus Island, a Portuguese possession, 400 miles away.

Then in May another island appeared twenty feet high and a quarter mile long, 1,300 miles out in the Pacific. Off Nova Zembla is now another island unmarked on the charts of a year ago.

The reverse also happens

Anak Krakatoa, an island standing 170 feet high out of Sunda Straits in the Malay Archipelago, disappeared one Saturday night a few months ago.

Some of the Augustine Islands, off the Alaskan coast, did the vanishing trick in the early part of this year. A little later some of the mysterious Belcher Islands in Hudson Bay also disappeared.

Silent service

It is the job of the Hydrographic Survey to follow up and check these changes and mark the charts accordingly.

Between times it compiles the numerous volumes of sailing directions which the Admiralty publish, books like "The Pacific Islands Pilot," "The China Sea Pilot," and scores of others. These books are packed with precise information concerning the places they deal with. They are also full of the romance of strange, far-away islands and reaches with queer outlandish names; a Tom Tiddler's ground for the novelist in search of a location, ideal companions for an armchair voyage.

As a mere side-line, the Survey keeps up to date the copious Admiralty lists of lights, fog signals and time signals, which cover every country in the world.

As a source of direct financial return to the country the Hydrographic Department cannot be said to amount to much. Its net receipts last year were £34,446, derived from the 200,000 charts which it printed for sale.

The Survey's is a quiet service, the value of which cannot be reckoned in cash returns. Its profits are calculated rather in terms of the lives which are saved through its endeavours and the security and safety with which that work endows the voyages of all ships, plying to all the corners of the earth on their lawful occasions.

Race with "Silver Ring"

November DOUBLES

I USED to consider November "doubles" risky. A glance at the records of the Derby Cup and Manchester November Handicap will show that, owing to the vagaries of our climate, they have been interfered with on numerous occasions.

However, the weather seems to have changed with the times, and this year there may be no fog or floods.

The Derby Cup weights and the November Handicap first acceptors were published just prior to this issue of JOHN BULL going to press. In the Cup contest I like best Lucky Patch, Grey Wonder and Sanity, and this trio might be mixed up with Brumby, Overall and Pelago for the Manchester prize.

My tips for Aintree are Versicle for the Autumn Cup, Lone Eagle II. for the "Sefton," and Ole King Sole for the Grosvenor Cup.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, November 9, to Wednesday, November 15.

Z R 98 T F 94 M P U X O A Q C 93 B

L W N 96 G E D V Y 97 S K H J I 95

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: 93989694WZKJ94 would read INTERLACE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted.

DKYW94298 would read MAUREEN.

PROFESSOR GOUGH - GREEN
(Famous explorer and excavator) **WRITES:-**

"When carrying out any strenuous excavating work, I find a pipe of 'Digger' very soothing"

PLAYER'S DIGGER 8D PER OZ FLAKE

R.B.81.

This week, Grocers everywhere are making a special display of Beefex.

Beefex

gives you MORE CUPS TO THE BOTTLE

and Beefex cubes have a delicious flavour.

KEEP YOUR FAMILY FREE FROM 'FLU WITH BEEFEX

Bottles, 1oz. 7d., 2oz. 1/1, 4oz. 1/11, 8oz. 3/6, 16oz. 5/6. Cubes 1d.

Advt. of Beefex Ltd., West Smithfield, London, E.C.1

YOUTHFUL AT FORTY-FIVE.

"How young she looks," is the remark often made about the woman who retains her youthful appearance and good spirits until well past middle age. The reason is this: the woman who at forty-five still looks in the early thirties has preserved her youth by keeping her blood in good order, rich, red and pure. It is thus she maintains her vitality and attractiveness.

When your blood gets thin and poor, you soon feel the ill-effect. You get tired and worn; life seems a burden; you lose your appetite and get irritable and depressed; you lack vitality because your blood is exhausted.

There is no reason for you to suffer in this way; it is easy to overcome such troubles. You have only to enrich and increase your blood by taking Dr. Williams brand pink pills. You will soon feel the benefit by a brighter outlook on life. The rich red blood which these pills create will give you new vitality, your appetite will improve, energy and vigour will be yours, and your friends will envy you your youthfulness and good spirits. So gain a new lease of life by taking a course of Dr. Williams brand pink pills now.

You can now buy the world-famous Dr. Williams Brand Pink Pills from any chemist at 1s. 3d. a box (large size 3s. 0d.). This remarkable blood enricher and nerve tonic is thus brought within the reach of all sufferers.

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All goods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines, and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

CATARRH SIMPLY MARVELLOUS

"Nostroline" ends Catarrh for ever. Acts at once, on Colds, Congestion and Stuffiness. Ask your doctor.

HEAD COLDS INSTANT RELIEF

"Nostroline" removes infection in nose, throat and chest. Soothing. Pleasant. Safe for youngest child.

DEAFNESS, HEAD NOISES AMAZING RESULTS

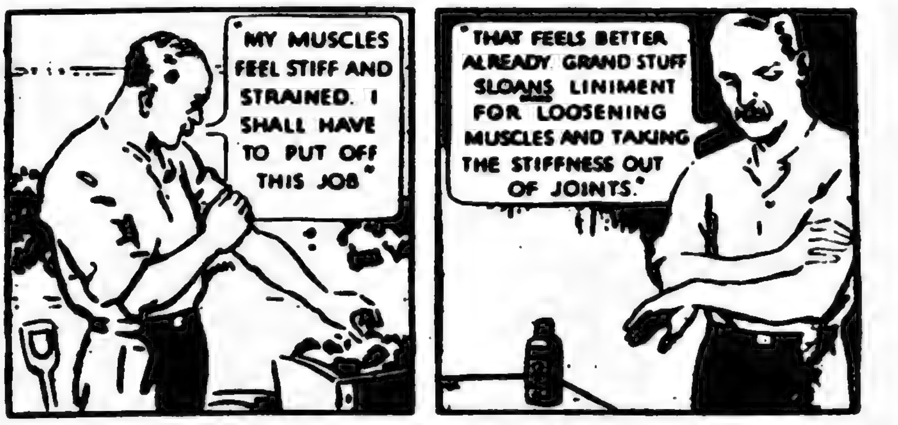
1/3 all Chemists. Insist on the name. IT MUST BE

'NOSTROLINE'

Free Sample from "Nostroline" J.55, Clifton, Bristol.

Turn to the "John Bull" "Shop Window" on pp. 6 & 7

ACHING MUSCLES


"MY MUSCLES FEEL STIFF AND STRAINED. I SHALL HAVE TO PUT OFF THIS JOB"
"THAT FEELS BETTER ALREADY. GRAND STUFF SLOANS LINIMENT FOR LOOSENING MUSCLES AND TAKING THE STIFFNESS OUT OF JOINTS."

Here's Quick Relief From Pain

Cramp, stiffness, and muscular aches and pains are often neglected with serious consequences. Get rid of your aches and pains quickly and surely with Sloans Brand Liniment

A single application is an excellent tonic to tired, aching joints and muscles. Lightly applied it penetrates instantly, disperses congestion, takes out stiffness and ache. Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis, Backache, Sprains, Bruises, all yield to the soothing influence of Sloans Brand Liniment.

It is the universally approved remedy—safe, quick and certain, successfully used by millions of people throughout the world. No rubbing required. Sloans Brand Liniment penetrates instantly. Economical in use, one bottle goes a long way. At all Chemists and Stores now 1/9 per bottle.

MADE IN ENGLAND

SLOANS Liniment NOW 1/9

How To Lose Two Dozen Pounds of Fat

At the Same Time Gain in Physical Vigour and Youthfulness and Swiftly Possess a Clear Skin and Vivacious Eyes that Sparkle with Health.

Here's the recipe that banishes fat and brings into blossom all the natural attractiveness that every woman possesses.

Every morning take one-half teaspoon of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water before breakfast.

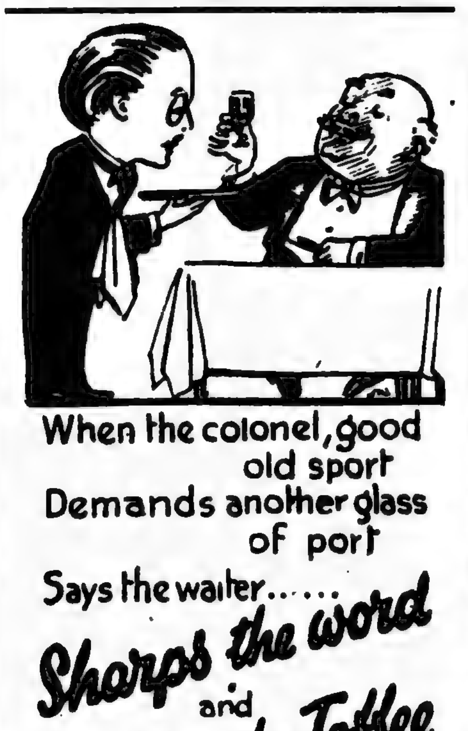
Be sure and do this every morning, for "It's the little daily dose that takes off the fat." Don't miss a morning. The Kruschen habit means that every particle of poisonous waste matter and harmful acids and gases are expelled from the system.

Modify your diet, and, with gentle exercise, the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bowels are tuned up, and the pure fresh blood containing these six salts is carried to every organ of the body, and this is followed by "that Kruschen feeling" of energetic health and activity that is reflected in bright eyes, clear skin, cheerful vivacity and charming figure.

You feel younger in body—keener in mind. KRUSCHEN will give any fat person a joyous surprise.

In April one lady who had lost 31 lbs. in two months wrote as follows:—"I weighed 12 stone 8 lb., suffered greatly from headaches, was always tired, without energy; I could not even walk. It was heart-breaking to see that although only 28 years of age, I could not continue my work, as I am head saleswoman and I have to be on my feet a great deal. I tried everything: pills, medicines, &c. What a wonderful change after using Kruschen Salts! I weigh only 10 stone 5 lb. now, after two months' Kruschen."

Get a 1/9 bottle of KRUSCHEN SALTS at your chemist's (last four weeks). Even this first bottle should convince you this is the easiest, safest, and surest way to lose fat—you will feel a superb improvement in health—gloriously energetic—vigorously alive.


When the colonel, good old sport
Demands another glass of port
Says the waiter......
Sharps the word
and
Sharp's the Toffee
I like best of all

DANGER!

BEWARE the effects of Winter on your hands. Use Glymiel Jelly to soothe away roughness and cracks . . . to make your hands attractive and charming.

"I must express to you my appreciation of the marvellous benefit my hands have received from your Glymiel Jelly after using only one week. I cannot describe the discomfort and pain I have suffered through chapped hands. I have tried heaps of lotions and ointments, but nothing has afforded me the relief and comfort that Glymiel Jelly has brought."—Miss B—— L——, Manchester.

Get Glymiel Jelly from your Chemist, to keep YOUR hands soft, white, smooth.

GLYMIEL JELLY. Tubes, 3d., 6d. & 1/-

Where NO ONE goes to JAIL

A WOMAN'S lifeless body lying in the mouth of a cave on a rocky island coast; a week later a still form borne on the sea not forty yards from the same cave—the body of a young man.

Double tragedy turned the eyes of Britain upon a proud little land in the Channel Islands, a hundred miles from the mainland. The Island of Sark was In the News. And Sark had never been in the news before.

Since man first knew her, when, in Elizabeth's reign, she became inhabited by a feudal lord and a band of farmers with their families, she has lain, serene, and sequestered and utterly content in her blue sea, under her blue sky.

Poets and painters, visitors to taste her beauty, she has known, but never before an alien law-giver.

Seldom, indeed, has she been forced to appeal for outside help to conduct her own affairs—for Sark has her own ruler, whose power is outside the jurisdiction of Parliament and who is answerable only to the King; Sark has her own Statute-book, her own Court of Justice, her own Police Force and State Prison. . . .

Queen of the Island of Yesterday—the Dame of Sark photographed in her castle

The State Prison, Sark. But its lock is rust-encrusted and the dust lies thick in its cells

The present ruler, the Dame of Sark, Mrs. Sybil Hathaway, still is invested with the technical power of life and death over her few hundred subjects. She exercises her authority with a wise and kindly hand from her rose-embowered palace, seventeenth-century Sark Castle.

Chimney-pot tax

It is here that she administers the ancient laws and receives her dues from tenants and landowners.

Taxes must be paid in kind, and there is a system which is based on the number of chimney-pots possessed by the tenant; so that a two-chimney man may discharge his indebtedness by transferring two fowls from his farm to the palace.

The laws and institutions, unchanged since Elizabeth's time, bestow unusual privileges The Lady of Sark is the only person allowed to keep pigeons, a bitch or a flour-mill!

Women generally, in Sark, have advantages their mainland sisters lack, for every wife is entitled to one-third of her husband's property, and this part he may not dispose of without first gaining her consent.

Residents must pay a small tax on capital, and every man of more than one year's residence must give two days' free labour on the roads, or, alternatively, pay the wages of a labourer for two days, at the rate of four shillings a day.

The cost of government, you see, is negligible in Sark; there is no "national debt," for there has never been a war, and the islanders are so peaceable that the Police Force consists of only two men.

P.C. Everybody

Every able-bodied man—whatever his occupation—must serve two years as policeman, the first year as a junior and the second as a senior peace-keeper. At the moment one is a farm labourer and the other an hotel keeper

And there are islanders who have completed their service without ever having seen the inside of the State Prison, for its two cells have been unoccupied now for more than five years.

It is a diminutive place, this prison, rather like a well-built stone barn, and you may learn many a quaint fact about it—maybe, for instance, of the time when it housed the Girl who Stole a Handkerchief, a happening which is recorded in this manner:

"Some time ago, a girl in Sark stole a pocket handkerchief, and was sent to prison. When the policeman took her there, the prison door had grown rusty from long disuse, and wouldn't open; and when it did open, it wouldn't shut again. So the little girl was pushed inside, and told to be good and stop there.

"But after the policeman had gone away she set up such a dismal howl that the women of Sark rushed out to see what was the matter. And she said she was frightened.

"So the ladies went and fetched their knitting, and they all came and sat down in the prison with her, and told her funny stories to pass the time away, and next morning the girl walked out and went to the policeman's house, and asked if she might go home if she promised never to steal a pocket handkerchief again; and he said he thought she might, and so she did."

The lonely policeman

There is another, more recent, story which is *not* on record. . . . There was a visitor, once, who so far forgot the dignity of his island-host as to appear in a condition of lamentable insobriety. Zealously, a policeman arrested him, and he was put into the prison for three days.

At the end of that time, sobered, the prisoner politely asked the policeman to release him.

But the policeman only registered hurt surprise, and then proceeded to explain how unreasonable a request it was in the circumstances.

His wife, he said, was away, and he was left entirely alone, with no one to chat to or play cards with—except his prisoner. And, since he hated solitude, he had no option, he pointed out, but to keep his prisoner in custody for another three days—at the end of which time his wife would have returned!

There is no town in Sark—just dotted houses and farms, a church and a chapel, and four hotels. The islanders are a happy people, content to live as their fathers and their grandfathers lived. To-day, in Sark, is always Yesterday. . . .

What's a motor-car?

And deliberately is the old-world character of the island preserved by its ruler; motor-cars are strictly prohibited—and stay-at-home islanders have never smelt a petrol fume

The visitor, then, who will not walk must travel in a horse-drawn carriage, of which there is a varied and picturesque collection always waiting when the summer boats arrive at the tiny harbour.

Take one of these carriages now, perch behind the patient-plodding horse and talk to the driver, a native of Sark

He points out the beautiful scenes, a quaint cottage. He tells you when to get out to see a hidden bay. . . . Yes, of course, he was policeman once for two years, but—"I never made an arrest," he says. Then, "Once, though, I nearly did. . ." And he tells you that there came to the island a man and his adopted daughter. One day the girl appealed to the police for protection, for the man had made overtures that one should not make to one's adopted daughter. . . .

His poor feet

Outraged, Sark had ordered them both to leave. They left on the next boat. "And I didn't have to make an arrest, after all," the driver finishes, half regretfully.

No, Sark will stand no nonsense; Sark has a Sense of Decency. Only last year some of these holiday-makers had gone down to the sea without bathing-wraps. But it isn't the twentieth century in Sark. Sark soon put a stop to *that*.

Our islander has never set foot on the mainland; he has never seen a railway train or a multiple store.

Only thrice has he left his homeland to pay day visits to the island of Guernsey, seven miles away—and, he says, each time he was glad to get back, for the paved streets made his feet ache and the noise of it all made his head ache.

He feels sorry for you, no doubt, as he sees you step off the island to the boat that will take you back to the footaches and the headaches. . . .

* * *

What really is the secret of this contentment—and this peaceableness?

Perhaps it is because every man is policeman, ex-policeman or policeman-to-be!

WHAT FUTURE ARE YOU PLANNING?

It is easy to provide for future comfort and independence.

By payments arranged to suit your convenience you can secure

£1,000, £2,000 OR £3,000

at the end of any selected term of years, and thus be in a position to obtain a guaranteed income.

Should you not live to enjoy the benefits yourself, they will be available immediately for your dependents.

Write to the Joint Managing Directors stating your age and requirements; expert advice will be given.

PEARL ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED.

To THE JOINT MANAGING DIRECTORS,
PEARL ASSURANCE CO., LTD.,
HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

Please supply particulars of how I can obtain £..
at age.......................... My age next birthday will be ....
Name ....
(State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
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(4a) J.B.11-11-33 AN ENQUIRY WILL INCUR NO OBLIGATION

GIVE HIM SPRATT'S

and see him bound with HEALTH

FREE-THIS PLUTO MASK!

JUST the thing for par'ies—wonderful coloured mask of Pluto, Mickey's doggy pal, presented FREE to every purchaser of Spratt's Dog, Cage Bird or Cat Foods.
Ask any Spratt's stockist. Kiddies will love these masks. Why not start collecting them to-day.
SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., 58, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.3.
Masks of Mickey Mouse and Minnie Mouse can be obtained from any chemist by purchasing a tube of LISTERINE Tooth Paste.

You cannot buy a better Whiff at the price.

WILLS'S WHIFFS

ACTUAL SIZE

Cartons of
3 FOR 6d.
6 FOR 1/-
Flat tins of
12 FOR 2/-

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

WW10

Ever-Ready
The MASTER BLADE of the WORLD

Use **Ever-Ready BLADES**

because—

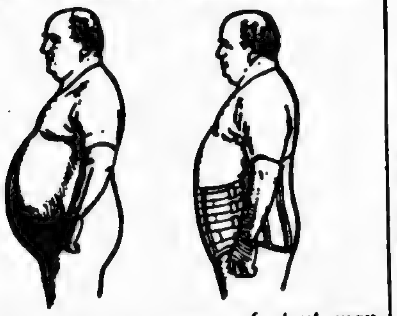
1. They are made from the finest surgical steel.
2. Are 1½ times thicker than other blades.
3. They are made specially for tough beards and tender skins.
4. Keep their sharp, keen edges longer and give more shaves than any other blades.

On sale at all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores, etc.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF EVER-READY RAZOR PRODUCTS, LTD., 110, CRICKLEWOOD LANE LONDON N.W.2.

THE SPENCER BELT FOR MEN

A Perfect Support for RUPTURE, OBESITY, STRAINED BACK, HERNIA.



Note improved appearance of stout man after putting on a Spencer Belt.

The Spencer Belt is individually designed to meet the needs of the man who is to wear it.

Note from the illustration how broad the back is, giving the maximum of comfort and support. A common defect in belts for men is that the back is so narrow that it causes a strain on the back muscles, increasing discomfort instead of giving relief.

Men who do heavy work, and who suffer from backache or pains resulting from sacro-iliac strain, need the Spencer Sacro-iliac Belt.

Spencer Belts are very serviceable, for they are made of superior materials, and are guaranteed never to lose their shape.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for Booklet, and for name of nearest local Corsetière.

SPENCER

Individually designed Foundation Garments and Surgical Supports.

Branch Offices and Salons:

LONDON: 96, Regent St., W.1 Tel. Regent 6206
GLASGOW: 86, St. Vincent St., C.2. Central 3232
BIRMINGHAM: 67, Newhall St., 3. Central 7125
LIVERPOOL: 19, Church St., 1. Royal 4021
BRISTOL: 22, Clare St., 1. Bristol 24801

THROUGH PURGATORY WITH STOMACH PAINS

Really Miraculous Benefit

Here is a remarkable case from Lancashire. Mr. E. B. M., of Ramsbottom, has been a stomach sufferer ever since the war, having been in his own words "through purgatory with pains for months at a stretch."

In 1927 an operation for duodenal ulcer gave him some relief, but the pains came again and on May 20th of this year he had a stomach hæmorrhage and was rushed to the infirmary, where his wife was told to expect the end within 24 hours.

However, he rallied and was given Macleans. This is what he says:—

"I was kept on Macleans in the Infirmary and am still taking it. To-day I am walking about making every progress towards perfect health and am eating articles I have not dared to eat for the past ten years. My weight has gradually climbed from eight stone to 10 st. 5. My appetite is good and all trace of pain or discomfort in my stomach is gone. "I am sure that Macleans have saved my life."

If you, too, suffer from any stomach trouble, Macleans will do the same for you, but be sure to ask for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name, and see the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" before you buy. It is never sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

OFFICE

"WHAT A RELIEF!"

Quick, almost instant, relief; and you *know* that the trouble will not come back. Urace wastes no time, and prevents the trouble recurring because it tones up your system. If you want a definite and permanent cure, Urace will give it you! 1/3, 3/-, 5/-, from your chemist.

SAMPLE FREE—for few weeks only!

URACE

BRAND TABLETS—FOR

RHEUMATISM

LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, KIDNEY TROUBLE, BACKACHE

Urace Laboratories, Dept. 45,
33 Banner Street, London, E.C. 1

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

REUNITED—with a War-time Pal

WHILE bathing at Donegal, I got into difficulties. In response to my signals a boat hastened to assist me, and soon I was safely aboard. My rescuer cut short my avowal of thanks, saying, "Mike, that's quits."

He was a German electrician employed on the Shannon, and I had pulled him out of the sea after the *Gneisenau* sank at the Falkland Islands battle.

During his brief period aboard the *Carnarvon* we became staunch pals. Our peculiar reunion almost convinced us that the Atlantic is not so vast, after all.—*Michael McGinley, Ireland.*

Wedding Surprise

He from Edinburgh, I from Yorkshire, joined up together, went to France together, and became friends. Both teachers, our interests generally harmonised.

One night he was taken prisoner, and I, getting shrapnel, was soon in "Blighty." I lost sight of him, later even forgetting his surname.

A year ago my sister visited Scotland, returning engaged, the wedding to be soon.

I had a school in Devon and travelled North to give away the bride. Most extraordinary! I found myself giving her away to my old pal of Thiepval trenches.—*Henry Williams, Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

Sad Accusation

Following a long spell of unemployment after my demobilisation, I was eventually successful in obtaining employment as male nurse at a large mental hospital.

I was posted for duty to a certain ward, when I came face to face with one of my comrades who served with me in France.

My position was rendered even more acute when my war-time comrade accused me of having been the cause of his being in a mental hospital.—*"Psycho," Essex.*

Waiter Remembered

I first met Averchinkoff in Sennelager, the German prisoner-of-war camp. He was one of the smartest young Russians in camp, and we became close friends. The last I saw of him was at a Westphalian coal mine in 1917.

While spending a holiday recently in Paris, a friend and I went into a restaurant in the Rue St Honoré. There was something familiar about the waiter who advanced to take our order, and when he reached our table recognition became mutual.

It was my old pal, Averchinkoff!—*A. M., Grantown.*

What a Man!

We met first in a trench. I was as miserable as possible. He smiled, spoke, gave me a "woodbine."

I met him again, six years after the war. He came to Nantymoel, S. Wales. His philosophy was the same on that public platform as in the muck of Flanders—war was mad.

After the meeting he gave me a cigarette again. What a man we lost when "Woodbine" Willie died! What an "old pal"!—*"Ogmorian."*

Horse Sense

Two ex-Service pals and myself obtained permission to camp in a field near Durham. Grazing in the field were some cows and a horse.

Taking a shot at a wood pigeon one evening, I noticed the horse stand stock-still and cock his head in a way that was vaguely familiar. Presently he trotted towards me and I recognised Tommy, an old horse I had known in the war days.

Tommy, though his eyes were dim, knew me at once, thrust his nose in my jacket, and whinnied joyfully at our reunion.—*Artillery, Gateshead.*

Torpedoed and Shelled

"Tosh" Williams and I were firing like two devils, among others, in the stokehold of a tramp steamer. A U-boat was after us. We were shelled and went ashore on the North African coast.

Later we were torpedoed together in the Atlantic After this we parted, and I did not see him again until two years ago.

I was sipping wine in a Buenos Ayres bar when he came in with a crowd from another ship. Our recognition was instant, and the remaining stay in port enjoyable.—*Frank Clitheroe, Durham.*

The Deputy

Out of work, funds dwindling rapidly, and some nine thousand miles away from home—that was my predicament a few years ago in the Federated Malay States.

I had tried all the neighbouring rubber estates and tin mines, but without success, so I went further afield. Stepping out of the train, I made a bee-line for the offices of the rubber plantation adjoining the railway station.

The Malay "boy" told me that the manager was away on leave, but I could see his deputy. There, sitting in the managerial chair, was my old war-time pal.—*J. Daly, Glasgow.*

Back to Murder

A village murder; the curious crowds from miles around had come to view the cottage where the crime was committed, among whom was myself.

After having the usual look, I was passing the next cottage when out came a man whom I immediately recognised as a platoon mate of fifteen years ago.

That surprise was nothing to the shock I received when he told me that the murderer was another of the old platoon, a shell-shocked wreck, who later was found guilty, but proved insane.—*R. P., Lincs.*

"Not To-day"

I WAS disturbed by a knock at the door, and was annoyed to find a hawker of odds and ends. "Not to-day, thanks," I said.

"Are you sure, 'Long-un'?" said the man.

Astounded at the use of my old Army nickname, I recognised an old war chum who had saved my life fourteen years ago in France.—A. Ridgway, Surrey.

In a Cemetery

Alec and I were pals in a training camp, pals in Egypt, pals in France. A quiet, uncommunicative chap, he gave no hint of his pre-Army life except to show an expert knowledge of trees and flowers.

During the 1918 big push, Alec and I were wounded and taken to different hospitals. All my efforts to trace him were fruitless until three weeks ago, when we met in a big cemetery.

In his official capacity of gardener, he was tending my wife's grave.—*G. M., Liverpool.*

* * *

Quite recently I was boarding a tramcar and helped a man with one leg. We sat together and found, to our surprise, that we were both blown out of a shell-hole together in 1915. He lost a leg and I lost an arm.—*J. E. Rooney, Liverpool.*

I've just locked him up for the night and regret the necessity for doing so. A prison warder for the last few years, I have had many unfortunates through my hands, but the sight of an old regimental pal "in" for rates gave me a shock.—*B.42, Hull.*

I lost the address of my best Army pal, and omitted to give him mine, but he knew my home town. I won a "fiver" in "Bullets," my address being published. A week after I had a letter from my old pal, and we now keep up a correspondence.—*L. Barnes, Croydon.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., by first post Tuesday, November 14.

The Worst Injustice Ever Done Me

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches played on November 11

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) Chelsea v. Derby.
(2) Sheffield U. v. EVERTON.
(3) Wolverhampton v. ARSENAL.
*(4) VILLA v. Middlesbrough.
(5) HUDDERSFIELD v. Wednesday.
(6) LEICESTER v. Blackburn.
(7) LIVERPOOL v. Leeds.
(8) PORTSMOUTH v. Birmingham.
(9) Stoke v. Manchester C.
(10) SUNDERLAND v. W. B. Albion.
**(11) HOTSPUR v. Newcastle.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) BRENTFORD v. Bradford C.
*(2) BRADFORD v. Millwall.
(3) BOLTON v. Blackpool.
(4) WEST HAM v. Hull.
(5) Burnley v. PORT VALE.
*(6) GRIMSBY v. Lincoln.
(7) MANCHESTER U. v. Southampton.
(8) FOREST v. Bury.
(9) Oldham v. Notts County.
(10) PLYMOUTH v. Fulham.
**(11) PRESTON v. Swansea.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) Boscombe v. Norwich.
*(2) CHARLTON v. Newport.
**(3) EXETER v. Orient.
(4) Watford v. Q. P. RANGERS.
(5) BRISTOL R. v. Aldershot.
*(6) CARDIFF v. Bristol C.
*(7) COVENTRY v. Northampton.
(8) PALACE v. Brighton.
(9) GILLINGHAM v. Swindon.
(10) READING v. Torquay.
(11) Southend v. Luton.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) Darlington v. CREWE.
(2) GATESHEAD v. N. Brighton.
(3) Wrexham v. STOCKPORT.
**(4) ACCRINGTON v. Rotherham.
(5) BARNSLEY v. Doncaster.
*(6) CHESTERFIELD v. Walsall.
(7) HARTLEPOOLS v. Carlisle.
(8) Mansfield v. Barrow.
(9) ROCHDALE v. York.
(10) Southport v. Halifax.
**(11) TRANMERE v. Chester.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

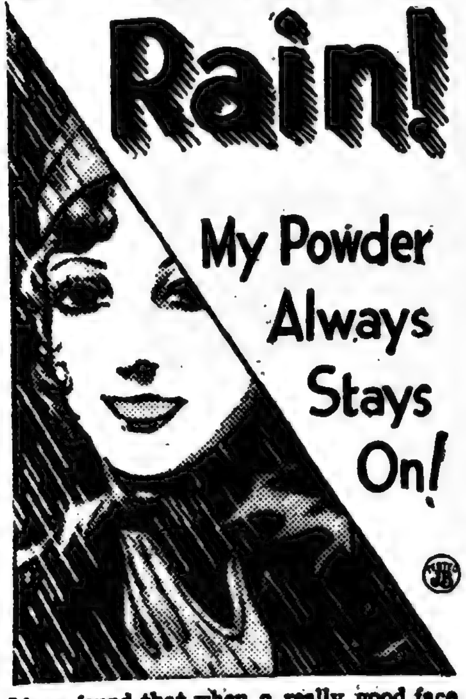
(1) HEARTS v. Queen's Park.
(2) PARTICK v. Airdrie.
(3) Third Lanark v. Dundee.
*(4) ABERDEEN v. Falkirk.
(5) Clyde v. ST. JOHNSTONE.
(6) Cowdenbeath v. CELTIC.
*(7) KILMARNOCK v. Hamilton.
**(9) MOTHERWELL v. Hibernians.
(9) Queen of South v. RANGERS.
(10) St. Mirren v. Ayr.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—11 (*H*); Div. II.—5 *A*); Southern Section—3 (*H*); Northern Section—4 (*H*); Scottish League—8 (*H*) would indicate Hotspur, Port Vale, Exeter, Accrington and Motherwell.

Let It Rain!


My Powder Always Stays On!

I have found that when a really good face powder is blended with Mousse of Cream, as in Tokalon Mousse of Cream Face Powder, it stays on for hours at a time, in spite of wind, rain, or even when dancing in a warm ballroom.

Besides being adherent and invisible, Tokalon Mousse of Cream Face Powder is a splendid skin tonic—stimulating the tissues and never clogging the pores. Now, I always have a smooth, clear, delicate complexion that the girls envy and all men admire. 6d. and 1/- a box.

Turn to the "John Bull" "Shop Window" on pp. 6 & 7

Yes! SHORT waves make it possible to get AMERICA direct!

KIT OF PARTS WITH VALVES COMPLETE £5.12.6

WITH WALNUT CABINET AND MOVING COIL LOUDSPEAKER £8.2.6

ENGLAND-EUROPE-AMERICA-AUSTRALIA-ALL NOW ON MOVING COIL SPEAKER!

....THEY BRING IN HUNDREDS OF STATIONS YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY GET ON ANY OTHER SET

At last the day of All-World Radio has arrived, and you can build with your own hands the first receiver to give you not only England and Europe, but America and Australia direct. The Lissen All-Wave All-World Skyscraper 4 tunes from 12 to 2,100 metres. It gives you all the ordinary British and Continental programmes you can desire, and in addition hundreds of stations all over the world which broadcast news and views and entertainment on the Short and Ultra Short wavelengths. These Short Wave stations are receivable on this Lissen All-Wave All-World Skyscraper at truly amazing ranges—Melbourne, Australia, at almost 12,000 miles, Johannesburg at 6,000 miles, Sydney, Australia, at 12,000, Pittsburg, Massachusetts, at 4,000 miles—these and many more of which the ordinary listener cannot hear even a whisper.

And remember you get these stations through Double Balanced Pentode Output giving brilliant reproduction on a Moving Coil Speaker—as much power as a Mains Set from ordinary high tension batteries.

The ONLY SET on which you CAN get SHORT WAVES as well as ordinary broadcast stations.

Lissen have made this All-Wave All-World radio available to Home Constructors first because it brings back the thrill of conquest to hear America and Australia direct on a set you have built yourself—it makes you an enthusiast to realise what a wonderful thing you have created!

YOU BUILD IT YOURSELF! The Great Free Chart of the All-Wave All-World "Skyscraper" 4 tells you how to build it and how to work it and why it gives such marvellous results. Post coupon to-day or ask your dealer

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Publicity Dept.
ISLEWORTH.

Please send me FREE copy of All-Wave All-World 'Skyscraper' Chart

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Address ....

.... J.B.634.

LISSEN ALL-WAVE ALL-WORLD "SKYSCRAPER" 4

"Bring the daylight from the dining room"

In the dim dark hours, daylight *can* still be with you. Daylight you can carry from room to room. Turn on the Aladdin and noon has arrived. An amazing lamp is the Aladdin—used by millions throughout the world. It burns paraffin and costs under ½d. an hour to run. Lights instantly. Spotlessly clean. Safe. Noiseless. Trouble-free. Beautifully designed. No one can afford to be without an Aladdin.

See the Aladdin range at your local Ironmonger.

Table Lamp Model. Prices from 33/-. Shades extra, from 4/6.

USE ALADDIN PARAFFIN

It is "WHITE MAY" coloured pink for identification.

It guarantees that you are getting the BEST OIL obtainable, and protects you against substitution. Therefore always ask for—and see that you get—

ALADDIN PARAFFIN.

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INCANDESCENT MANTLE LAMPS

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DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

STAMP OUT THAT 'FLU OR COLD ATTACK WITH 'ASPRO'

Beware of feverish colds, mild 'flu attacks and sore throats. They are in abundance just now. Smash them up quickly with 'ASPRO' and prevent their development into more serious complaints. A hot lemon drink and two 'ASPRO' tablets will definitely banish a feverish cold or 'flu attack in one night. An "ASPRO" gargle, taken according to directions, will soothe away the sore throat. Remember, 'ASPRO' reduces feverishness in a few minutes—that's why the feeling of weakness—muddle-headedness and general depression goes. So there's no need to fear 'flu or colds if you keep 'ASPRO' handy.

BETTER BE SURE THAN SORRY—ACT NOW.

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TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

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HEADACHES
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'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

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No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

Made by ASPRO Ltd., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

INFLUENZA COLD GOES THANKS TO 'ASPRO'

57, Fairleigh Road,
Cardiff.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must let you know of the benefit I have received from your wonderful tablets. I have just got over an influenza cold thanks to 'ASPRO.' I was advised to take them by my wife who is a firm believer in 'ASPRO' for headaches. In future I will not hesitate to recommend them to anyone.

Yours sincerely, E. J. WOODS.

NOVEMBER ELEVENTH
REMEMBRANCE DAY

NOW WALKS AGAIN—'ASPRO' TO THE RESCUE

196, Blackburn Road,
Accrington, Lancs.

Dear Sirs,

I am writing to tell you what 'ASPRO' has done for my mother. She has had rheumatism and neuritis for nine years. She could not get out of a chair without assistance and had to be wheeled out in a bath chair for eighteen months. Last July she bought a box of 'ASPRO.' Before she had taken them all she was walking about. People tell her she is a marvel. 'ASPRO' is a boon.

Yours sincerely, C. TAYLOR.

ALWAYS FLIES TO 'ASPRO' TO RELIEVE PAIN

Becontree, Essex.

Dear Sir,

I must write and let you know how thankful I am in taking 'ASPRO,' being a sufferer of rheumatism and neuralgia, and when I get acute pain, I quickly fly to 'ASPRO' which I always have in the house.

My husband is also a believer in 'ASPRO' and would not be without them.

Wishing 'ASPRO' every possible success.

S. FORD (Mrs.)

'ASPRO' IS A SAFE AND EFFECTIVE GARGLE For SORE THROAT AND TONSILITIS

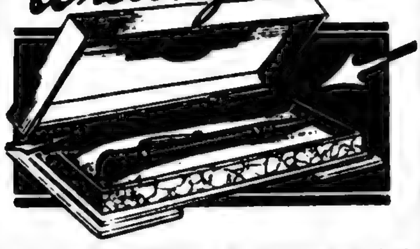
Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make a very excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3D 6D 1/3 2/6

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS & STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

FREE TO YOU

THE 'BIG TWO' Writing Set



The "Big Two" Writing Set consists of a high-grade Fountain Pen, and Propelling Pencil to match, in elegant Presentation Case, and is offered FREE to clients who use the

'CHALLENGER'

FIXED PRICE AND LONG ODDS TOTALISATOR

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SIX LEAGUES—Nothing Barred. Nothing Starred

RACING.

Commissions from 1/- up to any amount accepted by letter in accordance with rules. Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than set time of any race will be on at Full Starting Price. NO LIMIT—Win or Place.

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Please send me coloured illustrations and full particulars of your Free Offer of the "Big Two" Writing Set. J.B.

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I am over 21 years of age.

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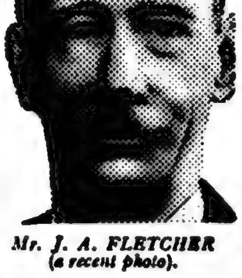
GRAVES GRAMOPHONE with 12 high class fixed price Half-Crown double Records (24 Selections) for 4/- monthly. This Portable Model has newest type worm-drive motor, internal sound horn, natural tone reproducer, plated fittings, grained cloth covered case. Price £2.18.0 complete

4/- NOW

Catalogue of Portable, Table, and Pedestal Models Post Free

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

30 Years Bleeding PILES AMAZING CURE



Mr. J. A. FLETCHER (a recent photo).

"I HAD piles for 30 years," says Mr. J. A. Fletcher, of 20, Florist Street, Liverpool. "They increased in size until they were a lot of hard, knotty swellings like the knuckles of a man's hand. They bled for days at a time. I felt weak and low-spirited, and looked old and haggard in the face. Three different doctors said that operation was my only hope of a cure. But to this I would not agree.

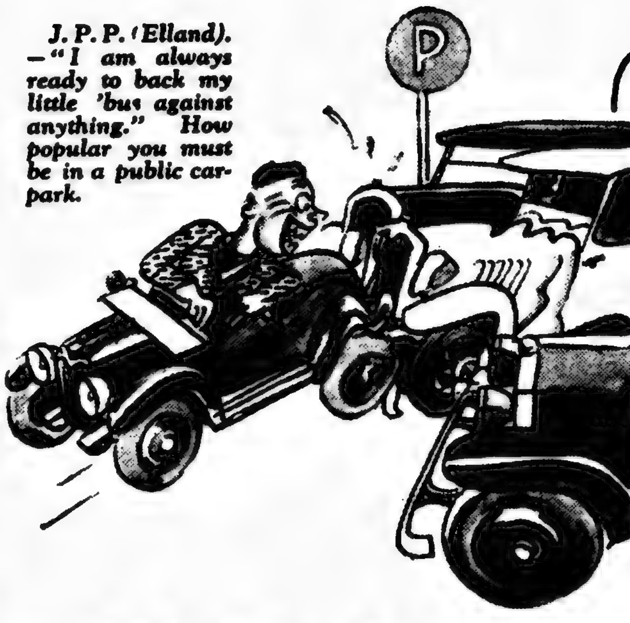
"It was the report of another severe case where Zam-Buk proved successful that got me to try the ointment. As I felt considerable relief after applying it a few days, I determined to keep on with Zam-Buk. It took time to bring about a complete cure, but the manner which Zam-Buk removed the pain and inflammation, stopped the bleeding, and caused the swellings to diminish, then completely disappear, was really astounding."

FREE For free sample send p.c. (stamped 1d.) to Zam-Buk, Leeds, 2. Mention "John Bull," 11/11/33

ZAM-BUK OINTMENT

Of all Chemists and Stores 1/3 or 3/- box.

J. P. P. (Elland).—"I am always ready to back my little 'bus against anything." How popular you must be in a public car-park.



The EDITOR Laughs LAST

GEORGE (Penrith).—"What is the B.B.C.'s most striking feature?" Big Ben.

Mrs. A. (Leeds).—"What is the simplest way to keep young?" Hire a nursemaid.

Wanderer (Plymouth).—"I spent six weeks in the Canary Islands recently." Are the birds there any better than here?

B. P. (Ludlow).—"The clock I won at the sports is a fine goer." Does the hour in fifty minutes, eh?

P. M. (Brixton).—"It is easy to make money at home." The difficulty is passing the stuff afterwards.

Octogenarian (Digswell).—"I have always taken things easily." And never once been caught doing it?

H. F. (Swansea).—"Lots of child pianists compose original tunes." Especially when they're supposed to be playing classics.

E. N. (Hendon).—"A business man ought to have at least two hours for lunch." So your waiter is like that, too?

A. W. (Southsea).—"How often do you have a hair cut?" We get them all cut at the same time.

D. F. (Hampstead).—"It is extremely difficult for a young man to get into a bank nowadays." Unless he happens to be a clever locksmith.

Archie (London).—"A magician claims that he can make bank-notes disappear into thin air." Ours do that quite naturally.

H. B. (East Grinstead).—"A woman should be able to say just what she likes." She usually does when her birthday is drawing near.

R. E. (Hale).—"I have insured myself against my wife running away from me." Do you get compensation if she comes back?

R. T. T. W. (Norwich).—"The ideal community would be run entirely on the credit system." A sort of I.O.U.-topia, in fact.

Observer (Dulwich).—"Women of the ultra-modern, pleasure-mad type do not seem to want a husband nowadays." Not their own, anyway.

W. H. J. (Southampton).—"Although, of course, I had only taken my neighbour's parrot for a lark." Good gracious, didn't you know the difference?

V. B. (Darlington).—"Many an ordinary man has a wonderful imagination." He even gets the idea that he is the head of the house.

P. B. (Dorking).—"Since the war the number of jazz bands has greatly increased." The war seems to be blamed for everything.

F. W. (Biggleswade).—"I have just received my final demand for income-tax." You are too optimistic. In this life there is no final demand for income-tax.

R. E. (Fulham).—"A lock of Napoleon's hair sold for 30s. in London recently." Judging by the photographs, Mussolini's barber can't start saving too soon.

T. M. (Walton).—"My neighbour keeps all his windows shut top and bottom, so he must always be breathing the same air." See letter below.

S. D. (Walton).—"My neighbour has a saxophone, and is always playing the same air." See letter above.

U. B. (Caxton).—"Open-air bathing all the year round will cure almost anything." Most people would prefer almost anything.

L. O. O. (Edinburgh).—"My baby boy is the sweetest, best-tempered little chap in the world." How proud your wife must be that he takes after her.

R. T. (Whitehaven).—"In the old days if a man wanted to kill an enemy he buckled on his sword and went out after him." Nowadays he buys a car and does the same thing.

Painter (Ely).—"My pictures are good, yet the critics look down on them." You're a pavement artist?

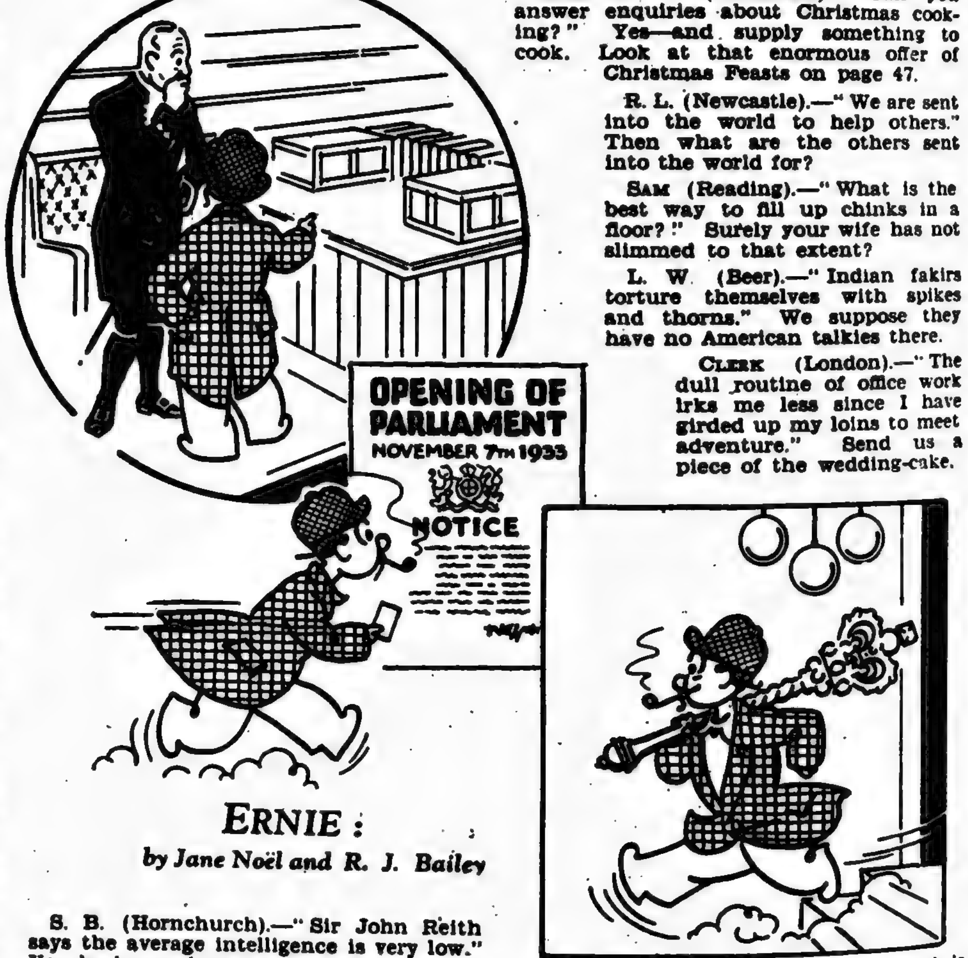
D. B. (Barkway).—"A mannequin's life seems a jolly one." But they never show the seamy side.

P. N. (Kensington).—"Circus performers are very temperate." Even the tight rope-walkers?

F. G. (Lincoln).—"Where in England can one find the most comely dairymaids?" On the stage.

C. L. (Bude).—"The hour inevitably brings the man." And, about an hour later, the girl.

D. C. (Walthamstow).—"How much will it cost to send my boy to Oxford?" By train or coach?



ERNIE:

by Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey

S. B. (Hornchurch).—"Sir John Reith says the average intelligence is very low." Yes, he knows how many wireless licences are issued.

Ambitious (Hull).—"Speaking of examinations for journalists, what would I have to pass to get into the editor's chair of John Bull?" A great big doorkeeper.

T. Y. (Manchester).—"Two politicians have recently been ordered by their doctors to make fewer speeches." There's something rather likeable about doctors.

G. T. (Bow).—"The best thing to prevent an attack of influenza is a dose of castor-oil every other day." Maybe; but what's the next best thing?

Business Man (Crewe).—"I have a lot of telephone lines." The faces of most telephone users become wrinkled sooner or later.

L. L. (Dewsbury).—"A woman who sneers at her husband is dooming him to failure." Or to think up a better excuse next time.

Doctor (Ealing).—"Don't laugh at the man who has a cold bath in the winter." But it is hard to curb amusement when the next person to have a bath has to grope his way through the steam.

R. D. (Oxford).—"I want to see life with a capital L." Right; Life.

N. B. (Benfleet).—"It is the little things that count." Such as aces?

J. H. (Morecambe).—"We are living in a fool's paradise." You must be enjoying yourself.

Senior Clerk (Moorgate).—"I am a big gun at the office." Mind you don't get fired.

G. H. (Aintree).—"One needs only plenty of nerve to drive a car." That, and spirit.

E. W. (Battle).—"They couldn't put two and two together in the old days." What about Noah?

A. B. (Esher).—"Tripe is easily digested." Nevertheless, most people tune in for dance music when a talk is announced.

Novelist (Chelsea).—"Women are less Shylockish than men." They certainly don't seem to want their pounds of flesh.

R. N. (Bures).—"There is a lot of secret professionalism even in darts." Shove-halfpenny, however, is always above board.

P. N. (Aberdeen).—"I gave my wife a cat for her birthday." That's one way of giving her a fur coat.

Architect (London).—"The rumour that London's foundations are not firm is absolutely untrue." A base insinuation.

Kit (Laindon).—"Women used to paint their faces in the Middle Ages." They still paint their faces in the middle ages.

Miss E. C. (Guildford).—"Can you answer enquiries about Christmas cooking?" Yes—and supply something to cook. Look at that enormous offer of Christmas Feasts on page 47.

R. L. (Newcastle).—"We are sent into the world to help others." Then what are the others sent into the world for?

Sam (Reading).—"What is the best way to fill up chinks in a floor?" Surely your wife has not slimmed to that extent?

L. W. (Beer).—"Indian fakirs torture themselves with spikes and thorns." We suppose they have no American talkies there.

Clerk (London).—"The dull routine of office work irks me less since I have girded up my loins to meet adventure." Send us a piece of the wedding-cake.

B. B. (Colne).—"A model husband is an honest one who tells the truth." A model wife is a tactful one who believes him.

G. B. (Colchester).—"Although poachers carry off my partridges and pheasants, I never complain in case they may be unemployed men who are hungry." You are a game loser.

J. B. (Dover).—"The burglar covered me with his automatic, but I fixed him with a contemptuous eye and he lowered it trembling and ran. What do you think of that?" It seems to have the authentic note of fiction.

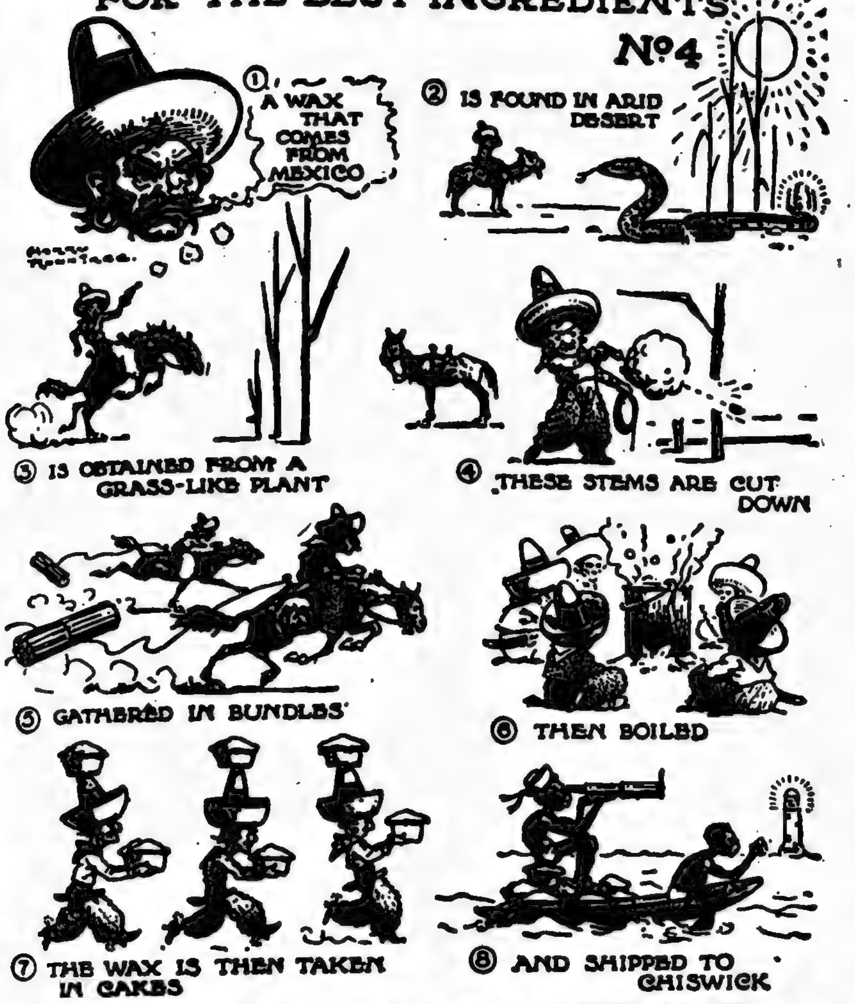
(Many replies unavoidably held over)

◆

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

WE HUNT THE WORLD

FOR THE BEST INGREDIENTS


Nº4
① A WAX THAT COMES FROM MEXICO
② IS FOUND IN ARID DESERT
③ IS OBTAINED FROM A GRASS-LIKE PLANT
④ THESE STEMS ARE CUT DOWN
⑤ GATHERED IN BUNDLES
⑥ THEN BOILED
⑦ THE WAX IS THEN TAKEN IN CAKES
⑧ AND SHIPPED TO CHISWICK

WHERE IT FORMS PART OF THAT PERFECT PRODUCT

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

Join in our exciting Hunt - Watch for our next picture

NEW HAIR-GROWTH

The small photo taken from a football group, shows how bald Mr. Evans was. The other photograph proves the wonderful new growth of hair which has come through using three boxes of Kotalko.

J. H. Brittain, Ltd.,
London.

"Dear Sirs,—I had gradually been losing my hair for a long time, until at last I became almost completely bald, with hardly a hair on my head. My hair previous to the baldness was very straight and thin, whereas to-day it is a mass of wonderful curls.

"I can strongly recommend Kotalko to those who are bald, losing hair or troubled with dandruff."

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) JACK EVANS.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

BY USING

KOTALKO

Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko.

Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff, and baldness have existed for years.

—SEND THIS COUPON—
Or Copy It.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 9, Percy St. (53 G.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and Kotalko Soap with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME ....

ADDRESS..............................

....

HOW TO CURE A BAD COLD.

Good Advice By A Specialist.

In treating a bad cold two things are necessary. First, a cooling, cleansing, germ destroying laxative such as Karmoid Tablets should be taken at once. About 2 tablets with half a glass of water is the average dose. Second, from your Chemist get 1 oz. of Parmint (Double Strength), take this home and add to it ¼ pint of hot water and 4 ounces of sugar, stir until dissolved. Take one dessert-spoonful four times a day. This will give instant relief and will usually cure the most obstinate cold or cough within 24 hours and you will not have to stay in bed or discontinue your regular duties. It is splendid, too, for all bronchial troubles, catarrh, hoarseness, etc. Parmint is a rich compound of pine and peppermint, and is known the world over for its prompt healing action on the membranes of the nose, throat and chest. It is both pleasant and easy to take and its cost is little. Two Karmoids at night followed by the Parmint Treatment and your cold is broken quickly and surely. There is nothing better.

STOMACH TROUBLE

Prompt Relief

Mr. A. WOOD, 13, Elliot Rd, Prince Rock, Plymouth, writes:—"I had two operations on the Stomach for Ulcers. After leaving Hospital the Ulcers returned, and for six years I have not known what it was to enjoy a meal and every two to four hours I was in terrible pain. I determined to give Vitadatio a trial and from the very first day I am eating and thoroughly enjoy three good meals a day, and have not had the slightest pain or discomfort."

Vitadatio

The Wonderful Herbal Blood Purifier and Tonic. Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Great Britain only. Special 21/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

Singled out for promotion

When Jim was promoted foreman his employers knew they had chosen the right man. Jim's clean well-shaved appearance had impressed them—had resulted in their taking special notice of him. That's how they came to pick him out when promotion was going. Fact is, Jim's not one of those men who shave only two or three times a week. And do you think he uses just ordinary soap that's not made for the job? Not likely! Nothing but a daily shave with Lever's Easy Shaving Stick is good enough for Jim.

Try Lever's Easy yourself. Feel how your razor gets a move on with the foamy Easy lather to soften the beard—how smooth and well-shaved it leaves your face. And it does this a hundred times over for a mere sixpence. What a trifle to pay for always looking well-shaved and spruce!

If you don't pass a dealer's shop on your way to work see that your Lever's Easy is on the household shopping list.

LEVER'S
EASY
SHAVING STICK

100 shaves for 6d

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

E 222-172-65

DRY RASH BURNED AND ITCHED

For Twelve Months. Very Sore. Healed by Cuticura.

"I suffered from a rash on my face that was very sore and dry. Sometimes it burned and itched so much that I thought I would go mad. I suffered with it about twelve months. After trying various ointments, getting little satisfaction, I decided to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample of each. After using them I purchased more and in about five weeks I was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. R. Hepburn, 7, Catherine St., Jarrow-on-Tyne, Durham, Eng.

Daily use of Cuticura Soap, with touches of Cuticura Ointment as required, keeps the skin fresh and clear, hands soft and smooth and hair live and glossy. Cuticura Talcum is fragrant and refreshing, an ideal toilet powder.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C. 1.

☞ Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

---

no more NEURITIS pains

Don't suffer torture of Neuritis when relief can be yours at once. Get a bottle of Rheumagic Liniment. Apply as directed on to the aching part. It penetrates through the skin right to the seat of the trouble. It kills pain instantly, bringing grateful ease, but that's not all. It definitely overcomes the disease, by attacking the congested tissues, and removing the toxins that cause irritation. Get to know all about this new and wonderful liniment by writing for descriptive treatise free on request to Pickups Ltd., Dept. 817, 30-42 Smedley Street, London, S.W.8.

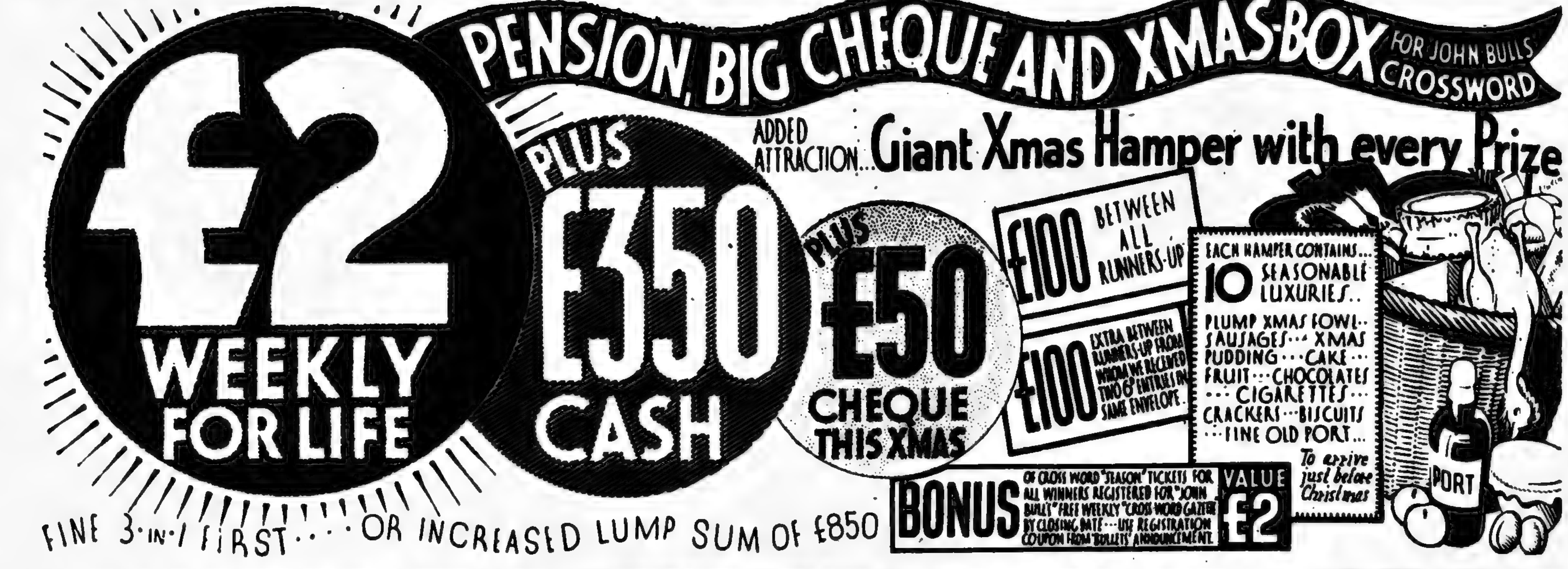
Better still, our offer of money back, if you are not satisfied, enables you to test the merits of Rheumagic without risk. Do it to-day. Get a bottle from your chemist at once.

RHEUMAGIC BRAND LINIMENT STOPS PAIN

AND REMOVES THE CAUSE

FREE RADIO CHART

together with wonderful 72 pp. Book will be sent, to readers filling in the coupon on page 20.


PENSION, BIG CHEQUE AND XMAS-BOX FOR JOHN BULL'S CROSSWORD
£2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE
PLUS £350 CASH
ADDED ATTRACTION... Giant Xmas Hamper with every Prize
PLUS £50 CHEQUE THIS XMAS
£100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP
£100 EXTRA BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP FROM WHOM WE RECEIVE TWO 6D ENTRIES IN SAME ENVELOPE
EACH HAMPER CONTAINS... 10 SEASONABLE LUXURIES.. PLUMP XMAS FOWL.. SAUSAGES... XMAS PUDDING... CAKE... FRUIT... CHOCOLATES ... CIGARETTES... CRACKERS... BISCUITS ... FINE OLD PORT...
To arrive just before Christmas
PORT
BONUS OF CROSS WORD "SEASON" TICKETS FOR ALL WINNERS REGISTERED FOR "JOHN BULL'S" FREE WEEKLY "CROSS WORD GAZETTE" BY CLOSING DATE ... USE REGISTRATION COUPON FROM "BULLETS" ANNOUNCEMENT.
VALUE £2
FINE 3-IN-1 FIRST.... OR INCREASED LUMP SUM OF £850

WHY wait for old age before drawing a Pension? Three of our Crossword Life Pensioners have started drawing their weekly cheques at 19, 20 and 25 respectively! You can make yourself happy for life by winning outright the great 3-in-1 Prize this week of £2 per week as long as you live, an immediate cheque for £350 and an extra £50 Christmas-box on December 25, 1933.

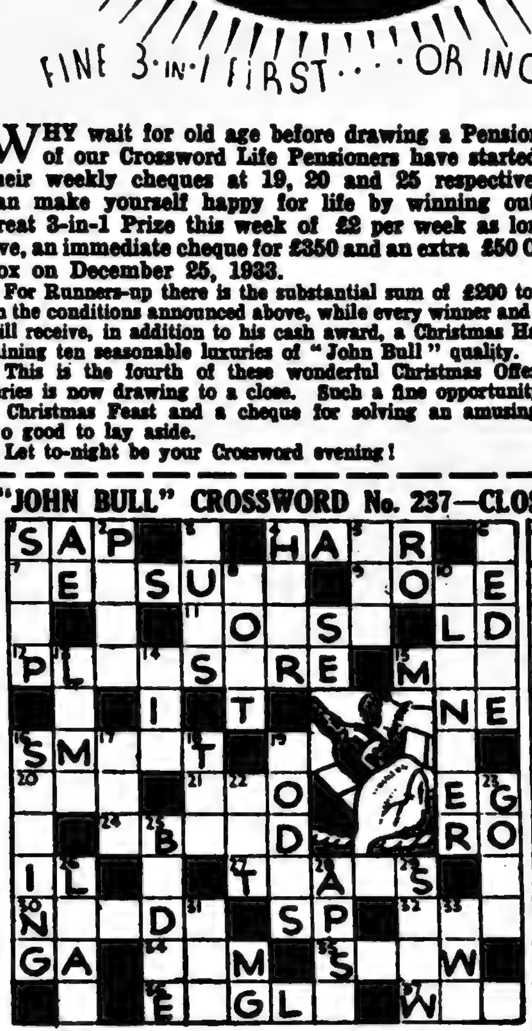
For Runners-up there is the substantial sum of £200 to be divided on the conditions announced above, while every winner and Runner-up will receive, in addition to his cash award, a Christmas Hamper containing ten seasonable luxuries of "John Bull" quality.

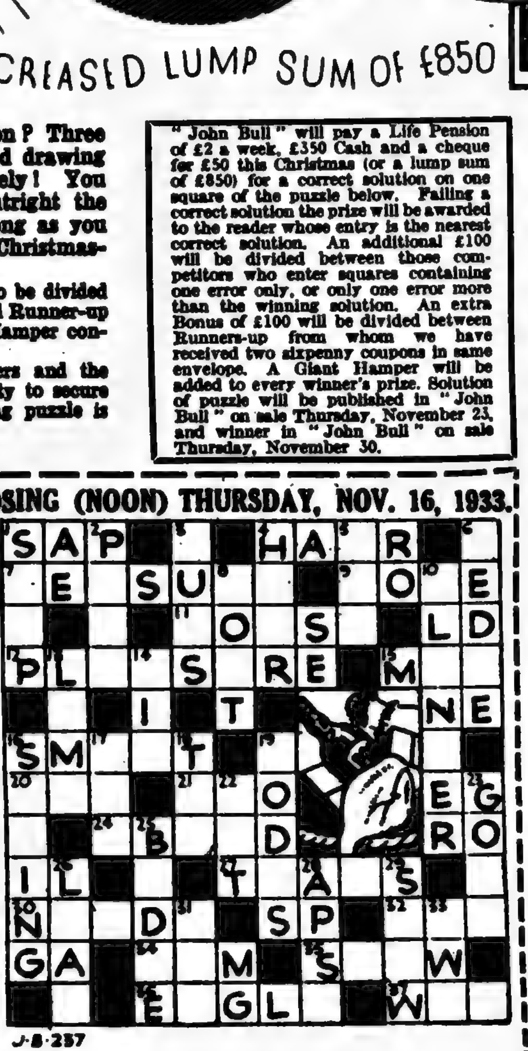
This is the fourth of these wonderful Christmas Offers and the series is now drawing to a close. Such a fine opportunity to secure a Christmas Feast and a cheque for solving an amusing puzzle is tco good to lay aside.

Let to-night be your Crossword evening!

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £2 a week, £350 Cash and a cheque for £50 this Christmas (or a lump sum of £850) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. A Giant Hamper will be added to every winner's prize. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 23, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 30.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 237—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, NOV. 16, 1933.


J.B.237


J.B.237

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value......No............ Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6D.

SIGNED..

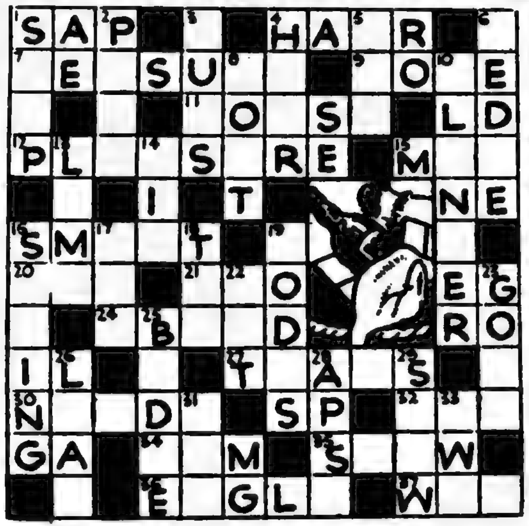
ADDRESS..

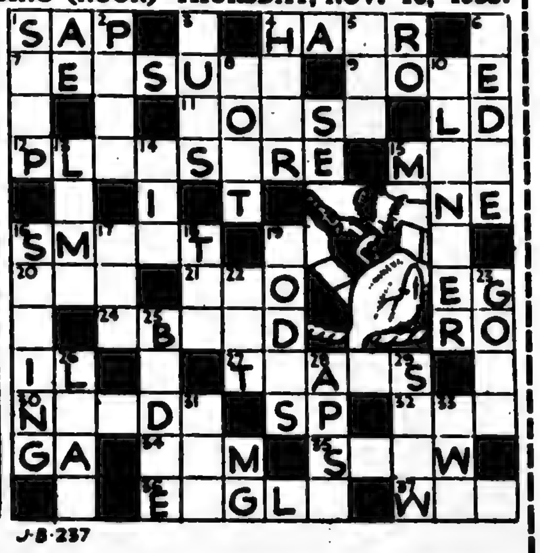
....

—CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES—

—CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES—

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 237—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, NOV. 16, 1933.


J.B.237


J.B.237

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.........No.......... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

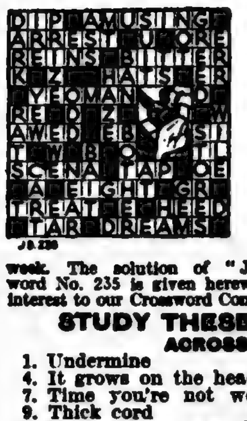
SIGNED..

ADDRESS..

....

If entering two Coupons, each containing two Squares, cut coupons out separately and add name and address to each.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED


J.B.235

Solution of "JOHN BULL" X-Word No. 235.

Winners in 234 on page 46. Result of 235 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 235 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Undermine
4. It grows on the head
7. Time you're not working
9. Thick cord
11. Prevents you from sleeping
12. Enjoyment
15. A Juggins
16. She looks this in a new frock
20. Describes an appropriate remark
21. Time past
24. Tide did, before it flowed
27. Are seen in football jerseys
30. Used to being in cart
32. It carries bricks
34. Precious stone
35. Often grumbled at when it holds up traffic
36. Bird of prey
37. Describes ducks' feet

DOWN

1. Makes child more careful
2. Landing one depends on your line
3. Piling up these makes your position secure
4. One who inherits
5. Wrath
6. It grows apace on moist soil
8. Disorderly retreat
10. Pleases the bookie
13. Often leads to criminal's detection
14. Atmosphere
16. Doing this gathers dust
17. Consumed
18. A label
19. Spies try to discover the latest ones
22. Obtain
23. To make this quickly is most men's ambition
25. Used as an ornament
26. Is often found in roof
28. Vaulted recess of a church
29. Exhibit
31 Another form of "yes"
33. Be in debt to

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, November 16, 1933.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 30, 1933 Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, December 12, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should first prize be shared, £850 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

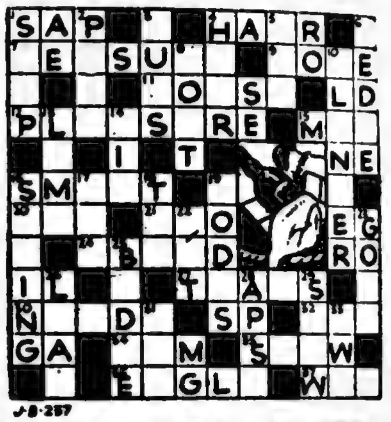
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press, Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.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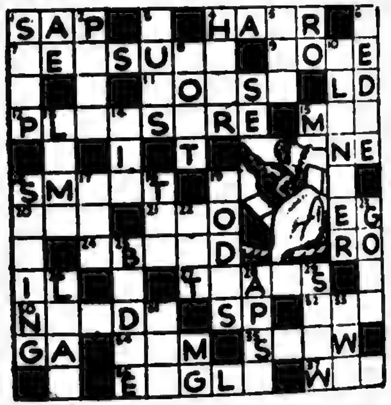
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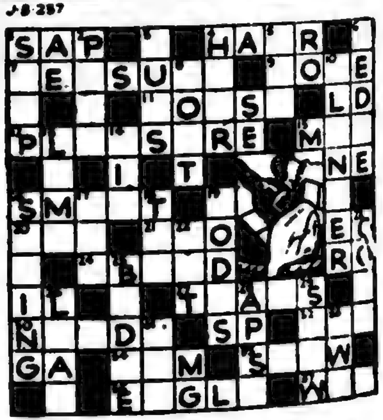
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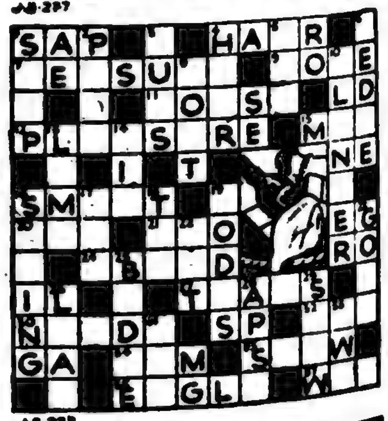
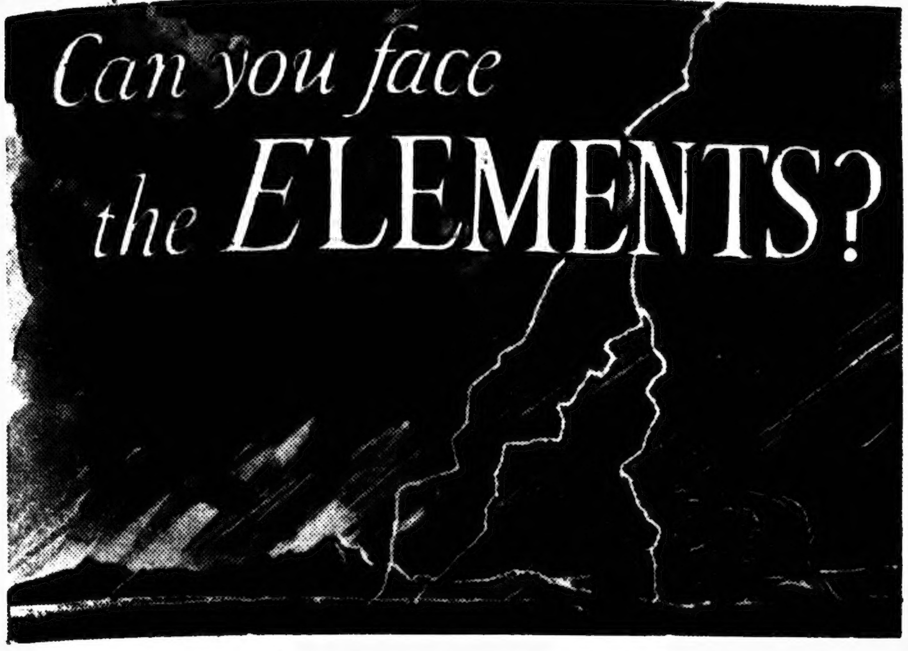

J.B.237

ENTRY FEE
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING See Rule 1.

Address Entry
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 237, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
(Comp.).



"John Bull's" Protection

WHEN the gale is howling outside—when the full fury of wind and storm is unleashed—can you face the elements? Can you sit calmly by your fireside whilst homes are endangered with the assurance that whatever may happen "John Bull" will stand by **you** in your hour of need?

Thousands of "John Bull" readers "who never dreamed of danger" have had their homes inundated and precious possessions irretrievably damaged or destroyed. To them "John Bull"—the ONLY paper to pay Storm and Flood benefits—has despatched cheques under its great Free Family Insurance.

Only a week or so ago, "John Bull" uttered a warning against the Storm and Flood menace, since when heavy storms have lashed the country; floods have created widespread havoc.

Storms will return with renewed fury. If you have not yet registered, sign the Forms below and be covered against this ever-present danger.

A few recent recipients of cheques for Storm and Flood damage:

CHIPPENHAM, WILTS.—Mr. R. Fenner, 39, Malmesbury Road.
LLANSAMLET.—Mrs. A. Martin, opposite Travellers' Rest, Neath Road.
YSTALYFERA.—Mr. R. R. Thomas, 23, Varteg Road.
Mr. F. A. Wallis, 7, Varteg Road.
Mr. T. Phillips, 4, Varteg Road.
Mr. H. Rogers, 15, Varteg Road.
Mr. W. J. Francis, 30, Varteg Road.
Mr. M. F. Evans, 9, Varteg Road.
SWANSEA.—Mr. A. Flook, The Lone, Clydach.
Mrs. R. Williams, Lone Cottages, Lone, Clydach.
Mr. I. Davies, Lone Cottages, Lone, Clydach.
PONTYPRIDD.—Mr. W. Hale, 14, Hinckley Terrace, Merthyr Road.
BLAENAVON, MON.—Mr. W. Beecham, 45, Broad Street.
BARGOED, GLAM.—Mrs. M. Morris, 14, Park Place, Gilfach.
PONTARDAWE.—Mr. E. A. Powis, 118a, Herbert Street.
Mr. F. Evans, 101, Herbert Street.
RESOLVEN, GLAM.—Mrs. M. Morgan, Drehir, Melyncourt.
TREALAW.—Mrs. R. Calvey, 9, Foundry Road.
Near BASINGSTOKE.—Mrs. N. Thompson, Park Place, Hartley Wintney.
YNYSYBWL.—Mr. O. Williams, 174, Robert Street.

"JOHN BULL"—THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, SICKNESS AND FLOOD BENEFITS.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent) ....
Address ....
....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature ....
Address ....
....
.... Date ....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 11/11/33

CUT HERE

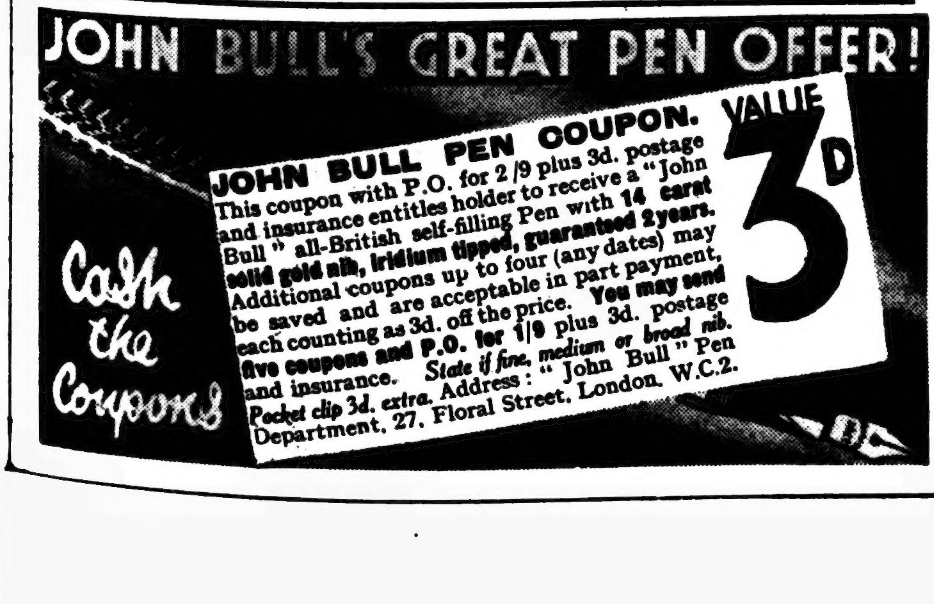
***Post* this Coupon to**

**"John Bull" Registration Department,
122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

....
Reader's Signature.
Age ....
Address ....
....
....
Name and Address of Newsagent ....
....
.... Date ....

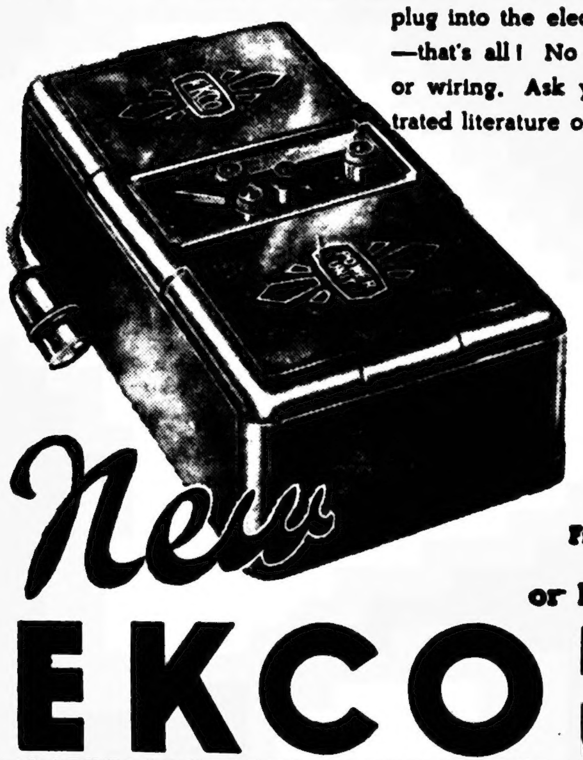
Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**
J.B. 11/11/33


JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER!
Cash the Coupons
VALUE
3D

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.
This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage** and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

NO MORE BATTERIES
SAVE 19s 7d in the £

What do you spend on H.T. batteries for your radio set? Whatever it is, divide it by fifty—that is all your H.T. costs when you change to one of the NEW AND IMPROVED EKCO UNITS. You save 19/7 in the £. All you have to do is to connect the suitable EKCO Power Unit in place of the battery, plug into the electric light and switch on—that's all! No alterations to set, valves or wiring. Ask your dealer for free illustrated literature or post the coupon below.



DOMINANT FEATURES OF THE NEW EKCO POWER UNITS.

Attractive all-insulated bakelite cases. Robust construction. Sound design ensuring utmost efficiency and enabling running costs to be reduced to 1/- per year!* Silent in operation. Outstanding in performance. Available for A.C. and D.C. Mains.

** Based on 3 hrs. daily use of an average 3v. set.*

New

From 37/6
or by Easy Payments

EKCO POWER UNITS

To E. K. Cole, Ltd., Dept. J.B. 3, Ekco Works, Southend-on-Sea.
Please send me details of Ekco Power Units.
NAME ....
ADDRESS ....

Don't Wear a Truss!

BROOKS Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draws the broken parts together, and binds them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably and never slips. Always light and cool, and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting.

We make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember, we make it to your order—send it to you—you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you send it back to us, and we will refund your money. That is the way we do business—always absolutely on the square—and we have sold to thousands of people this way for the past ten years. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies, no fakes. We just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured write to-day.

If in Manchester or London call at our consulting rooms. Experienced and capable fitters for ladies and gentlemen. Special attention given to children. Lady nurses always in attendance at both offices.

Free Information Coupon

BROOKS APPLIANCE COMPANY, LTD.,
(482L.) **Hilton Chambers, Hilton St., Manchester.** (482L.) **80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2**

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book with full information about your Appliance for Rupture and your Free Trial Offer.

NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
....

If you are State Insured, please give here the name and address of your Approved Society.
(Please write plainly.)

Post the coupon to London or Manchester, whichever you prefer.

How NEW WHITE SKIN

Changes Luck—in 3 days

When my skin was dark, coarse and ugly; with enlarged pores and blackheads, I had no admirers and was never invited out. But the use of a simple recipe gave me a new white skin and completely changed my luck in only 3 days. From having no suitors, I now have three offers of marriage. Any woman can easily whiten, soften and beautify her skin by the daily use of the new Crème Tokalon, White Colour (non-greasy). This now contains pre-digested dairy cream and olive oil combined with whitening, tonic and astringent ingredients. It instantly penetrates, soothes irritated skin glands, tightens enlarged pores, dissolves blackheads so that they fall away, whitens and softens darkest roughest skin. Crème Tokalon Skinfood (White Colour) gives indescribable new skin beauty and freshness in 3 days—such as can be obtained in no other way. It should be used every morning.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD

FOR QUALITY AND VALUE.

Graves 'FLIGHT' Model has Dunlop Tyres, Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Chromium Plated, full set of Accessories. Complete £3:17:6 No charge for instalment terms. Carriage Paid for 5/2 now and 14 monthly payments of 5/2. Lady's or Gent's same price. Write for Catalogue of Gent's, Ladies' and Juvenile's Cycles; also Tandems & Racers.

SEND 5/2

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Don't overlook page 22—

The popular books offered by the Waverley Book Co. are now reduced in price. Each can be secured for the small first payment of 2/6 only. Fill in the free Coupons NOW for free booklets giving particulars

HOW TO SAVE and MAKE MONEY AT HOME!

£1,050 and 35 Giant Hampers Won in Crossword Competition No. 234.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following two competitors, who share the £850 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition a cheque for £425 will be sent :—

J. DOUGLAS, c/o 9, Maple Street, Hollingwood, Chesterfield.
Mrs. L. SPEED, 53, Malvern Road, Enfield Wash, Middx.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, November 21, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between thirty-three competitors fromwhom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £3 0s. 8d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

In addition to the above cash awards, the two competitors sharing the First Prize and each of the thirty-three sharing the £100 for Runners-up will receive shortly before Christmas an extra award of a Christmas Hamper.

Another Splendid X-Word with a First Three-in-one Prize together with prizes for runners-up and Xmas Hampers appears on Page 44. Try your skill now!

A FREE OFFER

★ A generous sample of a new wonder treatment which conquers all leg troubles and kindred ailments is offered on the back cover. This, together with a special free booklet and copies of recent testimonials, will be sent to all sufferers. This new biological treatment restores the natural power of healing through the blood. Get full particulars of the "ELASTO" Blood treatment by filling in the Coupon in the advt. on the Back Cover. Turn to the Back Cover now!

GRAVES RED FOX FURS

Magnificent Natural Red Fox Animal Tie with deep, full grown fur in rich colouring and exquisite lustre. Handsomely modelled and trimmed with large brush and 4 natural paws. Lined Art. Silk, complete with corded chain, snap and hook fastener. Approx. size 50in x 7in. Price 35/-, or 5/- monthly. Full Approval. Write for Catalogue of Fur Bargains—Wraps, Ties, Coats, Coatees, Trimmings, &c., Post Free

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

HARD·AZ·IAN REGD.

GOOD WORK-MATES!

Strength to stand the "rough stuff" is built into every pair of Hard-az-ian trousers. Yet—they're smart enough for Sunday. Hard-az-ian stand up to the toughest job, in farm or field, garage or garden.

Double-strength cloth, twisted in every strand. **Double** brace buttons. **Double**-warp and weft pockets. Barred and lock-stitched to take the strain.

IN 3 SHADES AND 24 FITTINGS (FAWN, DARK AND MID-GREY)

Write for Free "Hard-az-ian" Booklet and name of nearest agent to: **Manager of Sales, HARD-AZ-IAN, 38, Wood Street, London, E.C.2.**

HARD·AZ·IAN

TROUSERS 10/6 REGD.

Breeches 12/11

Up to 40-inch waist. Outsizes cost a little more.

NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

PLEASE GIVE A LITTLE MORE FOR YOUR POPPY

REMEMBRANCE DAY

PILES

CAN BE ENDED!

Proof, positive and convincing, comes in the few extracts from letters, given here, telling you that you can end the maddening pain, irritation and torture caused by pile trouble. Read these letters.

Mr. F. C., of Rotherhithe, S.E.16, writes:—"I suffered from bleeding piles for 12 months, and tried a number of remedies. The piles became so bad that an operation was considered necessary. I read of Man Zan, and decided to test it. At the end of one week the necessity for an operation was gone. Man Zan had cured me in that time."

Mrs. M. L. H., of Birkenhead, writes:—"For five or six years I suffered agony from piles, and tried all kinds of remedies. I used Man Zan for a fortnight, and was greatly benefited. I have had no return of my trouble."

Man Zan is sold in special, easy-to-use tubes, price 3/-, obtainable from chemists everywhere. This healing balm stops bleeding, allays inflammation and ends chronic irritation at once. Persevere and Man Zan will free you for good.

For free supply (sent in plain wrapper) send name and address to E. C. De Witt and Co. Ltd. (Dept. R.31), Croydon.

MANZAN

BRAND PILE REMEDY

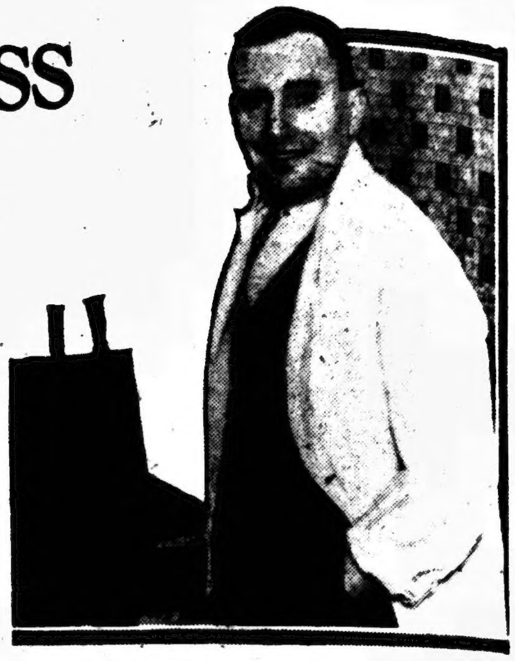
CIGARETTE COUPONS

In the announcement of the Tobacco Trade Association, which appeared on page 12 of last week's issue of "John Bull," the Association were unable to withdraw the names of certain brands of Rothmans of Pall Mall. Rothmans, an entirely independent concern, who supply direct from factory to smoker, are in fact now considering their policy in this matter. They will notify their decision to all customers within the next two to three weeks.

ISSUED BY ROTHMANS LTD.,
5 PALL MALL, S.W.1.

WORKLESS ONCE . .

Now, his own Master!



FOR a business to be built upon a single slogan is rare, indeed. But in various parts of the country to-day there are men who have built their businesses with a few words.

One is the owner of the tobacconist's shop at 2, Clock Parade, Enfield. Another is the proprietor of a general shop at 15, Ringwood Road, Totton, Southampton.

These men and many others have businesses of their own to-day because they made it their business to enter for *Bullets*. To the lengthening list we add to-day the name of Mr. H. Lambourne, seen on this page whilst actually at work in his shop at 49, Old Birchills, Walsall, Staffs.

That business could never have been his but for this entrant's well-remembered 1,250 Guinea *Bullet* in our 849th Contest, BACHELOR PRINCE—"SPORT" EVE *Hasn't* CONQUERED.

"Before winning that big cheque," Mr. Lambourne recalls in a recent letter to JOHN BULL, "I had been unemployed for 16 months, and for 22 weeks I had no source of income whatever, owing to the means test.

"My mother, who is a widow, had to go out to work, and so you can realise the struggle we had.

"The young lady to whom I was engaged," the winner continues, "had so much faith in my *Bullets* efforts that she gave me the entry-fee every week.

"The very first thing I did after opening a banking account with my 1,250 Guineas," the winner tells us, "was to put a nice little sum in the bank for my mother, so that she need not go short of anything.

"Then, of course, I decided to look after the girl who had stood by me during my long period of unemployment. So we got married and spent our honeymoon at Blackpool.

"After that I decided to buy a little business to suit my wife and myself, and now we have many chats on *Bullets* with customers at my shop.

"For this wonderful chance in life I am deeply indebted to JOHN BULL.

"Keep on trying and never give up" is the advice to other competitors which Mr. Lambourne offers. "Then one Friday that First Prize telegram may give you the thrill of a lifetime."

• • •

There have been well over 900 First Prizes won in *Bullets* so far, and we shall welcome news of further flourishing businesses which they have founded for our winners.

Meanwhile, it is for you to follow Mr. Lambourne to the top of this week's prize-list and win £300 worth of happiness or one of the enormous batch of 1,750 Christmas Prizes.

RECORD XMAS OFFER

Next week's Monster Christmas Offer is bringing a huge 2-in-1 First of £2,000, plus £50 for Christmas Shopping. Other substantial cheques and a final 2,000 Christmas Prizes are also coming in this sensational "Double 2,000" Offer. Be ready for it!

RESULT OF "BULLETS" 21ST BIRTHDAY CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE OF £4,000 AND £2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE, OR £10 WEEKLY FOR LIFE AND £1,000 CASH. COMPETITION NO. 912

Mr. H. TATTERSALL, 78, Jordan Street, Liverpool.

Example:—WITH A ROD OF IRON
Bullet:—DICTATOR RULES—KING, WALKING-STICK.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. C. H. LAWDHAM, 22, Twyford Court, London, N.
Example: Silence Fell And
Bullet: Bayonets Round Cenotaph "Winked."

THIRD PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. T. BENTLEY, Shamley Green, Guildford.
Example: When Government Dies
Bullet: Not Overwork Over Workless!

OTHER PRIZES:

£75: Mr. L. BENNETT, 14, Holly Hill Road, Erith, Kent.
Example. Civilisation's Story
Bullet: Make Bright—Break "Might"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£50: Mr. D. M. JENKINS, 60, Queen's Road, Mumbles, near Swansea.
Example: Clothes
Bullet: All I've "Cleaned Up."

£40: W. ROCHFORD, 11, Cavendish Road, Stretford, Lancs.
King Winter — Let Employment Card "Trump."

£35: S. BECKETT, "Windermere," Lowlands Avenue, Tettenhall, Staffs.
Mother's Pride—Battled For—For Battle?

£30: B. W. GUDDEN, 21, Deanscrop Avenue, London, N.W.
Pictures In The Fire—Make Grandfather's Crutch Carbine
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£29: W. CATER, Lichfield Road, Walsall Wood, Walsall.
Closing The Door—Boss—Tradesmen—Landlord—Bang!

£28: R. DAWSON, 18, Marlboro Road, Ashford, Middlesex.
Giants—Governments—In Their *Babyhood.*

£27: S. O. LLOYD, 12, St. Mary's Street, Canterbury, Kent.
Peace Dove—Hasn't "Croaked" Yet, Croakers!

£26: T. McHUGH, 75, Corporation Road, Workington, Cumberland.
Pictures In The Fire—"Falling Coal" Shattered Mine.

£25: Mrs. B. DOLUCHANJANZ, 16, Curzon Road, Weybridge
Baby Arrived And—Offset Upset From Outset.

£24: F. GABBUTT, Brambles Road, Burnham-on-Sea.
Recipe For Happiness—Two Cups Of—Kindness.

£23: L. THOMPSON, "Jesmond," The Avenue, West Wickham, Kent.
Without Her—On Track, "Off Rails."

£22: W. WYMER, 23, Millard Road, Stoke Newington, N.
Peace Dove—Sonny's Air-gun Menaces, Too.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£21: S. MILNER, 84, Canning Street, Hull.
Silence Fell And—"Tipperary" Seemed Very Near.

£20: A. CAMPBELL, 71, Lausanne Road, Hornsey, N.
Day To Remember—Day No "Reminders" Came.

£15: F. W. DAVIES, 1, Hollingbourne Road, London, S.E.
Woman's Hand—Builds Homes—"Thumb" Wrecks.

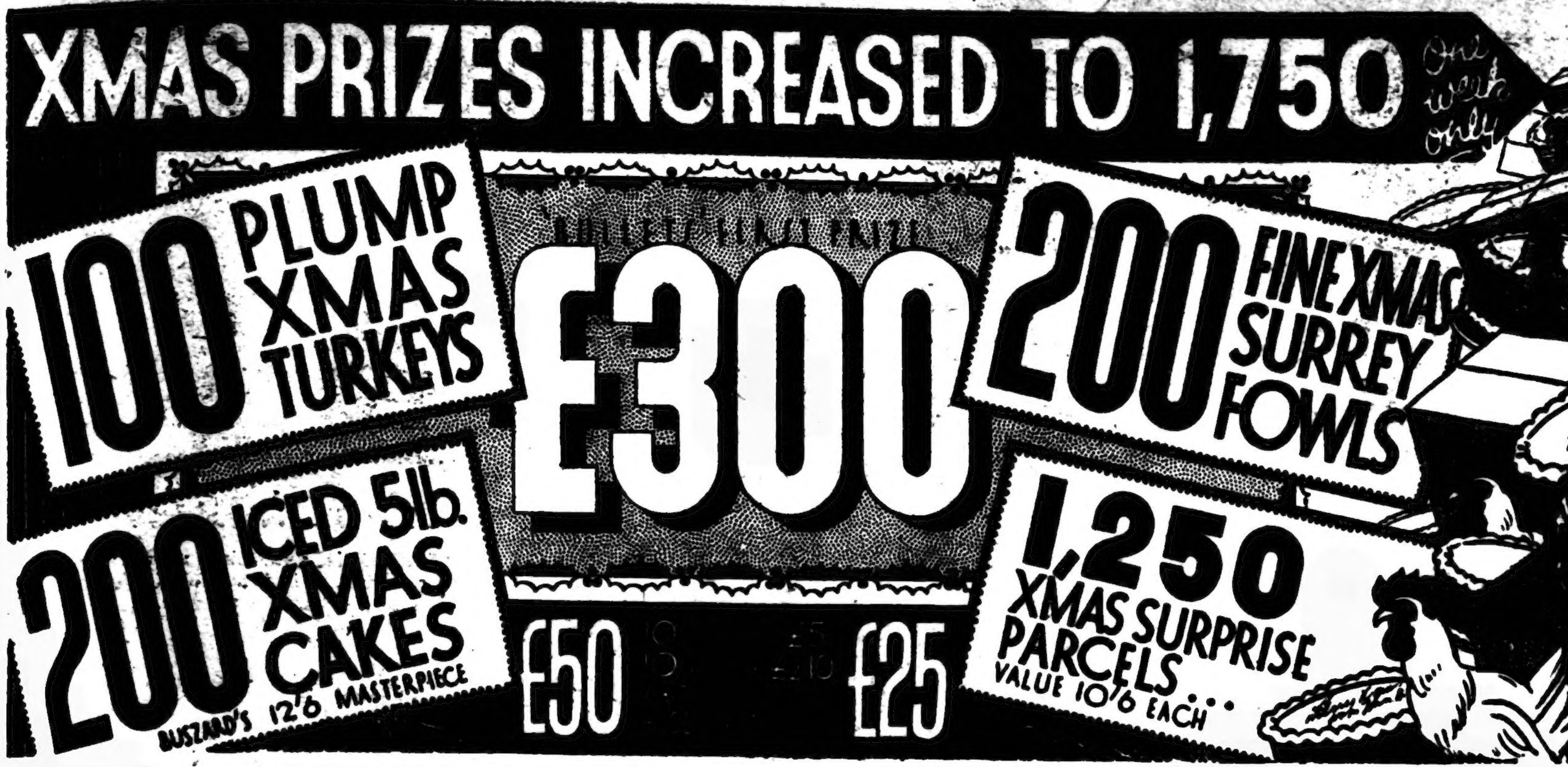
£10: L. MYLAN, 97, Upperthorpe Road, Sheffield.
Pictures In The Fire—Follow "Play" On Rug.

£5: F. C. BRERETON, "Bearwood," South Drive, Cheam, Surrey.
Man v. Nature—And Government—That's Farming!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

A list of 50 £1 and 1,000 2s. 6d. prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

12 DEC 33


XMAS PRIZES INCREASED TO 1,750
One week only
100 PLUMP XMAS TURKEYS
£300
200 FINE XMAS SURREY FOWLS
200 ICED 5lb. XMAS CAKES
BUSZARD'S 12/6 MASTERPIECE
£50
£25
1,250 XMAS SURPRISE PARCELS...
VALUE 10/6 EACH
A Merry Xmas John Bull

Another 1,750 Xmas Guests Wanted This Week!

LOOK at the avalanche of *Bullets* Christmas fare which will sweep into "Bulleteers'" homes as a result of this week's increased offer!

Note the huge total of 1,750 opportunities to win for Christmas a plump Turkey, a 5-lb. Christmas Cake, a fine Surrey Fowl or a Christmas Surprise Parcel.

But this astonishing array of good things for December 25 is only one attraction of this week's Contest. There are substantial cheques to be won as well and somebody is to be thrilled by a £300 First Prize telegram on Friday, December 1—why should it not be you?

These November evenings make your fireside an inviting place. Equipped with paper, pencil and this page, settle into your armchair this evening and start on your absorbing journey towards this week's list of 11,733 prize-winners.

HOW TO MAKE A "BULLET"

TO make a *Bullet*, first read through the *Examples* and jot down any thought which occurs to you in connection with them. No matter how rough your comments may be, any one of them may be developed into a good *Bullet*.

Remember, as you polish up the phrasing of these ideas, that a completed *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words which link up aptly with the chosen *Example* and expresses your meaning clearly.

MONSTER "DOUBLE 2,000" XMAS OFFER NEXT WEEK!

Suppose, for instance, you decided to work on the *Example* To Avoid Bloodshed, your first thought might be *Nations Must Destroy Armaments.*

You could easily polish that thought into the completed *Bullet,* To Avoid Bloodshed—Nations Must "Cut" Sword.

Before you begin on your efforts, you will be wise to study the winning efforts on the opposite page.

Then see what you can do with this week's interesting *Examples,* bearing in mind that your entry must reach this office by Saturday, November 18.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

BRITAIN'S RECOVERY
HARD FIGHT
TO AVOID BLOODSHED
LEAGUE REFEREE
GOOD SIGN
FEWER UNEMPLOYED
ONE FALSE STEP AND
THINKING OF CHRISTMAS
HER VIEW
A SOFT JOB
SLOWLY
REMEMBER, PARENTS
MORE PROFITABLE
JUST IMAGINE IF
TOO RISKY
THE COWARD'S WAY
SINCE THE WAR
IF DAD HAD HIS WAY
STATE OF CHAOS
BEYOND
QUESTION OF THE HOUR
HIGHER POWER
PEOPLE MAY LAUGH, BUT
HOPE'S LANTERN
WISELY SPENT
TRAP FOR THE UNWARY
WORDS
SWEPT OFF HER FEET
BACK IN HARNESS
TRYING TO FORGET
SPOILT HIS EVENING
AT OUR SKATING RINK
LURE OF THE FOOTLIGHTS
EXCUSES
LEFT ON THE PLATFORM
IN THE FADING LIGHT

HELP FOR YOU FREE!

If you want to make better *Bullets,* to learn from the experience of past winners and to read a weekly article by *John Bull's* Competition Editor, accept this free offer.

Let "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* be your guide to success. It can be yours every Thursday for the mere halfpenny postage, together with *John Bull's* helpful *Crossword Gazette* and *Passing Show's* cheery *Complets Courier.*

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co." payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin,* commencing with the next available issue.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

____

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(*Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.*)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 916, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(916) Closing SAT., Nov. 18
P.O. No. ____________________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed ____________________
Address ____________________

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(916) Closing SAT., Nov. 18
P.O. No. ____________________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed ____________________
Address ____________________

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(916) Closing SAT., Nov. 18
P.O. No. ____________________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed ____________________
Address ____________________

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(916) Closing SAT., Nov. 18
P.O. No. ____________________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed ____________________
Address ____________________

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 916 usually purchase "John Bull."

CLOSING WEEKS OF XMAS PRIZES ENTER TO-DAY!

Do You Dread STAIR CLIMBING?

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

How the Leg-Weary Are Being Made Nimble and Active by the Wonderful New Biological Treatment—Elasto.

LEG pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon become normal, old wounds become clean and healthy and commence to heal, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical;* it is the natural result of revitalized blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

What users of Elasto say:

"Elasto put new life into me."
"Wonderfully active at 80."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"Varicose veins completely gone."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."
"I would like to recommend Elasto to all sufferers."
"Had rheumatism so bad I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit."
"Lumbago cured after 3 years of suffering. Age 66."
"Elasto has saved me pounds."
"Elasto should be more widely known to the public."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."

These extracts are taken from letters received from people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of this wonderful *new* blood treatment—ELASTO.

Elasto
REMEDY
GRADE STANDARD
ELASTO RESTORES THE NATURAL POWER OF HEALING TO THE BLOOD.
The NEW ERA TREATMENT CO LTD
CECIL HOUSE HOLBORN VIADUCT
LONDON E.C.1.

Not Magic, But Acts Like It!

We claim full Proprietary Rights in this Preparation. There are no substitutes for Elasto.

"No Sign of Varicose Veins Now."

How grateful I am I gave Elasto a trial! My leg had been bad for years, but now, thanks to your wonderful treatment, there is no sign of varicose veins, and I feel ever so well in myself. My friends all say how young I seem. I nip about like a girl of 16, and yesterday I rode 30 miles on my cycle. I cannot speak too highly of Elasto, and to think the cost is so small. I don't think that any woman should be without Elasto, quite apart from leg troubles, and I shall keep a bottle by me.

(Signed) Mrs. A. WASSELL, Luton Lodge, Luton Hoo Park, Luton.

Here is Your Great Opportunity!

FREE

A generous Sample of this Wonder Treatment

A Wonderful NEW TREATMENT THAT WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS

What is Elasto?

ELASTO is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose ailments, rheumatism and leg troubles generally, with their numerous developments and widely varied symptoms, are *deficiency diseases;* that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.*

Owing to this lack, the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and arterial walls and the membranes in healthy condition, and a state of flabbiness results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore contractility to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins and arteries, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health.*

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological treatment which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming diseased conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective treatment ever devised.

For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this Modern Scientific Treatment which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Elasto corrects varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, phlebitis, thrombosis, muscular weakness, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, gout, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs.

Elasto also corrects piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Elasto has a splendid bracing effect upon the whole system and quickly banishes depression and that "out-of-sorts" feeling.

You Can Test Elasto Free!

Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Treatment. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Treatment makes!!

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD.
(Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

COUPON *for Free Trial Sample of Elasto.*

TESTED JB

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT Co., Ltd.
(Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto Treatment cures through the blood.

NAME ....
(Please Print in Capital Letters.)

ADDRESS..

My Ailment is..

John Bull, 11/11/33.

Don't long for relief—get Elasto and be sure of it!

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